Praise the Lord, ye Children.—Ps. cxii. Sing to the Lord a new canticle.—Ps. cxlix.

Hymns and Harmonies

FOR CATHOLIC SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND HOMES

INCLUDING AN

AL CHILDREN'S MASS IN C,

BY L. H. SOUTHARD, MUS. DOC.,

AND

Gregorian Music for Vesper Service.

OMPILED BY J. F. LOUGHLIN.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BOSTON:

ED BY WHITE, SMITH, & PERRY, 298 & 300 WASHINGTON ST.

NEW YORK: J. L. PETERS, 599 BROADWAY.

BV
360
L6
GTU
Storage

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/hymnsharmoniesfo0000jflo

HYMNS AND HARMONIES

For Catholic Sunday-Schools and Homes,

INCLUDING AN

ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S MASS IN C,

BY L. H. SOUTHARD, MUS. DOC.,

AND

Correct Gregorian Music for Vesper Service.

Property of
CLgA
Please return to
Graduate Theological
Union Library

COMPILED BY J. F. LOUGHLIN.

GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION LIBRARY 1962

ALMA COLLEGE LIBRARY 15B Alma, California

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WHITE, SMITH, & PERRY, 298 & 300 WASHINGTON ST.
FOR SALE BY PATRICK DONAHOE, 23 BOYLSTON ST.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

BV
360
L6

PREFACE TO FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

This little volume is placed before the Catholic public without pretension or apology. The improved advantages in musical instruction which our children have enjoyed, both in public and private schools, during several years past, and which will continue to increase for years to come, render such a work as the present entirely practical, and really necessary.

The music is arranged partly for Soprano and First and Second Altos, and partly for Soprano, Alto, and Bass. In many of the latter, the Bass part may with good effect be sung by a Second Alto, and *vice versa* in many of the former. Thus it may be used by Sodalities and adult societies as well as the children of the Sunday and daily schools. Great care has been taken to give correct harmony, with due attention to its fullness and fluency. To this end, the talent of Mr. Matthias Keller, the eminent harmonist and composer, has been enlisted in the work; and it is confidently hoped that in this respect it may be found faultless.

Besides the original hymns, will be found many which have not been before set to music, and which, in a few instances, have been slightly altered in phraseology for that purpose — a liberty which will be readily pardoned by all who fully appreciate the difficulties of such cases — while it has been deemed advisable to retain some of the most popular of the older hymns and tunes.

It has been earnestly sought, in preparing the present work, to furnish a book which no child need be without on account of the cost. Accordingly, it is believed to be the cheapest of its kind ever published in this country.

The compiler takes this opportunity to tender his sincere thanks to those clergymen and others who have so kindly assisted him with their valuable advice and encouragement.

With the kind permission of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Boston, the little book is now sent forth on its mission of praise.

J. F. L.

Boston, June 7, 1871.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

While the third edition of this work was in press, the plates and paper were consumed in the great fire of November 9th and 10th, 1872. This misfortune has been taken advantage of to enhance the usefulness of the book by the insertion of a Tenor part in those pieces which would bear it without disturbing the harmony as originally intended for three parts. A Children's Mass in C, composed for the purpose by Dr. L. H. Southard, and the authentic Gregorian Chants for Vespers, as used in the Roman churches, have also been added.

J. F. L.

Boston, May 20, 1873.

INDEX OF TITLES.

	PAGE
Accept, Almighty Father,	109
Act of Faith,	109
Advent Hymn,	45
Angels Holy, [*Round*]	65
Annunciation Hymn,	68
Ascension Hymn,	34
As pants the Hart,	57
Asperges me, Domine!	105
As the dewy Shades,	69
At the Close,	114
Ave, maris Stella,	160
CHILDREN'S MASS IN C.	
Kyrie Eleison,	121
Gloria in Excelsis,	126
Credo,	134
Sanctus,	146
Agnus Dei and Dona nobis,	149
Veni Creator Spiritus,	159
Babe of Bethlehem, hear our Cry!	103
Children of the Heavenly King,	67
Christmas Hymn,	48
Crowned with Glory,	93
Domine, non sum dignus,	114
Evening Hymn to the Virgin, [*Duet.*]	96
Floral Song to the Virgin,	64
Freedom's Perfect Land,	118
Gloria in Excelsis Deo,	108
God's Praise,	111
God's Salvation,	66
Graces from my Jesus Flowing,	61
Hail, Queen of Heaven,	58
Hail! Virgin of Virgins,	70
Hear my Prayer, [*Round*]	55
Heavenly Father, see the Offering,	113
Heavenly Father, to whose Eye,	95
Holy Innocents,	62
Holy Mary, let us Praise Thee,	37
Hymn for every Sunday,	93
Hymn of Praise,	32
Hymn of Worship,	54
Hymn to Saint Joseph,	90
Hymn to Saint Patrick,	78
Hymn to Saint Peter,	79
Hymn to the Infant Jesus,	98
I'll love and bless Thy Name,	74
Jerusalem the Golden	100
Jesus, Saviour, hear our Cry!	102
King of Martyrs,	185
Learn a Little every Day,	15
Let us with a gladsome Mind,	53
Marching Along,	88
My Guardian Angel,	80
Nicene Creed,	110
O Glorious Maid,	44
O Lovely Tree,	35
O Mary, Mother Mary,	71
On bended Knee,	106
On this Day, O beautiful Mother,	52
O Sanctissima!	73
Praise the Lord,	47
Prayer,	94
Purification Hymn,	71
Rock of Ages,	63
Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!	112

329659

Saving Host, ... 104
Saviour, when in Dust to Thee, ... 33
Shine on our Souls, Eternal God, ... 92
Soldiers of Christ, Arise! 50
Songs of Praise, ... 95
Sorrows of Mary, ... 93
Smile Praises, O Sky! 86
Star of Jacob, ... 43
Star of the Morning, ... 38
Sunday Morning Hymn, ... 82
Sweet the Moments, ... 83
Te Deum Laudamus, ... 42
Temperance Song, ... 116
The Apostles 51
The Assumption, ... 97
The Epiphany, ... 81
The Good Shepherd, ... 46
The Introit, ... 107
The Little Image, ... 77
The Merry Heart, ... 120
The Orphan's Prayer, ... 56
The Smile of Jesus, ... 70
Thy Will be done! 76
To All who Live, ... 72
To Love thee, O Mary, ... 36
Two Thousand Years ago, ... 60
Veni Creator Spiritus, ... 159
Vespers. — Dixit Dominus, ... 153
Confitebor, and Beatus Vir, ... 154
Laudate Pueri, ... 157
In exitu Israel, ... 156
Laudate Dominum, and Miserere, . . 155
Ave, maris Stella, ... 158
Magnificat, ... 157
Tantum ergo 158
Visitation Hymn, ... 58
What Happiness can equal Mine? 84
Who follows in his Train? 40

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

Accept, Almighty Father, ... 109
Adeste, fideles, ... 48
Angel mine and kind protector, ... 89
Angels holy, ... 66
As pants the hart for cooling springs, . . 57
As the dewy shades of even 69
Ave, maris Stella, ... 160
Ave Sanctissima, we lift our souls to thee . 96
Blest be the holy Trinity 107
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, 81
By the blood that flowed from thee 102
By the word to Mary given, ... 103
Children, let us joyful raise 31
Children of the heav'nly King, ... 67
Come, all devout, harmonious tongues, . . 34
Come, darkness, spread o'er heav'n thy pall, . 93
Dash the blighting cup away, ... 122
Dear husband of Mary, dear nurse 90
Ere the morning's busy ray 94
Firm Rock whereon the Church is based! . 79
Graces from my Jesus flowing, ... 41
Hail, Mary, full of grace! oh, bend 44

Hail! Queen of Heav'n, the Ocean Star, . . 58
Hail! Virgin of virgins! 87
Hark! an awful voice is sounding; 45
Hark, hark! the angels singing 112
Hear my prayer, ... 55
Heav'nly Father, to whose eye 95
Hibernia's Champion Saint, all hail! . . . 78
Holy God, we praise thy name! 42
How sweet the face of nature, ... 70
Hymns of praise to thee we sing, ... 47
I have a little image 77
I met the Good Shepherd but now on the way 46
In holy contemplation 66
In one true God I do believe, ... 110
I'll sing a hymn to Mary, ... 74
I would not from the wise require 120
Jerusalem the golden, ... 100
Let glory in the highest 108
Let us, with a gladsome mind, ... 53
Little rills make wider streamlets, ... 115
Moon and stars their flight are taking, . . 82
My God and Father, while I stray 76
Oh, sprinkle me with hyssop, Lord! . . . 105
O King of heav'n! from starry throne . . . 98
O Lord, I am not worthy, ... 114
O lovely Tree, whose branches wore . . . 35
O Mary, Mother Mary, ... 71
O most holy Virgin lowly, ... 73
On bended knee, a guilty race, ... 106
On this day, O beautiful Mother, ... 52
O Sanctissima, ... 73
O Sion, open wide thy gates! 91
O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King! . . . 85
Our church with Christmas greens is strewn, 62
Rock of Ages, rent for me, ... 63
Saving Host, we fall before thee, ... 104
Saviour when in dust to thee 33
See, Heav'nly Father! see the off'ring, . . 113
Shine on our souls, eternal God, ... 92
Sing, sing, ye angel bands, ... 97
Smile praises, O Sky! 86
Soldiers of Christ, arise! 51
Songs of praise the angels sang 95
Star of Jacob, ever beaming, ... 43
Star of the morning, ... 38
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, . . . 83
That we've been born in Christian land, . . 109
The Head that once was crown'd with thorns 93
The Lord's eternal gifts, ... 50
The Sacrifice is ended, ... 110
The Son of God goes forth to war, ... 40
The starry firmament doth shine, ... 32
This day the blessed Trinity 93
Though no father's voice I hear, ... 56
Thou God, who givest life and light, . . . 54
To all who live in sin and pain, ... 72
To love thee, O Mary, is our lasting joy; . 36
Two thousand years, two thousand years, . 60
Veni Creator Spiritus, ... 159
We're marching along, a right earnest band 88
What happiness can equal mine? 84
What mortal tongue can sing thy praise, . . 68
What sweet delight thy face to see, ... 64
Where is fair Freedom's perfect land? . . . 118
Whither thus in holy rapture, ... 59
With hearts truly grateful, ... 48
With holy choirs of angels, ... 73

INDEX OF HYMNS AS SUITED TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

Advent: 45.
Christmas-Time: 48, 62, 98, 103.
Epiphany: 81.
Annunciation B. V. M.: 68 Purification: 91.
Lent: 33, 35, 46, 63, 83, 93 (2*d*), 102.
Easter-Time: 86.
Ascension-Day: 34, 93 (3*d*).
Trinity-Sunday: 42, 54, 93 (1*st*).
Precious Blood: 72.
Corpus Christi: 84, 104, 113.
Visitation B. V. M.: 59. Assumption: 43, 97.
Feast of Holy Angel Guardians: 80.
All Saints: 40, 85. Apostles: 51.
Immaculate Conception: 73.
Month of Mary: 36, 37, 38, 43, 44, 52, 58, 64, 69, 71, 74, 87, 96.
The Saints: *Joseph*, 90; *Patrick*, 78; *Peter*, 79.
Confirmation: 50.
Communion: *before*, 57, 104; *after*, 41, 84.
Sabbath: 82, 93. Holy Mass: 105—114.
Temperance Meetings: 116.
Mirthful Occasions: 120. Patriotic: 118.
Miscellaneous: 32, 36, 56, 66, 67, 70, 76, 77, 115.
In general: 31, 47, 53, 54, 55, 60, 65, 88, 92, 94, 95, 100, 106.

INDEX OF HYMNS AS SUITED TO PARTICULAR SUBJECTS.

Praise of God: 31, 32, 42, 47, 53, 65, 95 (2*d*), 108, [112.
Most Holy Trinity: 42, 54, 107.
God the Father: 76, 92, 95 (1*st*), 106.
Our Lord Jesus Christ: 33, 34, 40, 45, 46, 48, 63, 70, 72, 85, 86, 93 (3*d*), 98, 102, 103.
Blessed Sacrament: 41, 57, 84, 104, 113, 114.
B. V. Mary: 36, 37, 38, 43, 44, 52, 58, 59, 64, 68, 69, 71, 73, 74, 81, 91, 93 (2*d*), 96, 97.
Guardian Angel: 80.
Saints: *Joseph*, 90; *Peter*, 79; *Patrick*, 78.
" *in general*: 40, 85.
Holy Church and Faith: 60, 88, 109, 110.
Prayer: 55, 94.
Contrition: 105, 106.
Lord's Day: 82, 93 (1*st*).
Heaven: 100.
Temperance: 116.
Patriotism: 118.
Contentment: 120. [114, 115 120.
Miscellaneous: 35, 50, 51, 56, 62, 66, 67, 77, 83, 109,

[NOTE. — The manual signs on the next page, from Curwen's "Tonic Sol-Fa" system, will be found to yield excellent results in practice. Study *quality* of tone rather than mere force; next, perfect intonation. The accompanying descriptions of mental effect are only true of the tones of the scale when sung slowly, — when the ear is filled with the key, and when the effect is not modified by harmony.]

MENTAL EFFFCTS AND MANUAL SIGNS OF THE TONES OF THE SCALE.

SOL.—The grand or bright tone. The Major *Dominant*, or Fifth.

SI.—The piercing or sensitive tone. The Major *Leading Tone*, or Seventh.

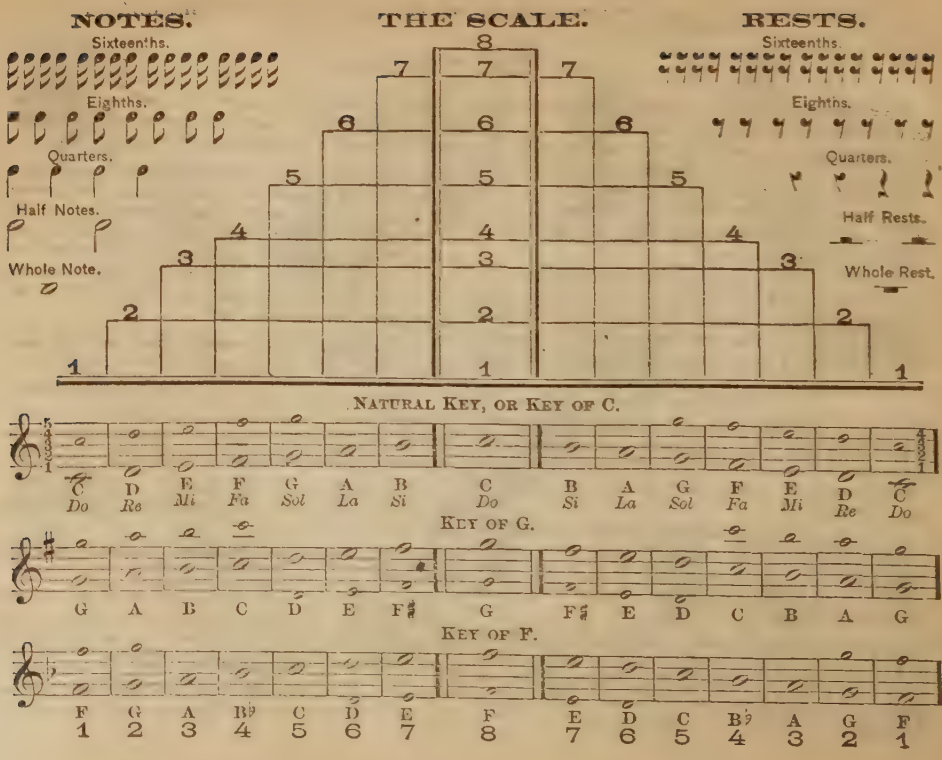
LA.—The sad or weeping tone. The Major *Submediant, or* Sixth.

MI.—The steady or calm tone. The Major *Mediant*, or Third.

RE.—The rousing or hopeful tone. The Major *Supertonic*, or Second.

DO.—The strong or firm tone. The Major *Tonic*, or First tone of the Scale; also, the Octave or Eighth, and the Key-Note.

FA.—The desolate or awe-inspiring tone. The Major *Subdominant*, or Fourth.


NOTES.
Sixteenths.
Eighths.
Quarters.
Half Notes.
Whole Note.
THE SCALE.
RESTS.
Sixteenths.
Eighths.
Quarters.
Half Rests.
Whole Rest.
NATURAL KEY, OR KEY OF C.
C D E F G A B C B A G F E D C
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Si Do Si La Sol Fa Mi Re Do
KEY OF G.
G A B C D E F♯ G F♯ E D C B A G
KEY OF F.
F G A B♭ C D E F E D C B♭ A G F
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

TO THE TEACHER.

THE class should first be taught to sing the Scale, as represented in the first lines of No. 1; when this has been accomplished the staff and the arrangement of the letters thereon according to the Clef should be thoroughly explained, the class using sometimes the letters, sometimes a single vowel, or even the syllables Do, Re, Mi, etc., if preferred by the teacher.

With No. 2, we commence the study of intervals, the small notes in the second line being intended only as guides, and not to be sung audibly, great care being taken that the singers do not drag or slide the voice, a bad habit which is very difficult to reform.

No. 3 begins the study of Rhythm.—Explains the use of the Bar, and the meaning of the figure 2 placed after the Clef. Much attention should be given to cultivate the sense of Time, marked by its rhythmic accent, rather than by any motion of the hand or head.

No. 4 is a practical melodic illustration of Rhythm, combined with Intervals, the Double Bar, the Repeat, and the meaning of D. C. and the Close marked by the Hold over the Double Bar, or its equivalent Italian word *Fine*.

In No. 5, after a sufficient explanation of Rests, and of the Brace connecting two or more Staffs, the school should be arranged in two sections, one singing the upper line, the other the lower line, interchangeably, until successfully done.

No. 6 is intended to show the meaning of eighth-notes, and should be used in connection with Nos. 4 and 5; and in the same manner as No. 5.

No. 7 shows the use of eighth-rests; and it is to be understood that in all these Exercises whenever there are two or more Staffs connected by the Brace, or two rows of notes on the same Staff, the school is to be divided accordingly; as in No. 21 there should be three divisions; in No. 22, two divisions; in No. 23, four divisions, and so on throughout the course.

No. 8 exemplifies the dotted note and the sixteenth-note; also the full rest.

No. 9 introduces the subject of triple measure; the last note of this number should be a whole-note. Now is the time to explain the significance of the various notes and rests, and their rhythmic value.

Numbers 10 and 11 are studies in Rhythm, combining therewith considerations regarding Intervals and Melodic Form.

No. 12 is a study of the Sharp, the Flat, and the Natural.

No. 13 shows how the sharping of the fourth sound of the scale entirely changes the tone-relations, and makes the sound which was previously the fifth, become the key-note, or Tonic.

No. 14 shows the effect of the signature, and is also a study of Rhythm. Compare with No. 8.

No. 15 gives the Minor scale, both in the key of A minor, and of E minor. Great care must be taken as to the intervals between F and G-sharp, and C and D-sharp, that the intonation be exact.

No. 16 is a study in E minor, showing varied rhythms and the force of the Tie or Slur.

No. 17 is a study of Time, or rapidity of beat; it should be performed with great vivacity.

Here also are introduced the Crescendo, Diminuendo, and various methods of indicating Loud and Soft tone, also rhythmic variations, as in the last two measures.

No. 18 is a further study, to the same purpose.

No. 19 shows the effect of flattening the seventh sound of the Scale, which immediately transfers the key-note (Tonic) to the note which had been the fourth sound of the Scale.

No. 20 introduces the F Clef, or Bass Clef.

No. 21 is a study of Intonation, combining the Sforzando, Slur, and new rhythms.

No. 22 is designed to familiarize the Bass Clef, and also to offer two distinct melodies on the same staff, as in Numbers 17, 18, and 21.

No. 23 is an exercise in D minor, showing the effect of the Hold, and presenting certain difficulties of intonation.

No. 24 brings us to a new rhythm, and the different accents required by 6–8 time and 3–8 time, should be carefully explained.

No. 25 is a resumé of everything previous, with the addition of certain poetic effects obtained by persevering practice and conscientious observance of the Marks of Expression. Note the use of the Tenor Clef (C clef).

No. 26 is a study of the Scale in the Key of D, with changing rhythms.

No. 27 exemplifies some usual changes of Key. The term "*Change of Key*" should here be fully explained, with references to Numbers 4, 14, 19, and 23.

No. 28 is a study of the Key of B-flat, and should be used in connection with No. 31, to which the remarks on No. 25 are equally applicable.

No. 30 introduces the Key of A, with new rhythms. This should be practised in connection with No. 34.

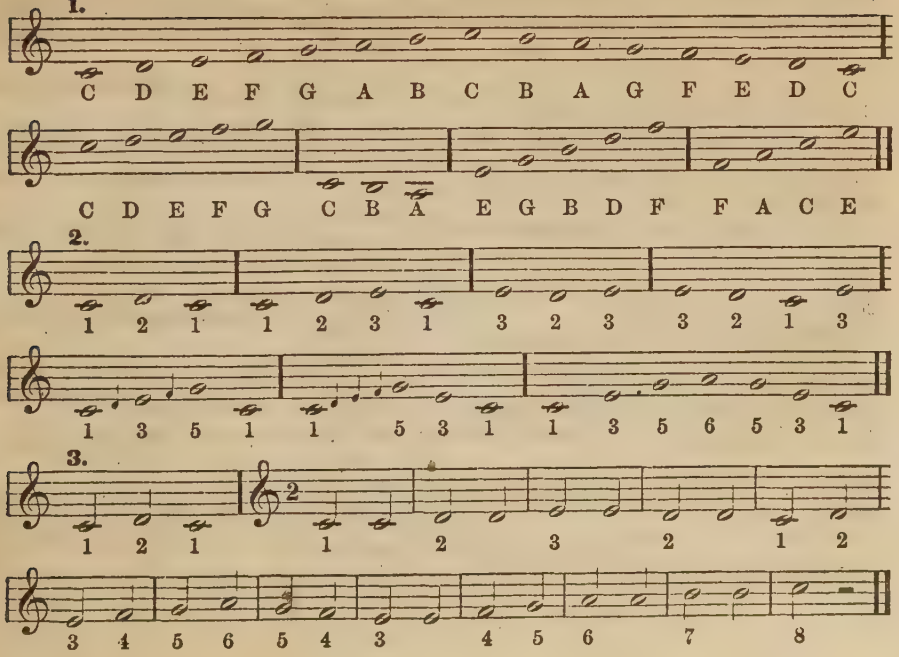
Numbers 32 and 33 are intended to exemplify the position on the Staff, of the sounds of the Scale, when given in different Signatures.

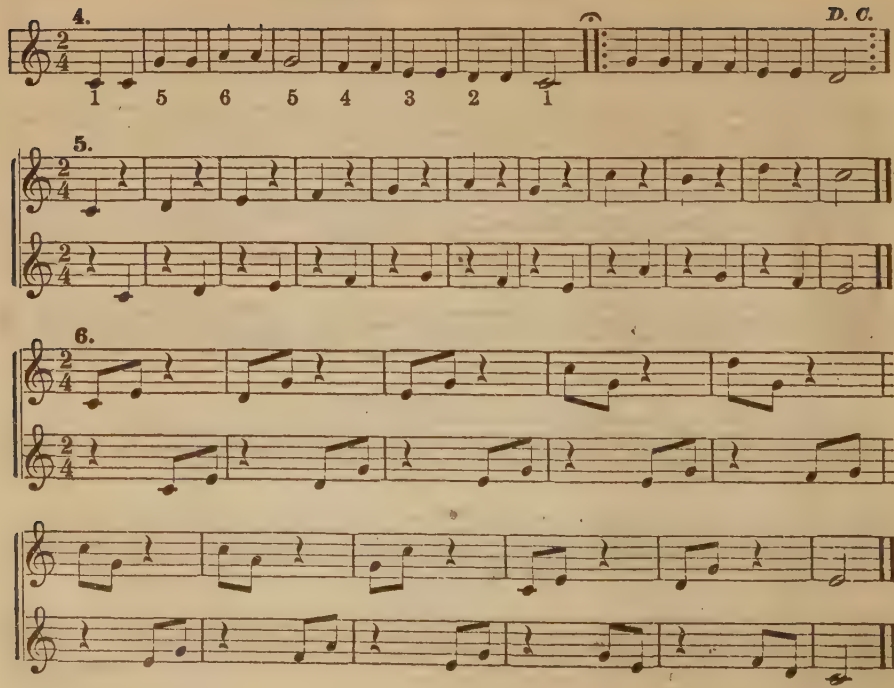
No. 35 further explains the same subject, also the use of the double-sharp and double-flat.

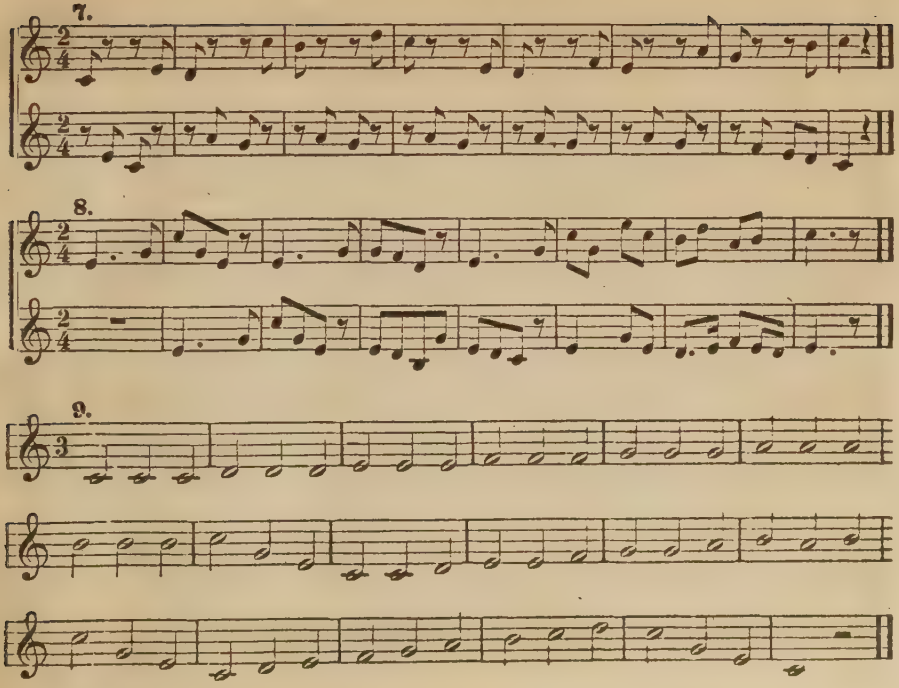
It will be well to vary the routine of instruction by introducing from time to time the simpler tunes and hymns of the book, according to their key and rhythm; care being taken to avoid mere singing by rote, and to insist upon absolute accuracy.

ELEMENTARY EXERCISES.

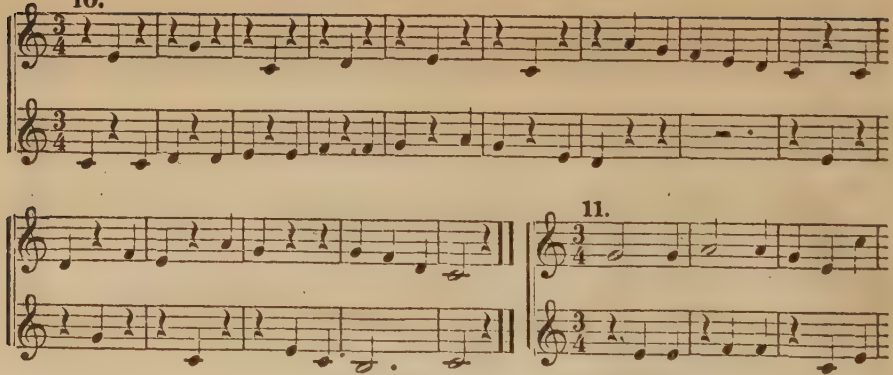
(BY DR. L. H. SOUTHARD.)




4.
D. C.
1 5 6 5 4 3 2 1
5.
6.

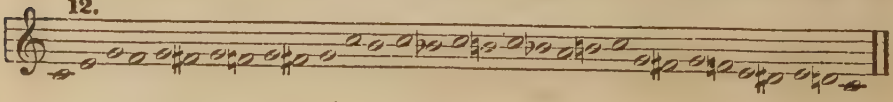

7.
8.
9.

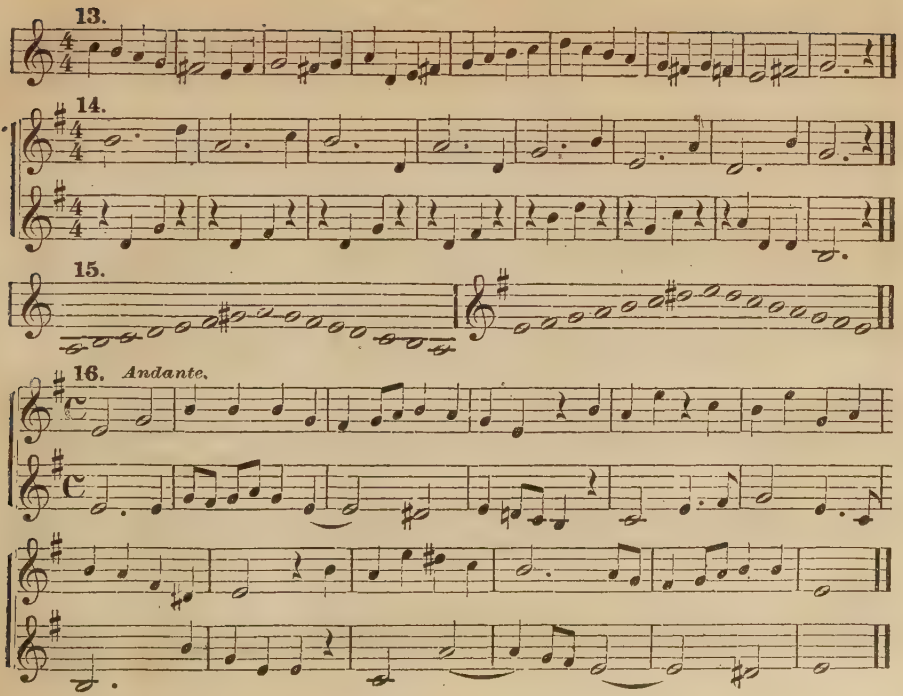
10.



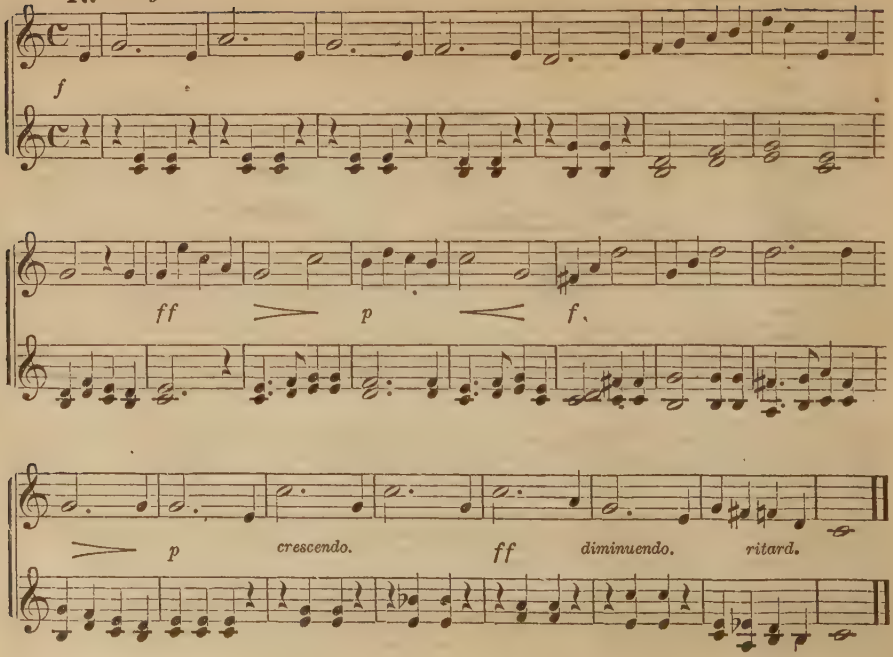
11.

12.

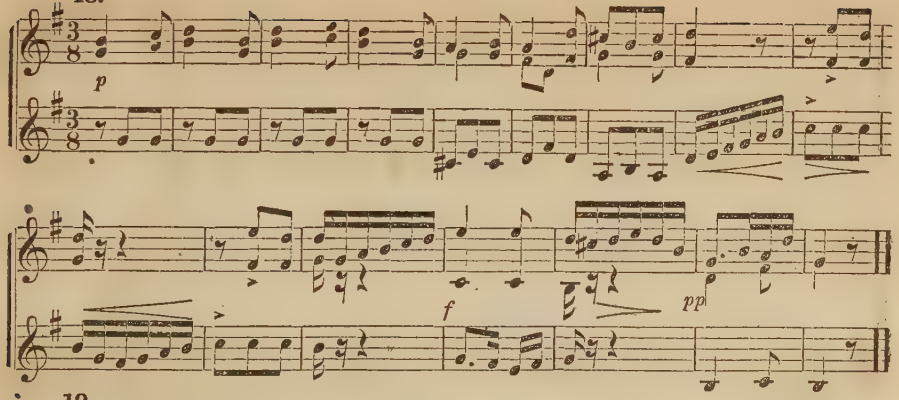



13.
14.
15.
16. Andante.

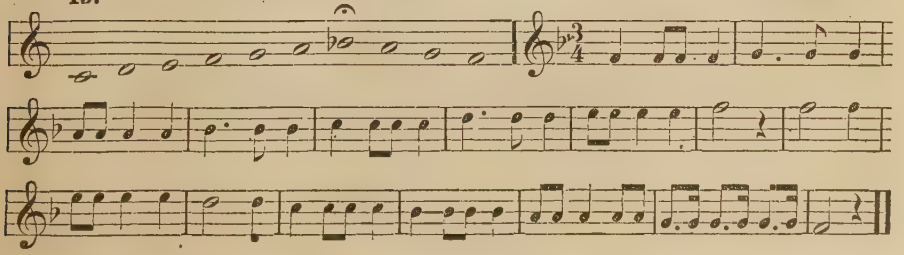
17. *Allegro.*



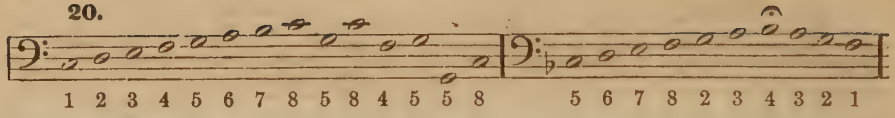
18. *Andante.*

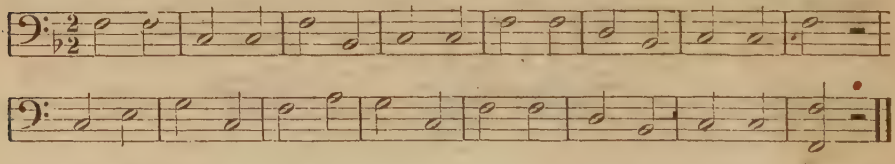


19.

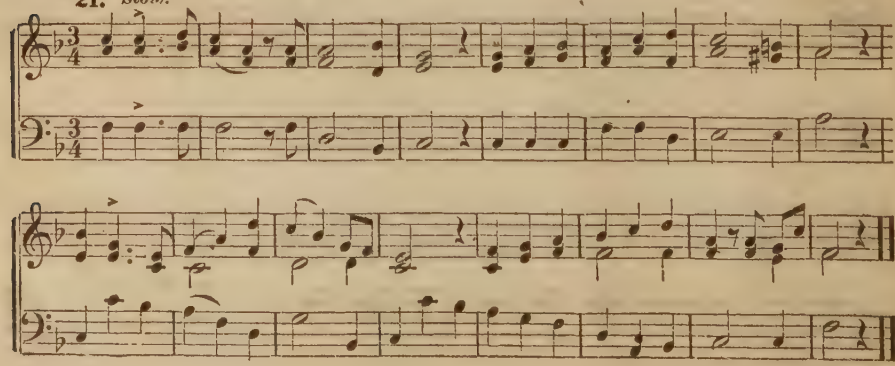


20.

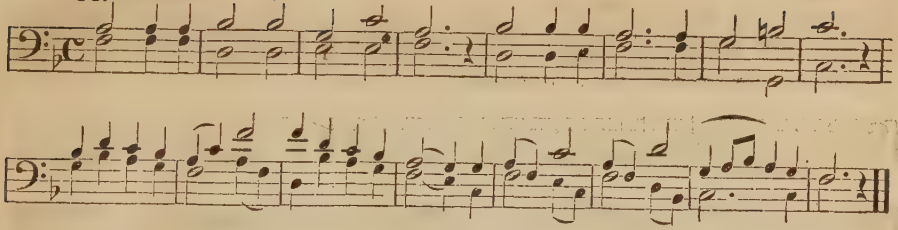




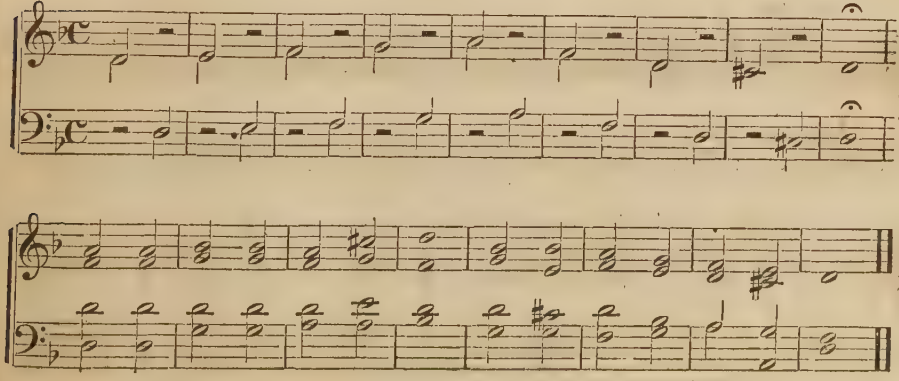
21. *Slow.*



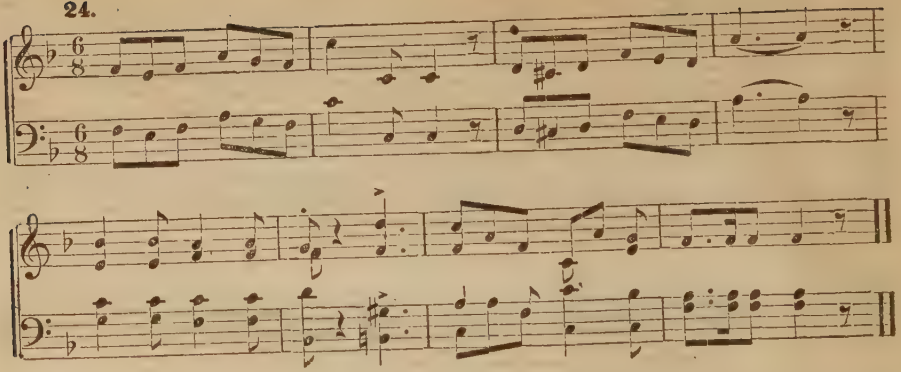
22. *Moderato.*



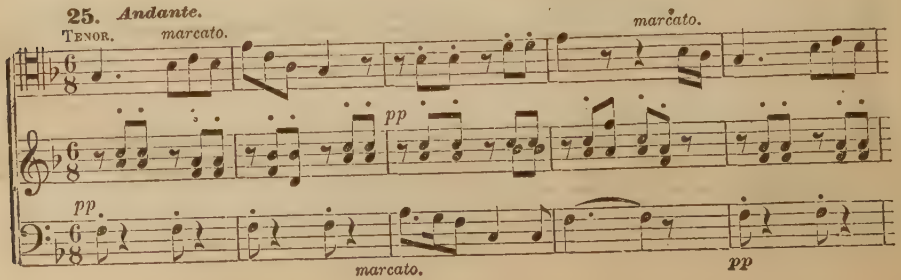
23.

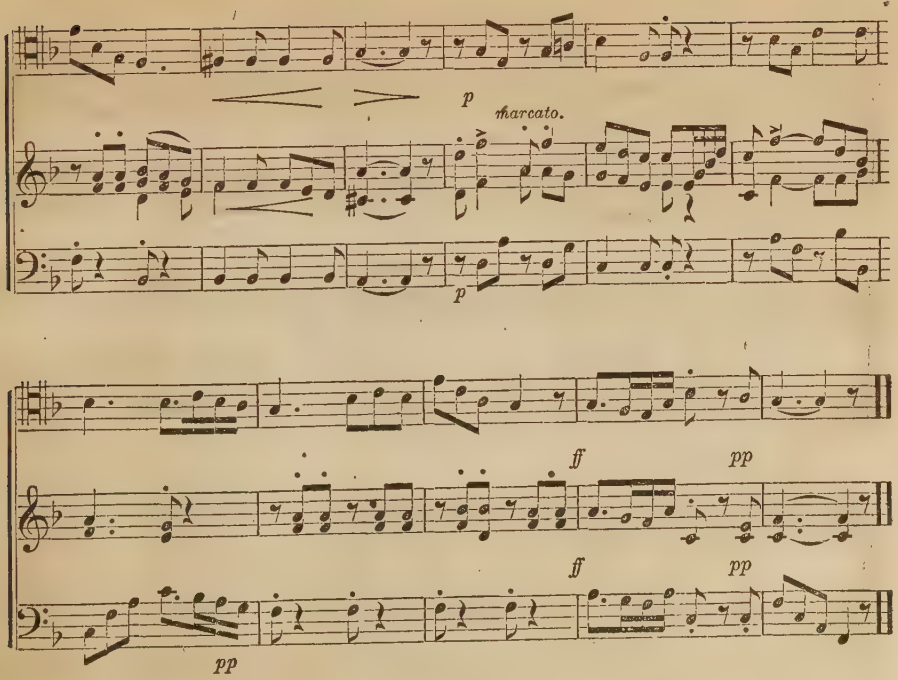


24.

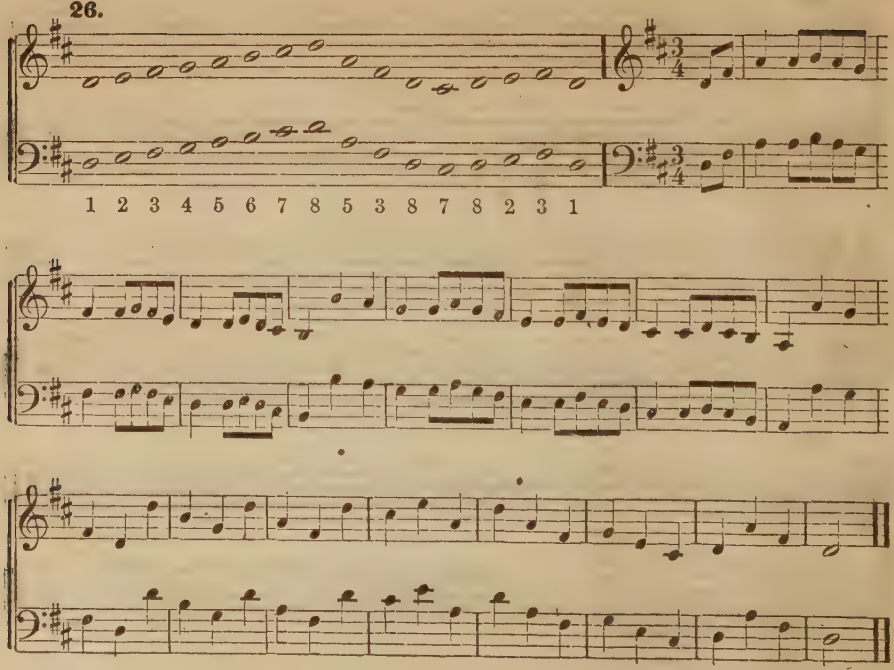


25. ***Andante.***

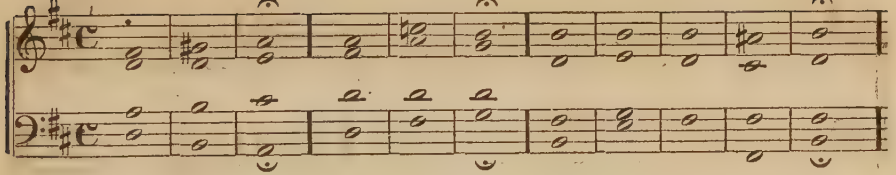


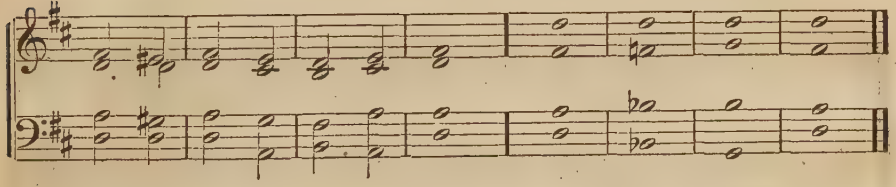

p
marcato.
p
ff
pp
ff
pp
pp

26.

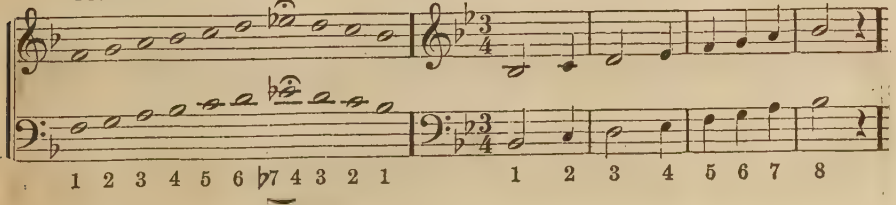


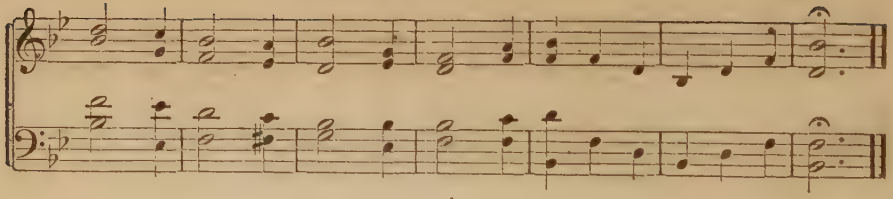
27.



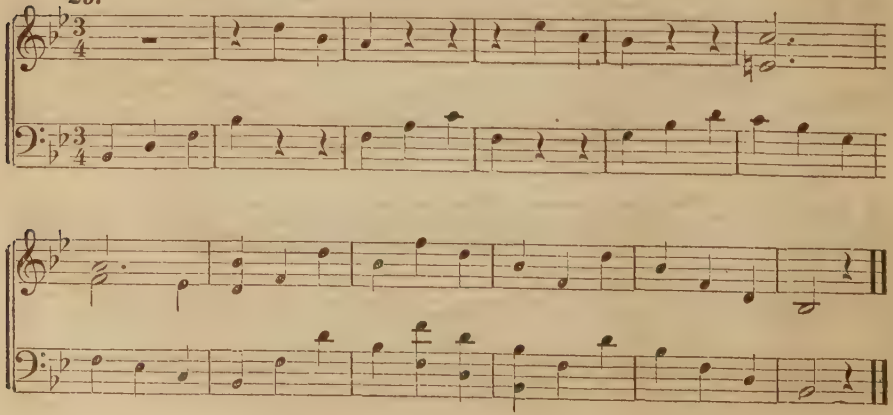


28.

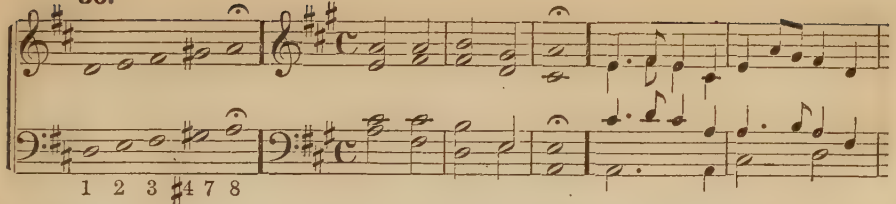


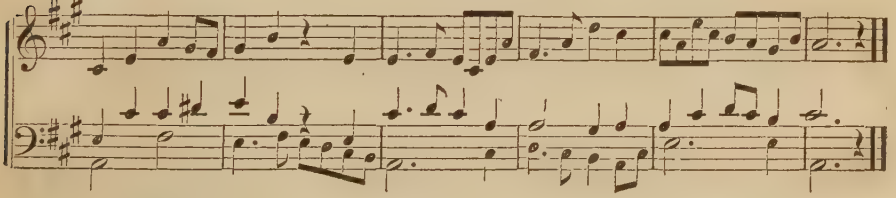


29.

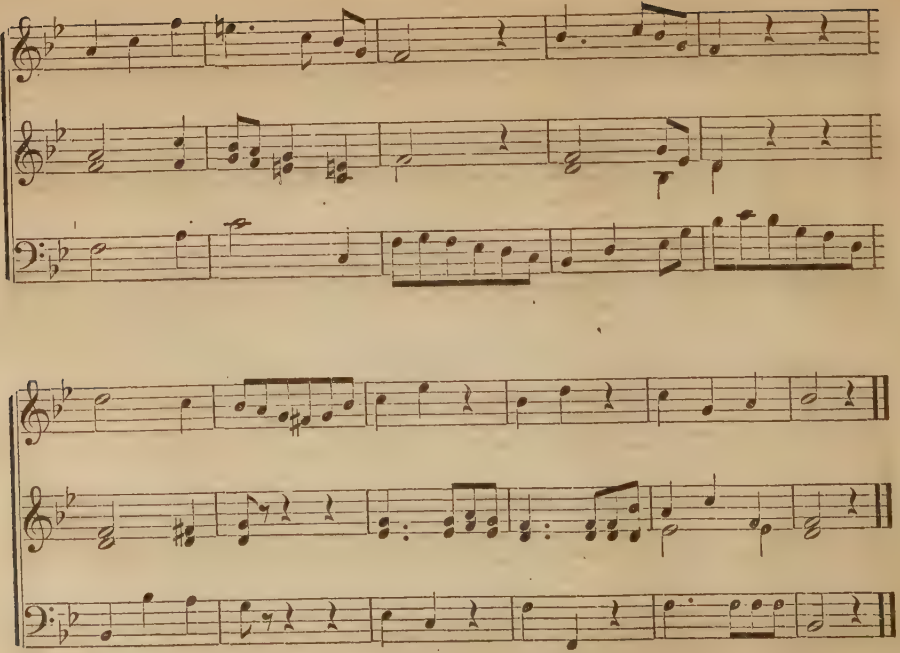


30.

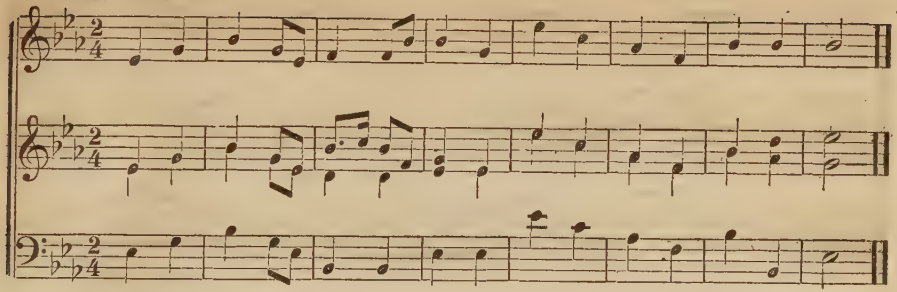




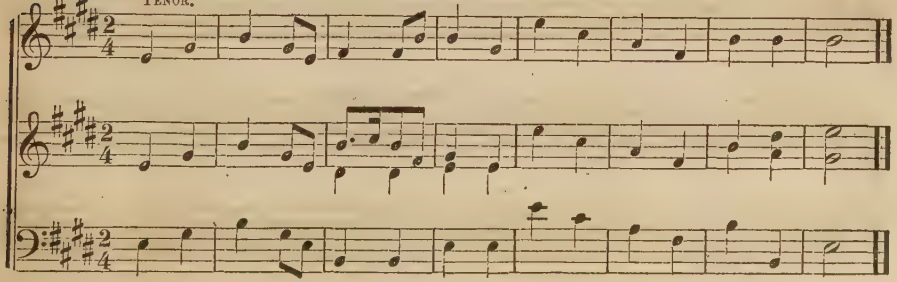
31. ***Moderato.***



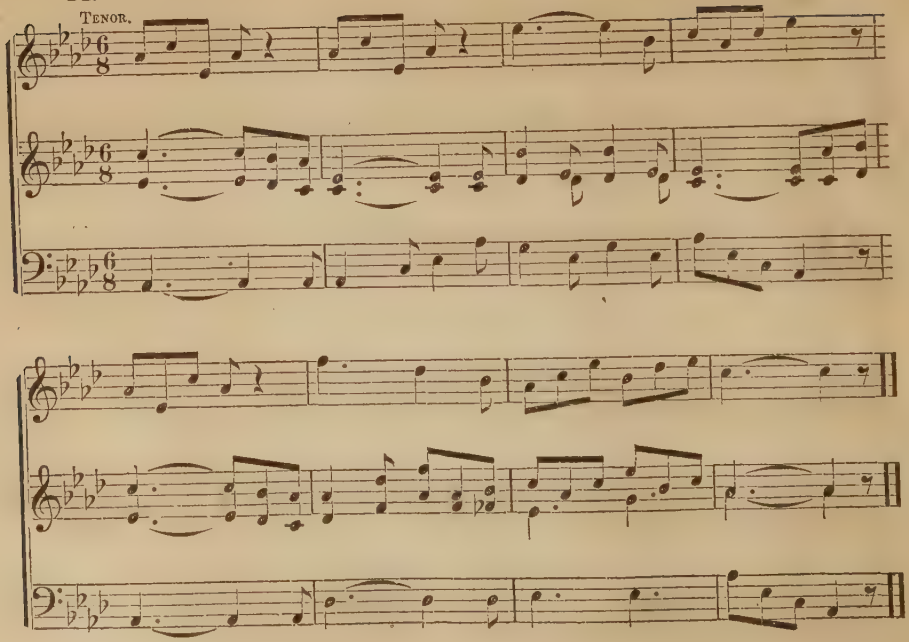
32. *Allegretto.*



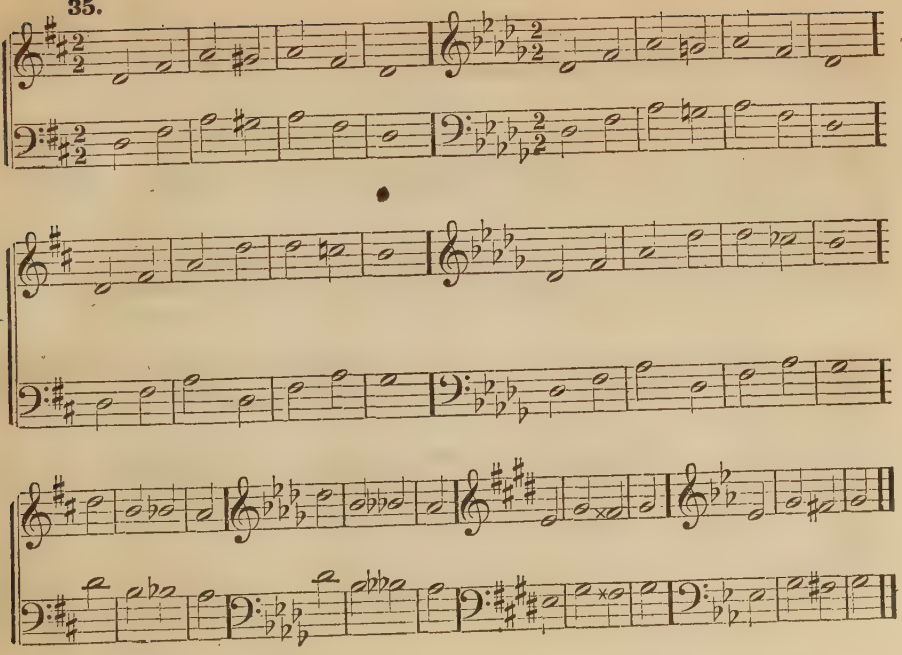
33. TENOR.



34. (*Compare No.* 30.)



35.



DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS.

A. To, in, with: as, *a tempo*, in time.
Accelerando. Faster and faster.
Adagio. Slowly (faster than *largo*, but slower than *lento*,) and calmly.
Adagissimo. Very slow, soft and subdued.
Ad Libitum. At pleasure (refers to time).
Affetuoso. With deep feeling and emotion.
Allegro. Quickly.
Al Segno. 𝄋 Return to the (𝄋) sign and repeat to end.
Andante. Somewhat slowly, and gently.
Andantino. Gently, but less slow than *andante*.
Appassionato. Passionately. More fervidly than *Affetuoso*.
Appoggiatura. A grace- or fore-note, usually small, thus :

Assai. Very; in a high degree, as *piano assai*, very soft.
A Tempo. In regular time (used after *ad lib.* or *ritard.*)
Calando. Gradually softer and slower.
Cantabile. Simply, unaffectedly, in moderate movement.
Chorale (from Greek *Choros*). A sacred composition, or hymn-tune, slow, measured, and distinct.
Chord. Any combination of three or more notes performed together.
Crescendo, Cres., or <. Gradually louder.
Da, Dal, or *Dalla.* From the, of the.
Da Capo, or *D. C.* Begin again and perform to *Fine.*
Diminuendo, Dim., or >. Gradually softer.
Dolce. Sweetly, softly, delicately.
Dal Segno, D. S., or 𝄋. Go back to 𝄋 and perform to *Fine* or end.
Forte, or *f*, loud. *Fortissimo*, or *ff*, very loud.
Fugue or *Fuga.* A composition wherein the parts do not move simultaneously.
Grandioso. In an elevated style.
Grave. Very slow, dignified, and solemn.
Largo. The slowest kind of time.
Larghetto. Slower than *Adagio*, but not so slow as *Largo.*)
Legato. Smoothly and connectedly. Superlative, *Legatissimo.*
Maestoso, or *Con Maesta.* With dignity, majestically, gravely.
Marcato. Distinctly and with accent.
Meno. Less: as, *Meno Allegro*, less fast.
Moderato, moderately. *Molto*, much.
Mosso, Moto. Quickened. *Piu mosso*, a little accelerated. *Con piu moto*, faster.
Morendo, Mancando, Perdendosi. About the same as *Calando.*
Piacere, and *A Piacimento.* Same as *Ad libitum.*
Piu, More (used with other words). *Piu forte*, louder.
Poco. Little. *Poco a Poco.* Little by little.
Presto. The quickest time. Superlative, *Prestissimo.*
Rallentando, Lentando, Slentando, Ritardando, Ritard., Slower and slower.
Risoluto, Vigoroso. Resolutely, energetically.
Sostenuto, Tenuto. Sustained and continuous.
Staccato. Short, detached. (Opposed to *Legato.*)
Stringendo, Stretto. In quicker time.
Subito, Volti Subito, or *V. S.* Turn over quickly.
Solo, Single voice. *Soli*, Single voice in each part.
Tutti or Tutte. All the voices. (Opposed to *Solo* or *Soli*)
Vivace, Vivo, or *Con Spirito.* Animatedly, spiritedly, lively.

HYMNS AND HARMONIES.

GOD'S PRAISE.

Words by J. F. L. Music (German Union Hymn) by permission of M. Keller.

Andante.

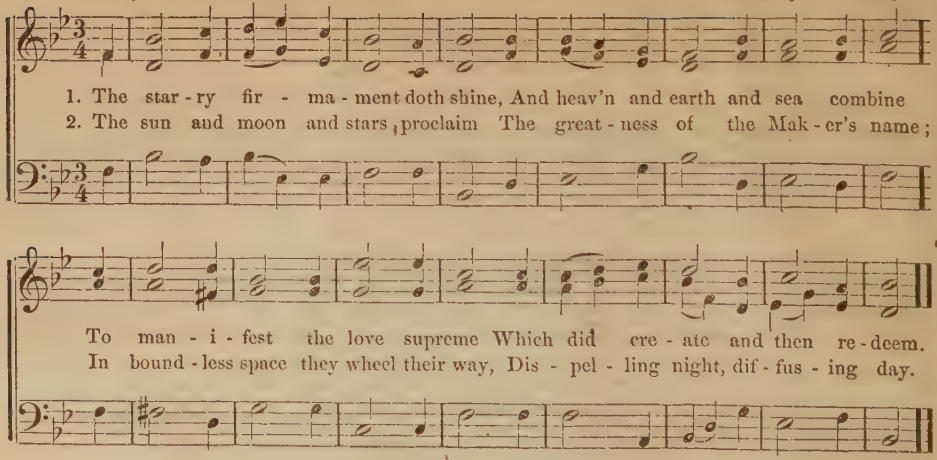
1. Chil-dren, let us joy-ful raise Heart and voice to God in praise;
2. He it is who gives us breath; Saves us from e-ter-nal death;
Shout his glo-ries loud and long; Thank him with a new-made song.
Show'rs his bless-ings on us all, If on him we ear-nest call.

3 Thus he came from heav'n above;
Thus he lived a life of love;
Thus the pow'r of death defied,
That we may with him abide.

4 Let us, therefore, ev'ry one,
Praise the Father and the Son,
And the Holy Ghost, by whom
We 're preserved from Error's gloom.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

Words by Rev. Geo. F. Haskins. Music by A. Werner.


1. The star - ry fir - ma - ment doth shine, And heav'n and earth and sea combine
2. The sun and moon and stars proclaim The great - ness of the Mak - er's name;
To man - i - fest the love supreme Which did cre - ate and then re - deem.
In bound - less space they wheel their way, Dis - pel - ling night, dif - fus - ing day.

3 Sweet flow'rs in splendid garb are found;
Uncounted trees with fruits abound;
And ripening fields their lays attune
To reapers' songs in harvest moon.

4 Ships float on the mysterious deep,
While billows roll, while billows sleep,
And thus the boundless ocean span,
Cementing love of man to man.

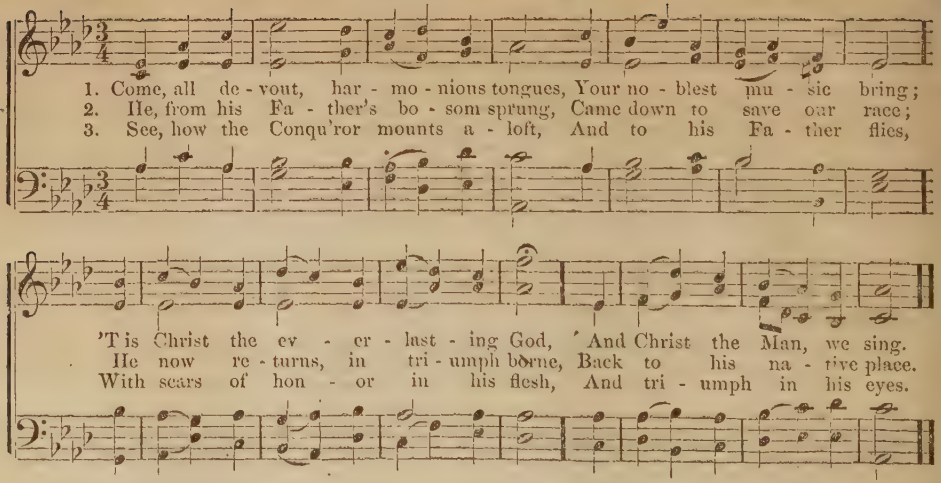
5 All these to us by God are giv'n
That we may offer them to heav'n;
Let us with them our voices raise,
And join with them to sing his praise.

6 Praise, then, to thee, our Sov'reign Lord;
Praise to the everlasting Word;
Praise endless to the Holy Ghost:
Your praises join, angelic host!

1. Sa - viour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our stream - ing eyes,
D. C. — Bend - ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.
2. By thy birth and ear - ly years, By thy hu - man griefs and fears,
By thy fast - ing and dis - tress In the lone - ly wil - der - ness,
D. C. — Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye, Hear our sol - emn lit - an - y.
D. C.
Oh, by all the pains and woe Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,
By thy vic - t'ry in the hour Of the sub - tle tempt - er's pow'r,

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of pray'r,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs, thy cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thy deep, expiring groan,
By thy seal'd, sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save,
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heav'n restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany!


1. Come, all de - vout, har - mo - nious tongues, Your no - blest mu - sic bring;
2. He, from his Fa - ther's bo - som sprung, Came down to save our race;
3. See, how the Conqu'ror mounts a - loft, And to his Fa - ther flies,
'T is Christ the ev - er - last - ing God, And Christ the Man, we sing.
He now re - turns, in tri - umph borne, Back to his na - tive place.
With scars of hon - or in his flesh, And tri - umph in his eyes.

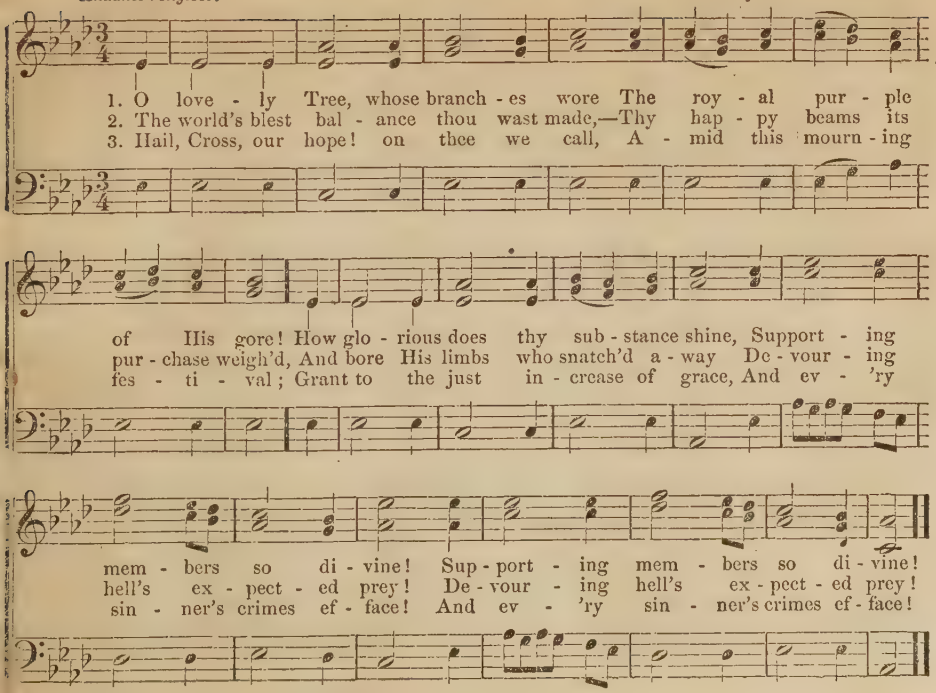
4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
With Him th' Almighty Father shares
The glory of his throne.

5 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to the throne of grace;
See what immortal beauties shine
Around your Saviour's face!

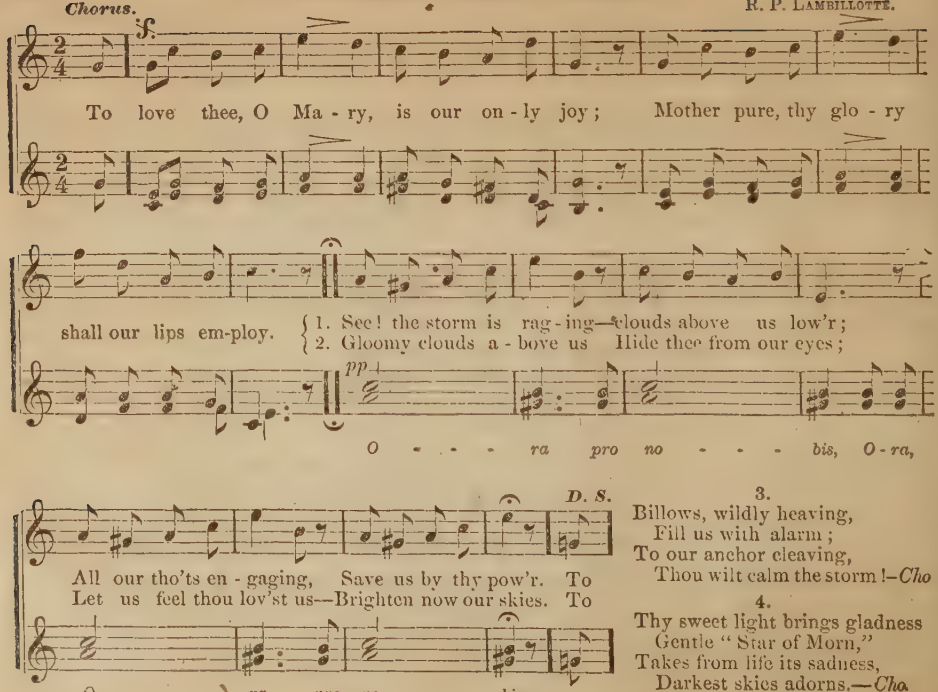
6 Come let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

7 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high;
Let every nation sing,
And angels praise, with endless joy,
Our Saviour and our King.

Andante religioso. Music by E. VERSCHNEIDER.


1. O love - ly Tree, whose branch - es wore The roy - al pur - ple
2. The world's blest bal - ance thou wast made,—Thy hap - py beams its
3. Hail, Cross, our hope! on thee we call, A - mid this mourn - ing
of His gore! How glo - rious does thy sub - stance shine, Support - ing
pur - chase weigh'd, And bore His limbs who snatch'd a - way De - vour - ing
fes - ti - val; Grant to the just in - crease of grace, And ev - 'ry
mem - bers so di - vine! Sup - port - ing mem - bers so di - vine!
hell's ex - pect - ed prey! De - vour - ing hell's ex - pect - ed prey!
sin - ner's crimes ef - face! And ev - 'ry sin - ner's crimes ef - face!

R. P. LAMBILLOTTE.


Chorus.
To love thee, O Ma - ry, is our on - ly joy; Mother pure, thy glo - ry
shall our lips em-ploy.
1. See! the storm is rag - ing—clouds above us low'r;
2. Gloomy clouds a - bove us Hide thee from our eyes;
O - - - - ra pro no - - - - bis, O - ra,
D. S.
All our tho'ts en - gaging, Save us by thy pow'r. To
Let us feel thou lov'st us—Brighten now our skies. To
O - - - - ra pro no - - - bis

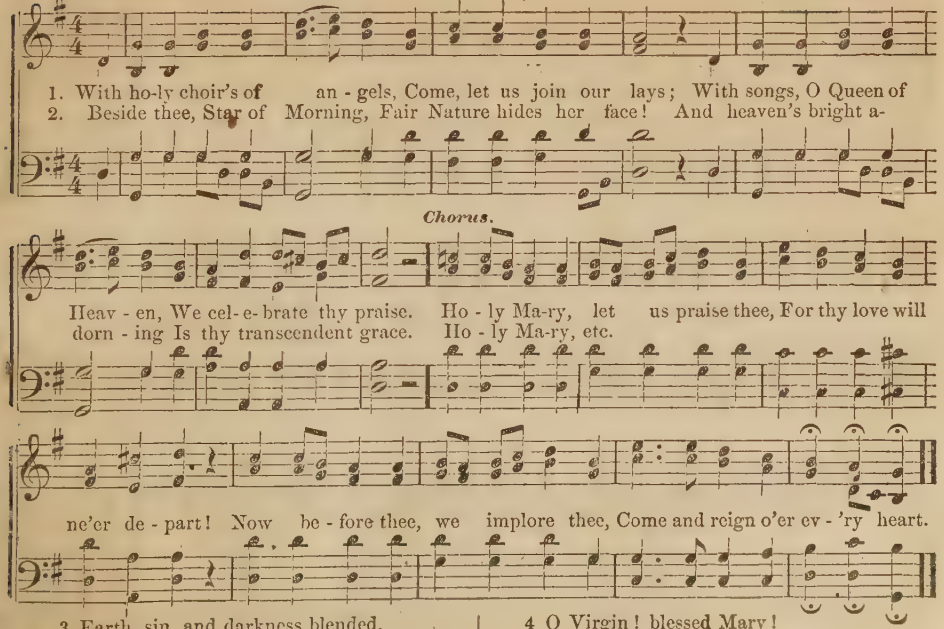
3.
Billows, wildly heaving,
Fill us with alarm;
To our anchor cleaving,
Thou wilt calm the storm!—*Cho*

4.
Thy sweet light brings gladness
Gentle "Star of Morn,"
Takes from life its sadness,
Darkest skies adorns.—*Cho.*

HOLY MARY, LET US PRAISE THEE.

Words by M. D.

GERMAN.


1. With ho-ly choir's of an - gels, Come, let us join our lays; With songs, O Queen of
2. Beside thee, Star of Morning, Fair Nature hides her face! And heaven's bright a-
Chorus.
Heav - en, We cel- e- brate thy praise. Ho - ly Ma-ry, let us praise thee, For thy love will
dorn - ing Is thy transcendent grace. Ho - ly Ma-ry, etc.
ne'er de - part! Now be - fore thee, we implore thee, Come and reign o'er ev - 'ry heart.

3 Earth, sin, and darkness blended,
Could ne'er thy strength assail;
To bless thee, God descended,
Sweet "Lily of the Vale!"—*Cho.*

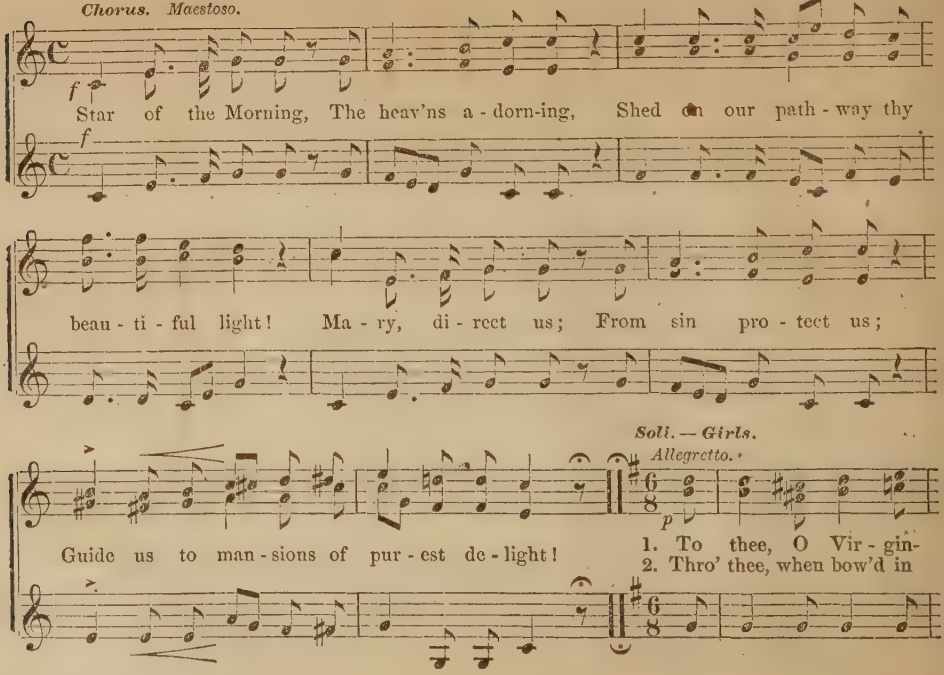
4 O Virgin! blessed Mary!
That name have angels said;
O holy Name, we love thee,
Our hope, our trust, our aid.—*Cho.*

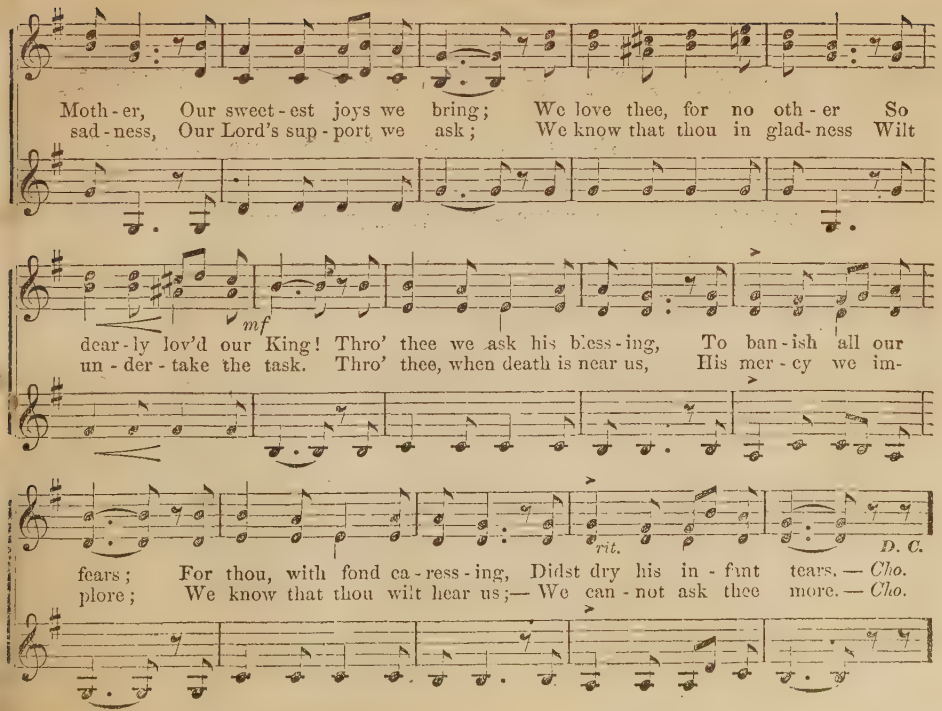
STAR OF THE MORNING.

Words by J. F. L.

Music by M. KELLER.

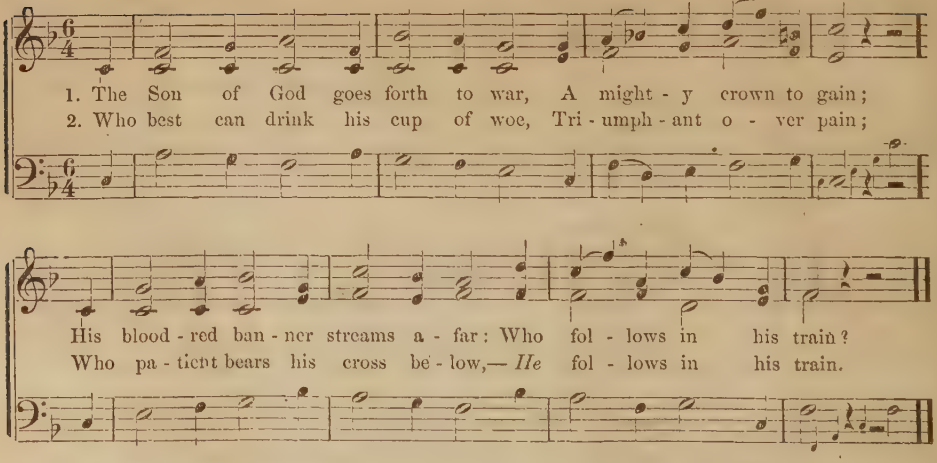
Chorus. Maestoso.


f
Star of the Morning, The heav'ns a - dorn-ing, Shed on our path - way thy
f
beau - ti - ful light! Ma - ry, di - rect us; From sin pro - tect us;
Soli. — Girls.
Allegretto.
p
Guide us to man - sions of pur - est de - light!
1. To thee, O Vir - gin-
2. Thro' thee, when bow'd in


Moth - er, Our sweet - est joys we bring; We love thee, for no oth - er So
sad - ness, Our Lord's sup - port we ask; We know that thou in glad - ness Wilt
mf
dear - ly lov'd our King! Thro' thee we ask his bless - ing, To ban - ish all our
un - der - take the task. Thro' thee, when death is near us, His mer - cy we im -
rit.
D. C.
fears; For thou, with fond ca - ress - ing, Didst dry his in - fant tears. — Cho.
plore; We know that thou wilt hear us; — We can - not ask thee more. — Cho.

WHO FOLLOWS IN HIS TRAIN?

Music by E. L. Helwig.

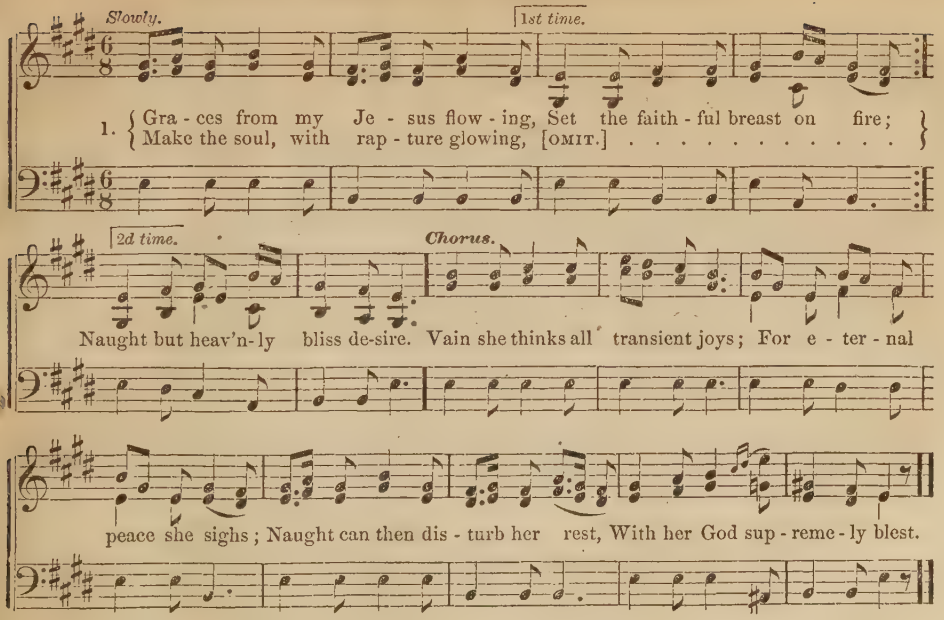

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A might - y crown to gain;
2. Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train?
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low,— He fol - lows in his train.

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And dared the cross and flame.

4 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

5 A noble army — men and boys,
The matron and the maid —
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

6 They climb the steep ascent of heav'n
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be giv'n
To follow in their train!


Slowly.
1st time.
1. { Gra - ces from my Je - sus flow - ing, Set the faith - ful breast on fire;
Make the soul, with rap - ture glowing, [OMIT.] . . . . . }
2d time.
Chorus.
Naught but heav'n-ly bliss de-sire. Vain she thinks all transient joys; For e - ter - nal
peace she sighs; Naught can then dis - turb her rest, With her God sup - reme - ly blest.

2 Here she may, from care retiring,
Find a sweet and healing balm,
All celestial love inspiring,
Shed around a heav'nly calm.—*Cho.*

3 Here with purest love remaining,
Jesus answers ev'ry pray'r;
With his help the soul sustaining,
Makes her ev'ry blessing share.—*Cho.*

CHORALE.

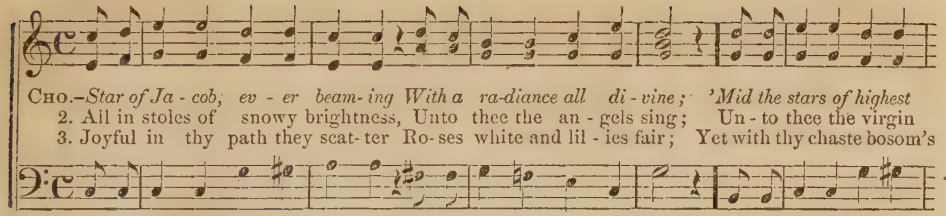
mf
1. Ho - ly God, we praise thy name! Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee!
All on earth thy scep - tre claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore thee:
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing!
Cher - u - bim and ser - aph - im In un - ceas - ing cho - rus praising,
f
In - fin - ite thy vast do - main; Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign!
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord!
f

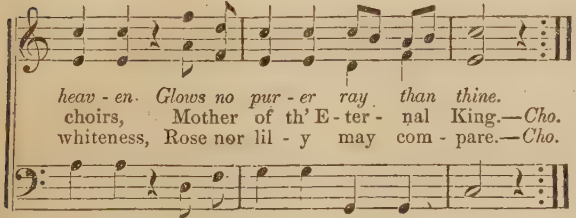
3 Lo! the Apostolic train
Join thy sacred name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-rob'd martyrs follow;
And from morn till set of sun
Through the Church the song goes on.

4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit—three we name thee,
While in essence, only One
Undivided God we claim thee;
And adoring bend the knee
While we own the mystery.

5 Thou art King of Glory, Christ!
Son of God, yet born of Mary;
For us sinners sacrificed,
And to death a tributary:
First to break the bars of death,
Thou hast opened heav'n to faith.

Words by CASWALL. Arr. from FINK.


CHO.–Star of Ja - cob, ev - er beam- ing With a ra-diance all di - vine; 'Mid the stars of highest
2. All in stoles of snowy brightness, Unto thee the an - gels sing; Un - to thee the virgin
3. Joyful in thy path they scat- ter Ro- ses white and lil - ies fair; Yet with thy chaste bosom's



4.
Oh, that this low earth of ours,
Answering th' angelic strain,
With thy praises might re-echo,
Till the heav'ns replied again!–*Cho.*

5.
Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
Be to Thee, O Virgin's Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run!—*Cho.*

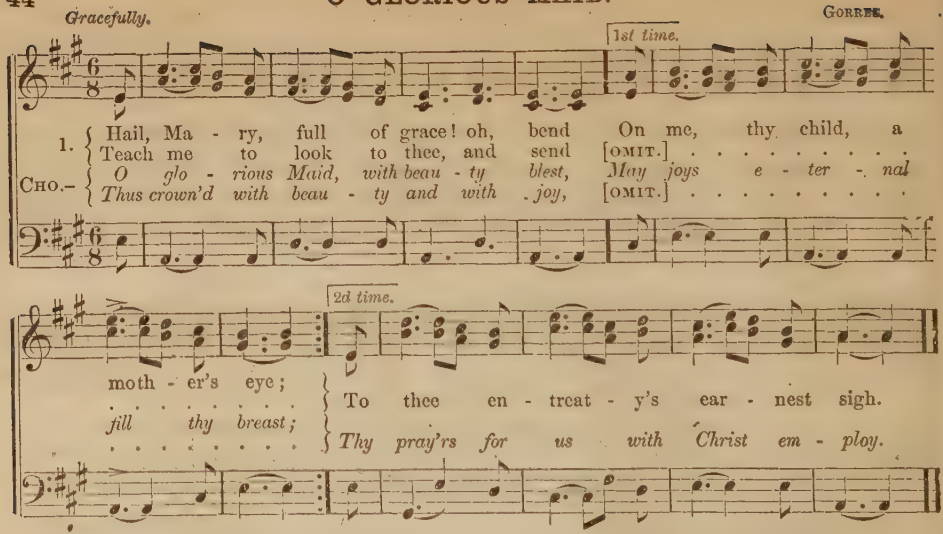
Concluded from opposite page.

6 From thy high celestial home,
Judge of all, again returning,
We believe that thou shalt come,
On the dreadful Doomsday-morning,
When thy voice shall shake the earth,
And the startled Dead come forth.

7 Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day;
Never let us be confounded
Lo! I put my trust in thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me!

O GLORIOUS MAID.

Gracefully. GORBER.


1st time.
1. Hail, Ma - ry, full of grace! oh, bend On me, thy child, a
Teach me to look to thee, and send [OMIT.]
CHO.– O glo - rious Maid, with beau - ty blest, May joys e - ter - nal
Thus crown'd with beau - ty and with joy, [OMIT.]
2d time.
moth - er's eye; To thee en - treat - y's ear - nest sigh.
fill thy breast; Thy pray'rs for us with Christ em - ploy.

2 "Behold thy son!" what words of love
Were those our blessed Saviour spoke:
Affection's words, giv'n out to prove
His burden light, and sweet his yoke.—*Cho.*

3 "Behold thy mother!" ah, what heart
Responds not to so dear a name!
Our Mother blest, thy smile impart,
And our cold hearts with love inflame.—*Cho.*

4 Then hear me when I lift to thee
The accents of my humble praise;
Oh, keep me still, that I may be
Sinless and pure—a child of grace!—*Cho.*

5 Oh, hear the pray'rs to thee we breathe
Before thy shrine this solemn eve!
Accept our best affection's wreath,
The chaplet fair that now we weave.—*Cho.*

Andante. Music by M. KELLER.

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb so long expected
Comes with pardon down from heav'n;
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiv'n.

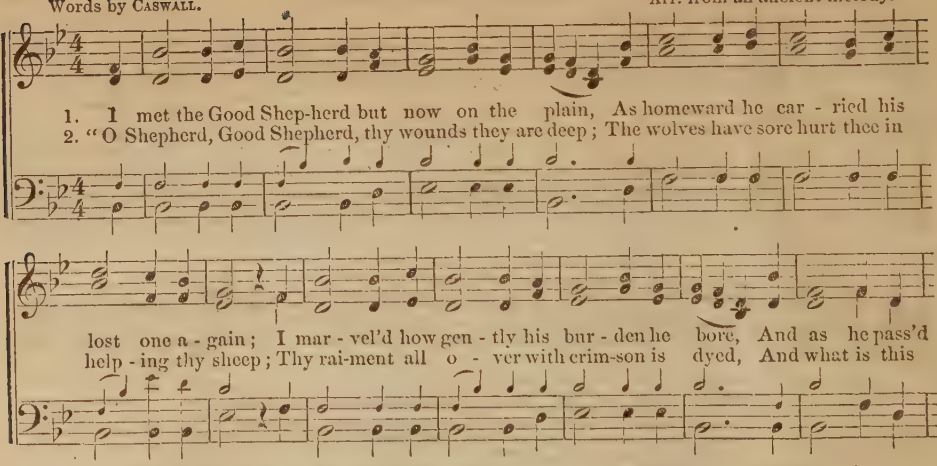
4 So, when next he comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May he then, as our Defender,
On the clouds of heav'n appear.

5 Honor, glory, virtue, merit,
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Words by CASWALL.

Arr. from an ancient melody.


1. I met the Good Shep-herd but now on the plain, As homeward he car - ried his
2. "O Shepherd, Good Shepherd, thy wounds they are deep; The wolves have sore hurt thee in
lost one a - gain; I mar - vel'd how gen - tly his bur - den he bore, And as he pass'd
help - ing thy sheep; Thy rai-ment all o - ver with crim-son is dyed, And what is this
by me I knelt to a - dore.
rent they have made in thy side?

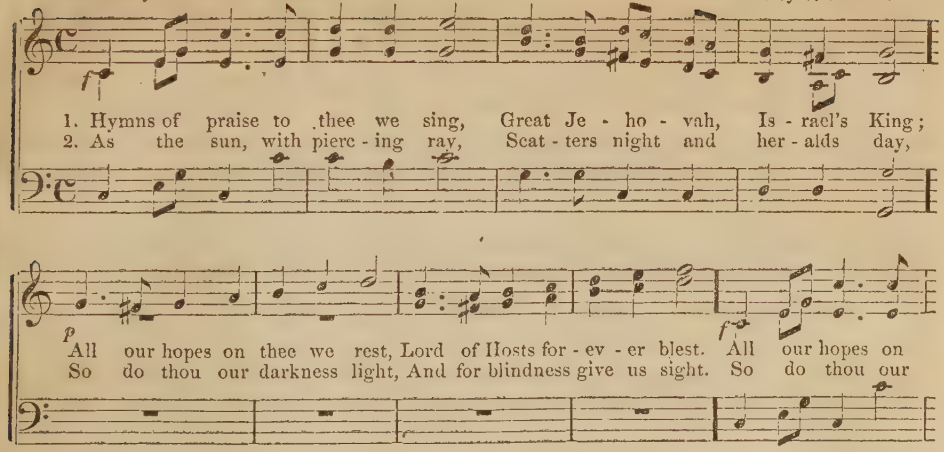
3,

"Ah, me! how the thorns have entangled thy hair,
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!
How feebly thou drawest thy faltering breath!
And lo! on thy face is the shadow of death!

4,

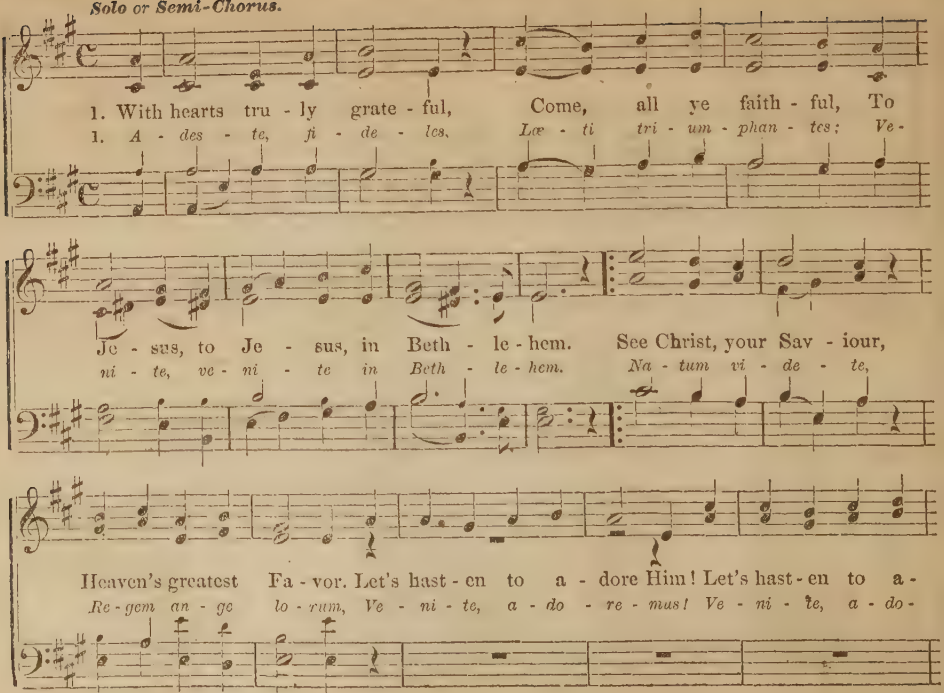
"O Shepherd, Good Shepherd! and is it for me
This grievous affliction, has fallen on thee?
Ah, then, let me strive, for the love thou hast borne,
To give thee no longer occasion to mourn."

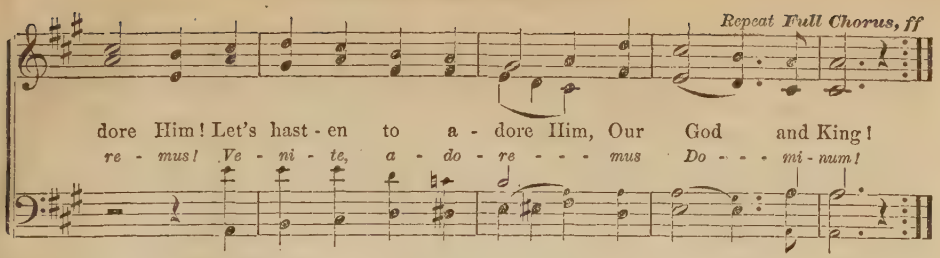
Words by Rev. Geo. F. Haskins. Music by A. Werner.


1. Hymns of praise to thee we sing, Great Je - ho - vah, Is - rael's King;
2. As the sun, with pierc - ing ray, Scat - ters night and her - alds day,
All our hopes on thee we rest, Lord of Hosts for - ev - er blest. All our hopes on
So do thou our darkness light, And for blindness give us sight. So do thou our
thee we rest, Lord of Hosts for - ev - er blest.
darkness light, And for blind - ness give us sight.

3.
Thine we are and thine will be
Now and through eternity;
‖: Aid us, then, by heav'nly grace;
Give us strength to run our race. :‖

4.
Father, praise to thee we give;
Praise to Christ, in whom we live;
‖: Praises to the Holy Ghost,
Three in One, a saving Host. :‖


Solo or Semi-Chorus.
1. With hearts tru - ly grate - ful, Come, all ye faith - ful, To
1. A - des - te, fi - de - les, Læ - ti tri - um - phan - tes; Ve -
Je - sus, to Je - sus, in Beth - le - hem. See Christ, your Sav - iour,
ni - te, ve - ni - te in Beth - le - hem. Na - tum vi - de - te,
Heaven's greatest Fa - vor. Let's hast - en to a - dore Him! Let's hast - en to a -
Re - gem an - ge lo - rum, Ve - ni - te, a - do - re - mus! Ve - ni - te, a - do -



2 God to God equal;
Light of light eternal;
Carried in Virgin's ever-spotless womb;
He all preceded;
Begotten, not created.
Let's hasten, etc.

3 Angels now praise him,
Loud their voices raising;
The heavenly mansions with joy now ring;
To Him who 's most holy
Be honor, praise and glory!
Let 's hasten, etc.

4 To Jesus, this day born,
Grateful homage return:
'T is He who all heavenly gifts doth bring;
Word increated,
To our flesh united.
Let 's hasten, etc.

5 We, joyfully singing,
Grateful tributes bringing,
Praise Him and bless Him in heav'nly hymns.
Angels implore Him,
Seraphs fall before Him.
Then e'er let us adore Him, etc.

2 *Deum de Deo,*
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera.
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum.
Venite, etc.

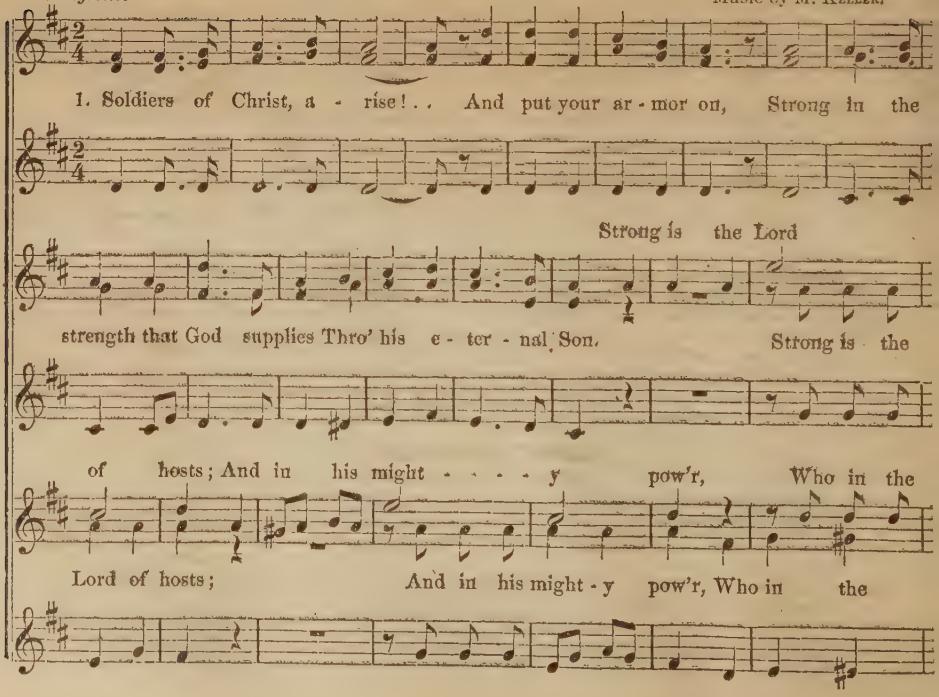
3 *Cantet nunc Io!*
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium:
Gloria, gloria
In excelsis Deo!
Venite, etc.

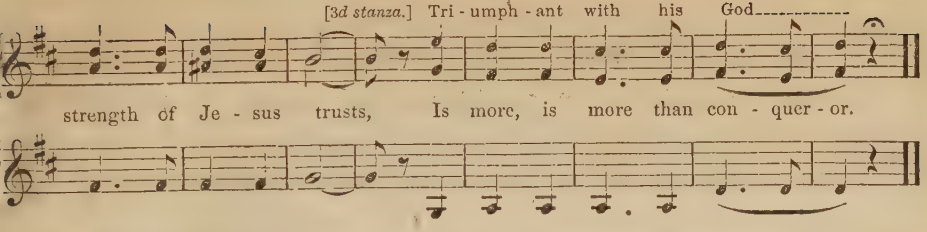
4 *Ergo, qui natus*
Die hodierna,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria.
Patris æterni,
Verbum caro factum.
Venite, etc.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!

Allegretto.

Music by M. Keller.


1. Soldiers of Christ, a - rise! . . And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the
Strong is the Lord
strength that God supplies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son. Strong is the
of hosts; And in his might - - - - y pow'r, Who in the
Lord of hosts; And in his might - y pow'r, Who in the



2 Soldiers of Christ, arise!
The God of Armies calls
Unto his mansions in the skies,—
His everlasting halls!
The angel host appears,
To welcome you to bliss;
Oh, what is earth, its sighs and tears,
Its joys, its joys, compared to this?

3 Crush'd is the haughty foe,
His might, his glory gone;
But we with vict'ry crown'd shall go
To Christ's eternal throne;
There shall the conqu'ror rest,
And in that bright abode
For ever reign amid the blest,
Triumphant with his God.

THE APOSTLES.

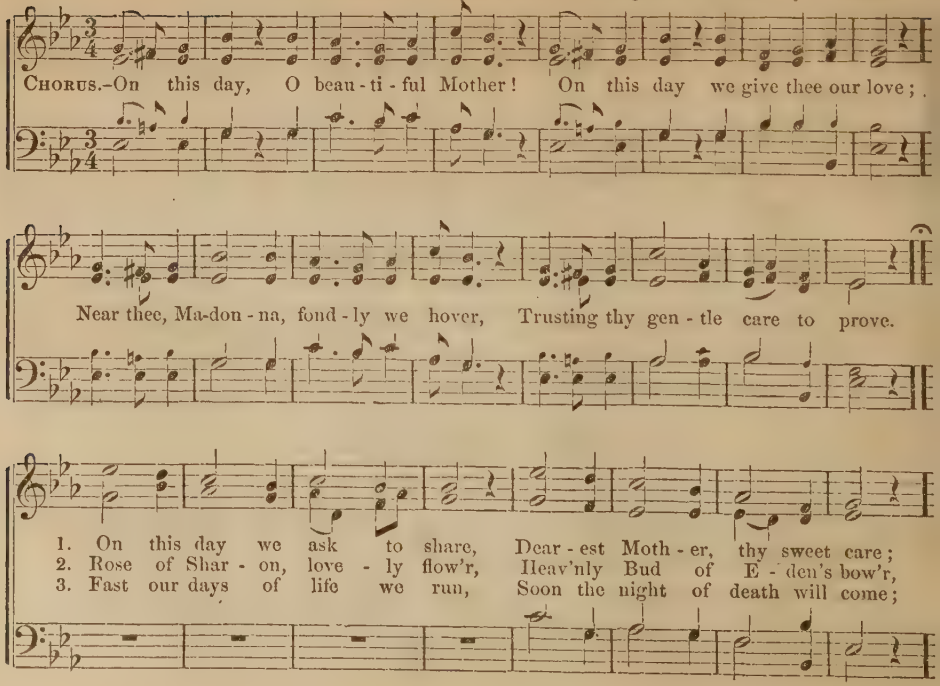
Music on opposite page.

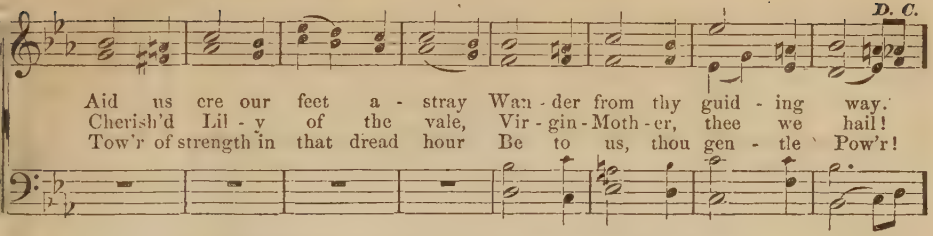
1 The Lord's eternal gifts,
Th' Apostles' mighty praise,
Their victories and high reward,
Sing we in joyful lays.
Lords of the churches they,
Triumphant Chiefs of war;
Brave Soldiers of the heav'nly Court,
True Lights, true Lights for evermore.

2 Theirs was the saints' high Faith,
And quenchless Hope's pure glow,
And perfect Charity, which laid
The world's fell tyrant low;
In them the Father Shone;
In them the Son o'ercame;
In them the Holy Spirit wrought,
And filled, and filled their hearts with flame.

ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

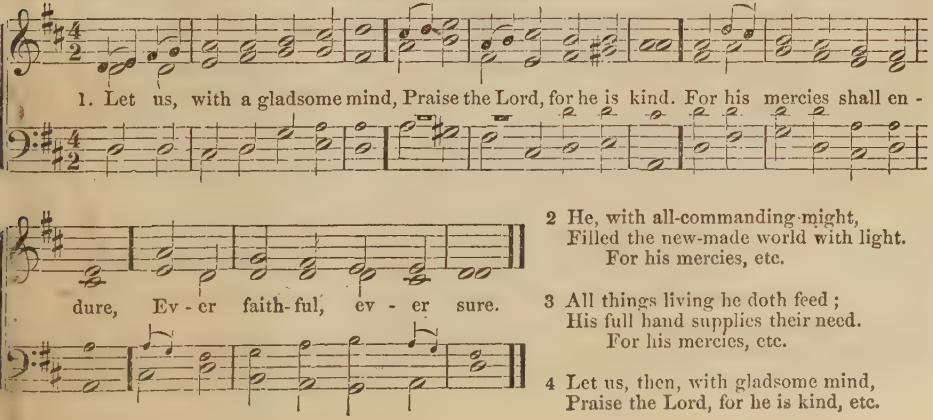
Arranged for this work by M. KELLER.


CHORUS.–On this day, O beau-ti-ful Mother! On this day we give thee our love;
Near thee, Ma-don-na, fond-ly we hover, Trusting thy gen-tle care to prove.
1. On this day we ask to share, Dear-est Moth-er, thy sweet care;
2. Rose of Shar-on, love-ly flow'r, Heav'nly Bud of E-den's bow'r,
3. Fast our days of life we run, Soon the night of death will come;


D. C.
Aid us ere our feet a - stray Wan - der from thy guid - ing way.
Cherish'd Lil - y of the vale, Vir - gin - Moth - er, thee we hail!
Tow'r of strength in that dread hour Be to us, thou gen - tle Pow'r!

LET US WITH A GLADSOME MIND.

CHORALE. SILCHER.



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.
For his mercies, etc.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need.
For his mercies, etc.

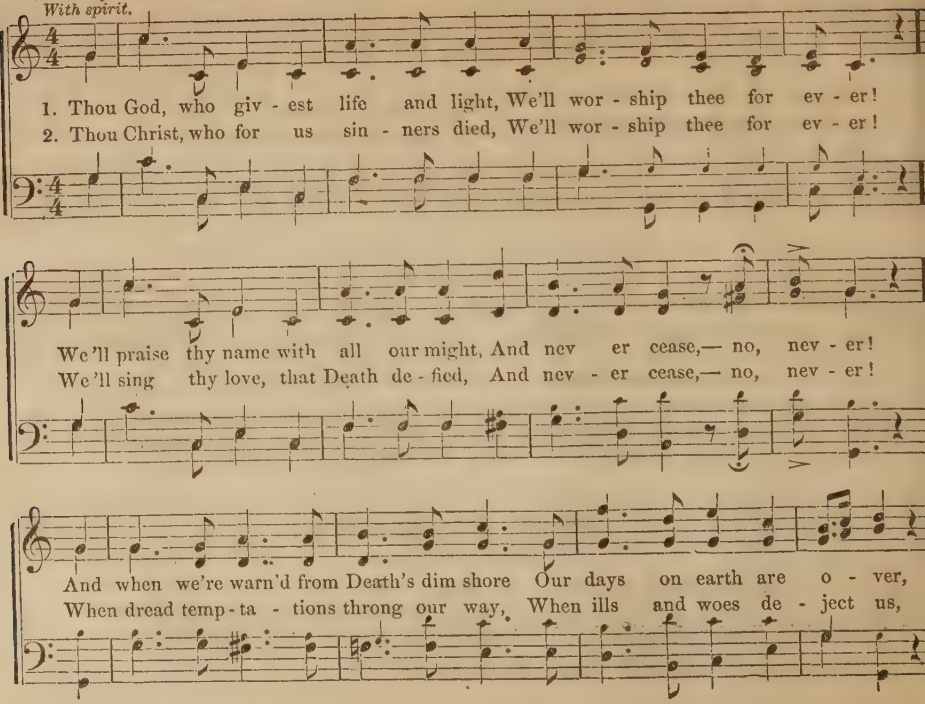
4 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind, etc.

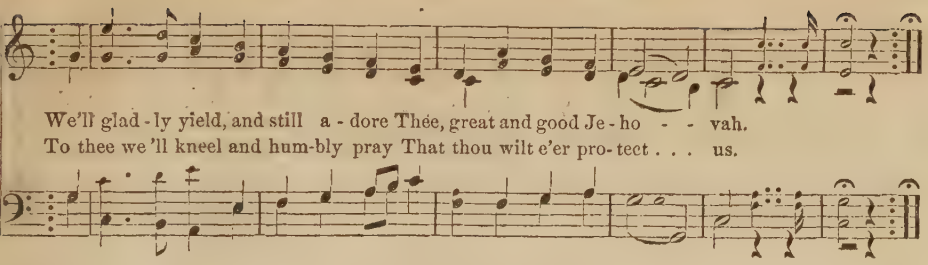
HYMN OF WORSHIP.

Words by J. F. L.

Arr. from A. Methfessel.

With spirit.


1. Thou God, who giv - est life and light, We'll wor - ship thee for ev - er!
2. Thou Christ, who for us sin - ners died, We'll wor - ship thee for ev - er!
We'll praise thy name with all our might, And nev er cease,— no, nev - er!
We'll sing thy love, that Death de - fied, And nev - er cease,— no, nev - er!
And when we're warn'd from Death's dim shore Our days on earth are o - ver,
When dread temp - ta - tions throng our way, When ills and woes de - ject us,

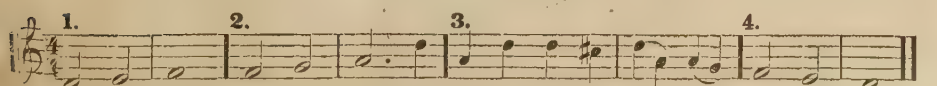

We'll glad - ly yield, and still a - dore Thee, great and good Je - ho - - vah.
To thee we 'll kneel and hum-bly pray That thou wilt e'er pro- tect . . . us.

3 Thou Holy Spirit, God of Love,
We'll worship thee for ever!
We 'll guide our thoughts to thee above,
And never cease,—no, never!
And when the pow'rs of darkness rise
With error to confound us,
We 'll look to thee, and from the skies.
Thy light will shine around us.

4 Thou Three-in-One! with heav'n's glad host
We 'll worship thee for ever,
Thou Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And never cease,—no, never!
When o'er the bridge of life we 've passed,
And reached the gate supernal,
In glorious music, deep and vast,
We 'll join the choir eternal.

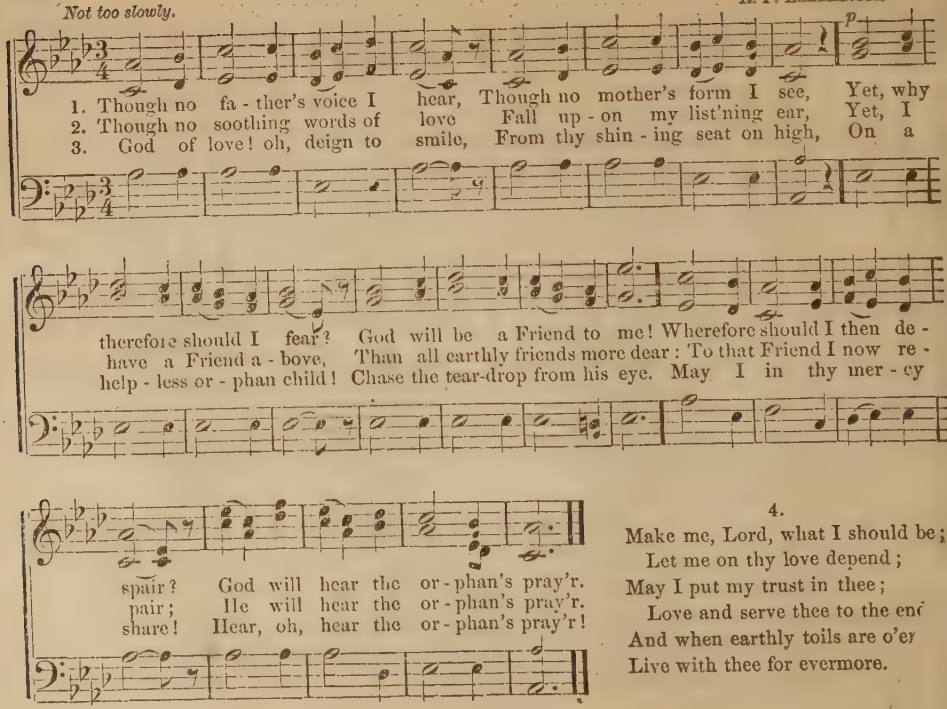
HEAR MY PRAYER.

Four-Part Round.



THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

R. P. Lambillotte.

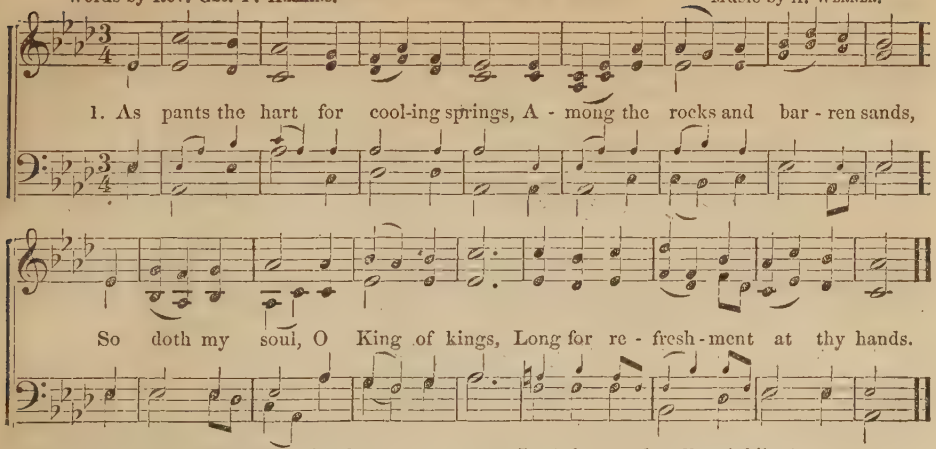

Not too slowly.
p
1. Though no fa - ther's voice I hear, Though no mother's form I see, Yet, why
2. Though no soothing words of love Fall up - on my list'ning ear, Yet, I
3. God of love! oh, deign to smile, From thy shin - ing seat on high, On a
therefore should I fear? God will be a Friend to me! Wherefore should I then de -
have a Friend a - bove, Than all earthly friends more dear: To that Friend I now re -
help - less or - phan child! Chase the tear-drop from his eye. May I in thy mer - cy
spair? God will hear the or - phan's pray'r.
pair; He will hear the or - phan's pray'r.
share! Hear, oh, hear the or - phan's pray'r!

4.

Make me, Lord, what I should be;
Let me on thy love depend;
May I put my trust in thee;
Love and serve thee to the end
And when earthly toils are o'er
Live with thee for evermore.

AS PANTS THE HART.

Words by Rev. Geo. F. Haskins. Music by A. Werner.


1. As pants the hart for cool-ing springs, A - mong the rocks and bar - ren sands,
So doth my soul, O King of kings, Long for re - fresh - ment at thy hands.

2 My soul, O God, doth thirst for thee,
For thee, the Source of every grace;
Oh, when shall I thy beauty see?
When shall I see thee face to face?

3 My tears have flowed by day and night,
When I have felt thy chastening rod;
But wicked men enjoyed the sight,
And, mocking, asked, Where's now thy God?

4 *Where* art thou, Lord, my Life, my All?
Thou art above, around, within!
Whate'er betides, on thee I call,
To save me and to pardon sin.

5 Joy! then, and endless jubilee!
Divine reward of faith and love;
I hear the strains of harmony
From the Triumphant Church above.

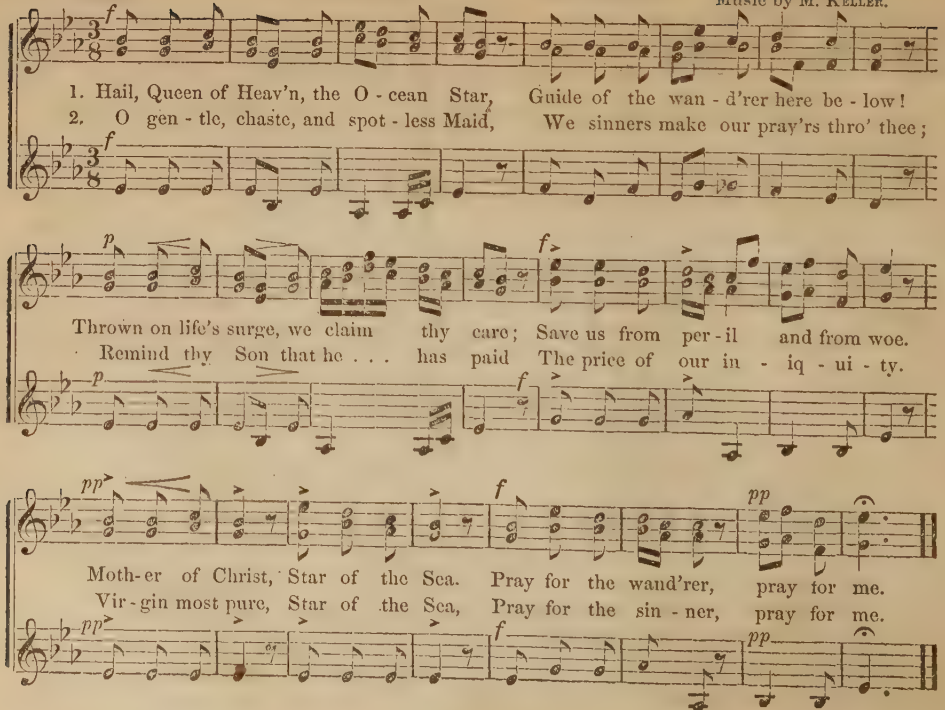
6 Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?
God is thy Drink, and he thy Food,
Bequeathed to thee—his last bequest—
His Body and his precious Blood.

7 Trust, then, in him; for he is good—
He gives what he alone can give,—
He gives Himself to be thy Food,
That thou with him mayst ever live.

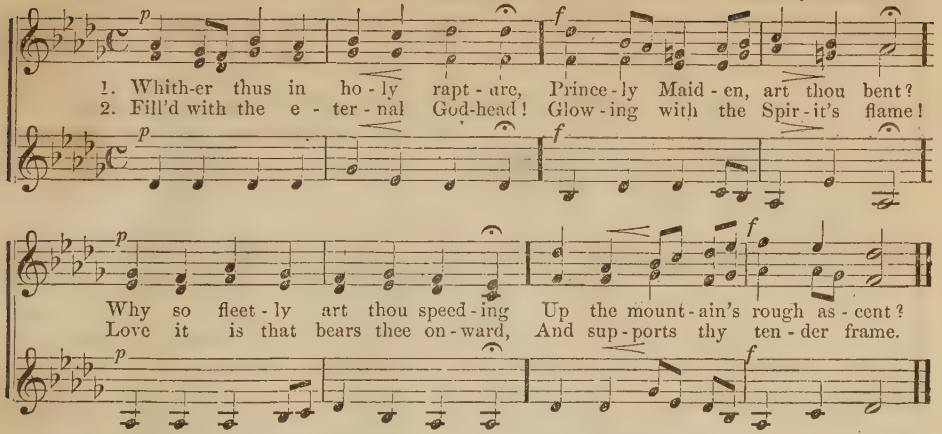
HAIL, QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Moderato.

Music by M. KELLER.


1. Hail, Queen of Heav'n, the O - cean Star, Guide of the wan - d'rer here be - low!
2. O gen - tle, chaste, and spot - less Maid, We sinners make our pray'rs thro' thee;
Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care; Save us from per - il and from woe.
Remind thy Son that he . . . has paid The price of our in - iq - ui - ty.
Moth-er of Christ, Star of the Sea. Pray for the wand'rer, pray for me.
Vir - gin most pure, Star of the Sea, Pray for the sin - ner, pray for me.

Words by CASWALL. *CHORALE.* Music by B. HAHN.


1. Whith-er thus in ho - ly rapt - ure, Prince - ly Maid - en, art thou bent?
2. Fill'd with the e - ter - nal God-head! Glow - ing with the Spir - it's flame!
Why so fleet - ly art thou sped - ing Up the mount - ain's rough as - cent?
Love it is that bears thee on - ward, And sup - ports thy ten - der frame.

3 Lo! thine aged cousin claims thee,
Claims thy sympathy and care;
God her shame from her hath taken;
He hath heard her fervent pray'r.

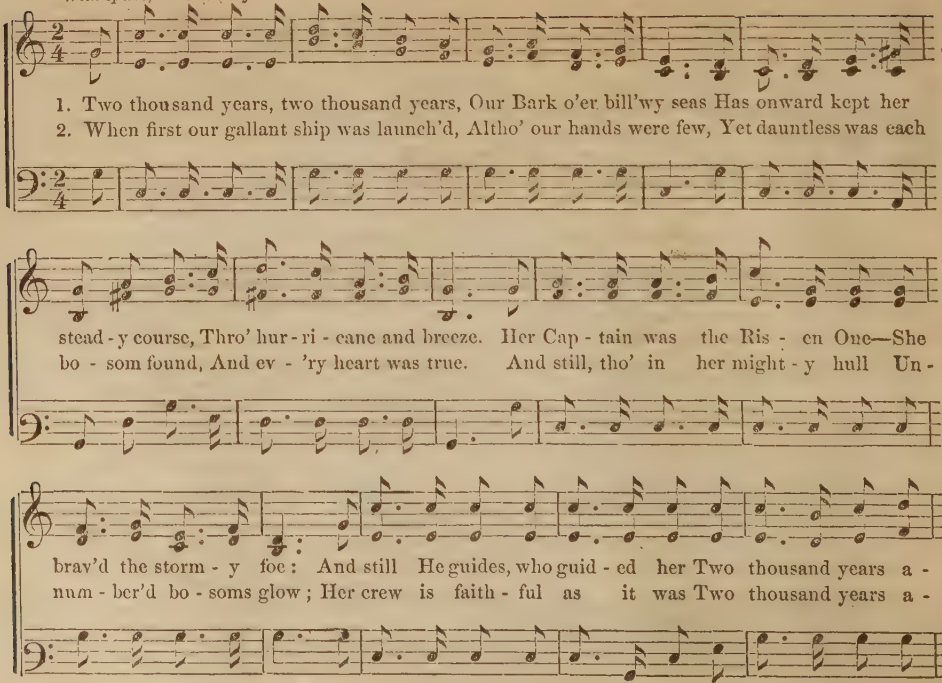
4 Blessed mothers! joyful meeting!
Thou in her, the hand of God,
She in thee, with lips inspir-ed,
Owns the Mother of her Lord.

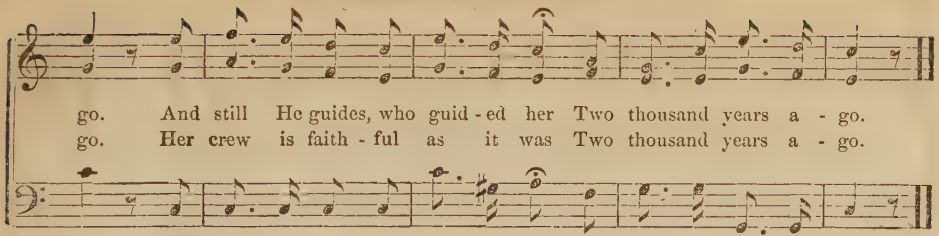
Concluded from opposite page.

3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest Advocate, we cry;
Remove our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge of grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

4 While we to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead One, in Persons Three,
The Source of life, of grace, of love,
Our homage pay on bended knee,
Do thou, bright Queen, Star of the Sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for me.

With spirit, but not too fast.


1. Two thousand years, two thousand years, Our Bark o'er bill'wy seas Has onward kept her
2. When first our gallant ship was launch'd, Altho' our hands were few, Yet dauntless was each
stead - y course, Thro' hur - ri - cane and breeze. Her Cap - tain was the Ris - en One—She
bo - som found, And ev - 'ry heart was true. And still, tho' in her might - y hull Un -
brav'd the storm - y foe: And still He guides, who guid - ed her Two thousand years a -
num - ber'd bo - soms glow; Her crew is faith - ful as it was Two thousand years a -



3 True, some had left this noble craft,
To sail the seas alone,
And made them in their hour of pride
A vessel of their own;
But when portentous clouds did rise,
Tempestuous storms did blow,
‖: They re-entered that old vessel built
Two thousand years ago. :‖

4 For onward rides our gallant bark,
With all her canvas set,
In some few nations still unknown
To plant her standard yet!
Her flag shall float where'er a breath
From human life shall glow;
‖: And millions bless the bark that sailed
Two thousand years ago. :‖

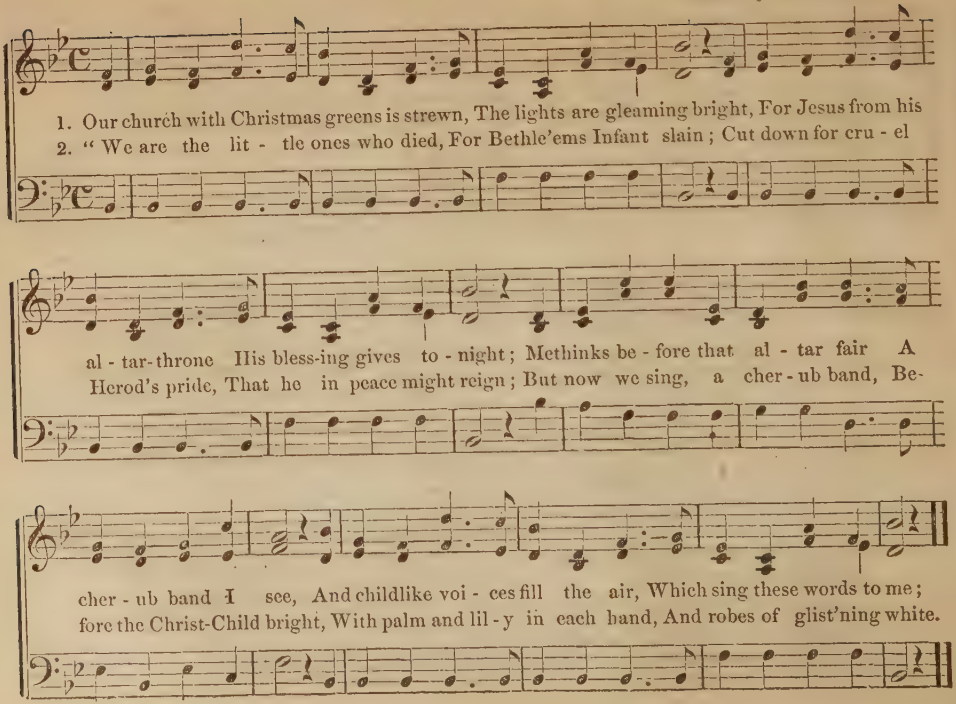
5 True to that guiding star which led
To Israel's cradled Hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet
To Calvary's bloody top!
Yes! there she floats, that good old ship,
From mast to keel below,
‖: Sea-worthy still, as erst she was
Two thousand years ago. :‖

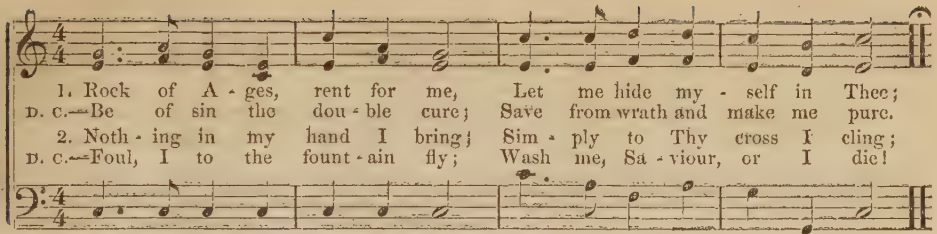
6 Not unto us — not unto us
Be praise or glory giv'n,
But unto Him who watch and ward
Hath kept for her in heav'n;
Who quelled the whirlwind in its wrath,
Bade tempests cease to blow,—
‖: The Lord, who launched our vessel forth
Two thousand years ago. :‖

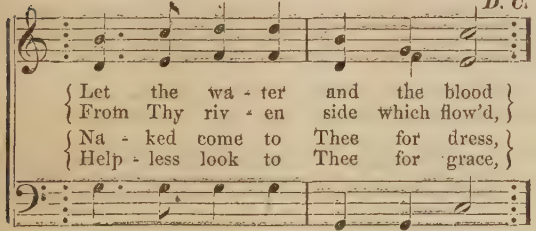
7 Then onward speed thee, brave old bark!
Speed onward in thy pride,
O'er sunny seas and billows dark,
The Holy One thy Guide:
And sacred be each plank and spar,
Unchanged by friend or foe,
‖: Just as she left Jerusalem
Two thousand years ago! :‖

HOLY INNOCENTS.

Music by JOHN HULLAH.


1. Our church with Christmas greens is strewn, The lights are gleaming bright, For Jesus from his
2. "We are the lit - tle ones who died, For Bethle'ems Infant slain; Cut down for cru - el
al - tar-throne His bless-ing gives to - night; Methinks be - fore that al - tar fair A
Herod's pride, That he in peace might reign; But now we sing, a cher - ub band, Be-
cher - ub band I see, And childlike voi - ces fill the air, Which sing these words to me;
fore the Christ-Child bright, With palm and lil - y in each hand, And robes of glist'ning white.


1. Rock of A - ges, rent for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure; Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Noth - ing in my hand I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
D. C.—Foul, I to the fount - ain fly; Wash me, Sa - viour, or I die!



3.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Concluded from opposite page.

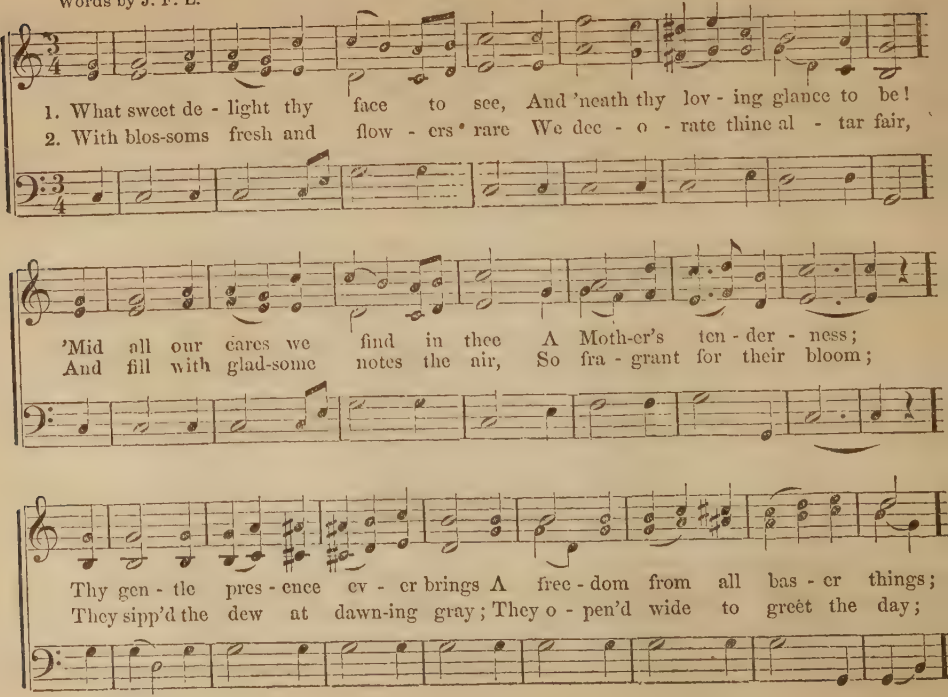
3 "Then, little children, fear ye not
To join our joyous strain,
And sing the Lamb, without a spot,
On Calvary's mountain slain;
For though your home is on the earth,
And ours in heav'n above,
Yet are we one by human birth,
And one in Christ's dear love

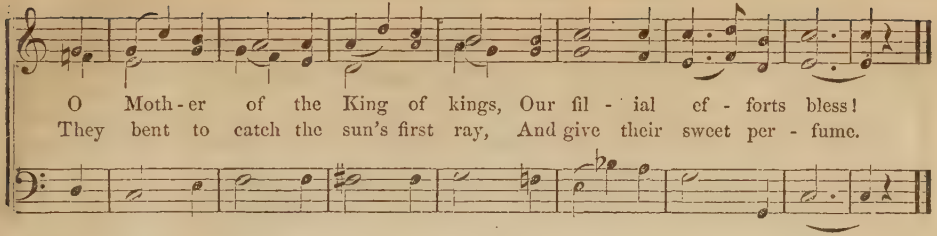
4 "And though our eyes are ever blest
His face unveiled to see,
He comes to you a hidden Guest,
To make you blest as we:
Then, little children, fear ye not
To join our joyous strain,
And sing the Lamb, without a spot,
On Calvary's mountain slain."

FLORAL SONG TO THE VIRGIN.

Words by J. F. L.

Music by M. Keller.


1. What sweet de - light thy face to see, And 'neath thy lov - ing glance to be!
2. With blos-soms fresh and flow - ers rare We dec - o - rate thine al - tar fair,
'Mid all our cares we find in thee A Moth-er's ten - der - ness;
And fill with glad-some notes the air, So fra - grant for their bloom;
Thy gen - tle pres - ence ev - er brings A free - dom from all bas - er things;
They sipp'd the dew at dawn-ing gray; They o - pen'd wide to greet the day;

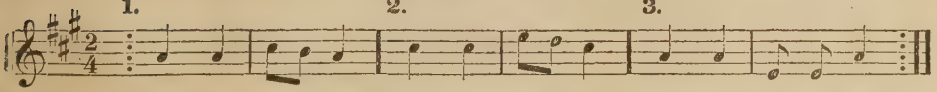


3 Accepted from our hands by thee,
As proper tribute, may they be,
And emblems of the purity
Of all thy life on earth;
And now, dear mother, deign to blend
Thy pray'rs with ours to Christ, our Friend,
That he may to our plaints attend,
And grant us heav'nly mirth.

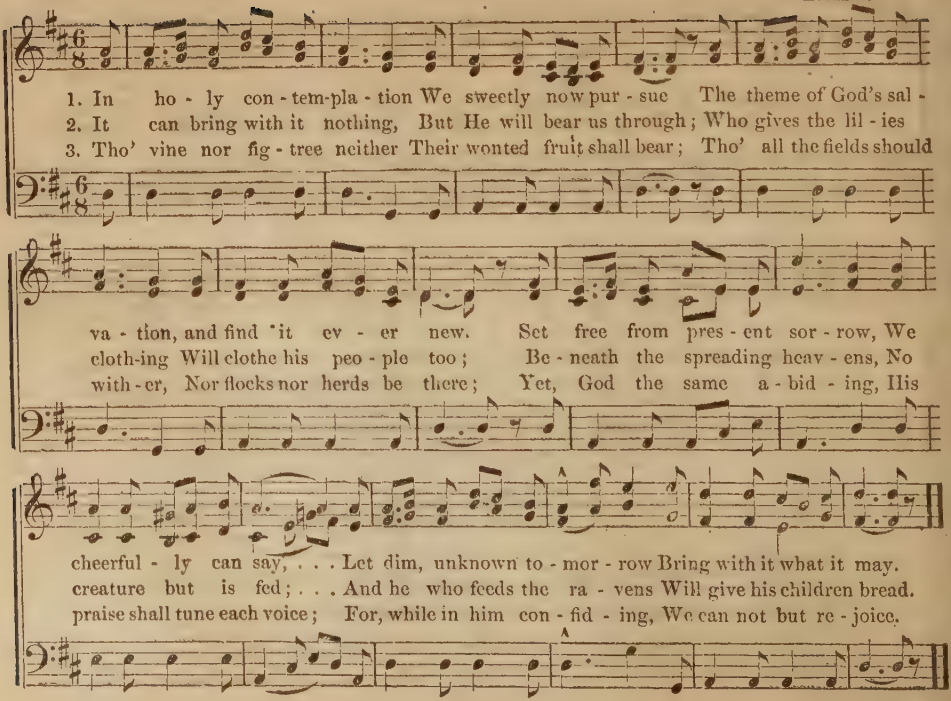
4 O Virgin-Spouse of nature's God!
O blessed Queen of Heaven's abode!
From ills at home and wiles abroad
Our steps to Jesus guide,
That by his bounteous grace we may
Keep straight in God's most holy way,
And with the saints, through endless day,
At his right hand abide.

ANGELS HOLY.

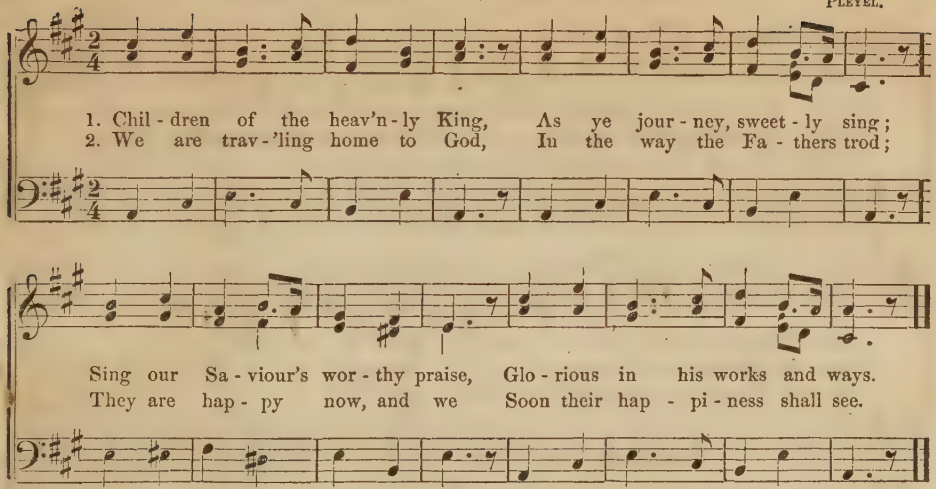
Three-Part Round.



"LORELEY."


1. In ho - ly con - tem-pla - tion We sweetly now pur - sue The theme of God's sal -
2. It can bring with it nothing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies
3. Tho' vine nor fig - tree neither Their wonted fruit shall bear; Tho' all the fields should
va - tion, and find it ev - er new. Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We
cloth-ing Will clothe his peo - ple too; Be - neath the spreading heav - ens, No
with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there; Yet, God the same a - bid - ing, His
cheerful - ly can say, . . . Let dim, unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
creature but is fed; . . . And he who feeds the ra - vens Will give his children bread.
praise shall tune each voice; For, while in him con - fid - ing, We can not but re - joice.

PLEYEL.


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the Fa - thers trod;
Sing our Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared:
There 's your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

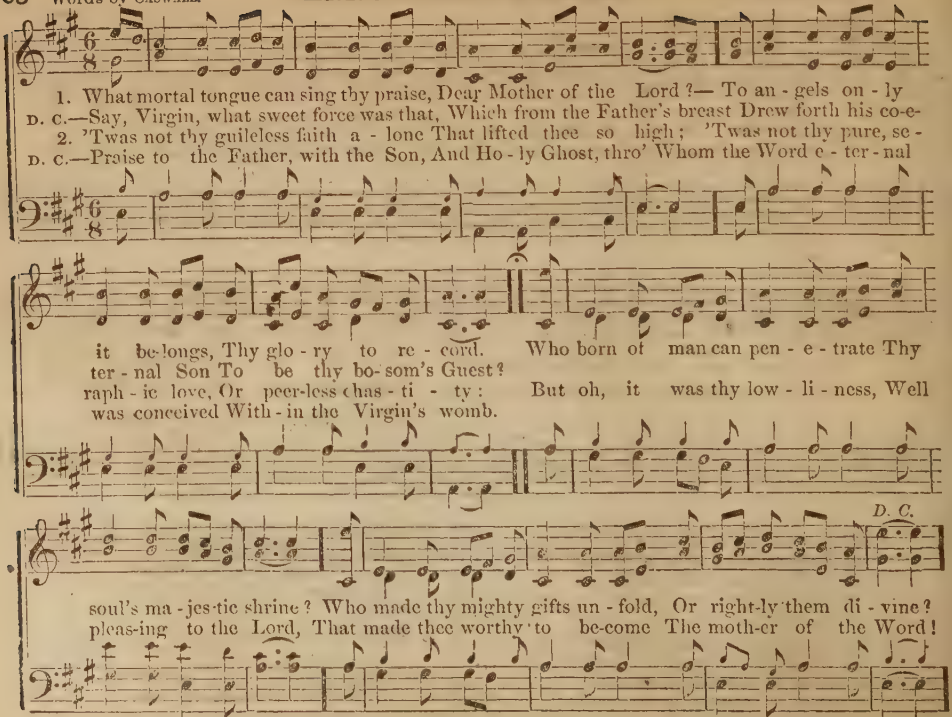
5 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,—
Brother to our souls becomes.

6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Words by CASWALL.

ANNUNCIATION HYMN.

Music by PLEYEL.


1. What mortal tongue can sing thy praise, Dear Mother of the Lord?— To an - gels on - ly
D. C.—Say, Virgin, what sweet force was that, Which from the Father's breast Drew forth his co-e-
2. 'Twas not thy guileless faith a - lone That lifted thee so high; 'Twas not thy pure, se -
D. C.—Praise to the Father, with the Son, And Ho - ly Ghost, thro' Whom the Word e - ter - nal
it be-longs, Thy glo - ry to re - cord. Who born of man can pen - e - trate Thy
ter - nal Son To be thy bo-som's Guest?
raph - ic love, Or peer-less chas - ti - ty: But oh, it was thy low - li - ness, Well
was conceived With - in the Virgin's womb.
D. C.
soul's ma - jes-tic shrine? Who made thy mighty gifts un - fold, Or right-ly them di - vine?
pleas-ing to the Lord, That made thee worthy to be-come The moth-er of the Word!

Gracefully, but not too slowly. R. P. LAMBILLOTTE.

p
1. As the dew - y shades of e - ven Gath - er o'er the balm - y air,
2. Ho - ly Moth - er! near me hov - er; Free my tho'ts from aught de - filed;
Lis - ten, gen - tle Queen of heav - en, Lis - ten to my ves - per pray'r.
with thy wings of mer - cy cov - er,—Keep from sin thy help - less child.

3 Thine own sinless heart was broken—
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;
Holy Mother! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.

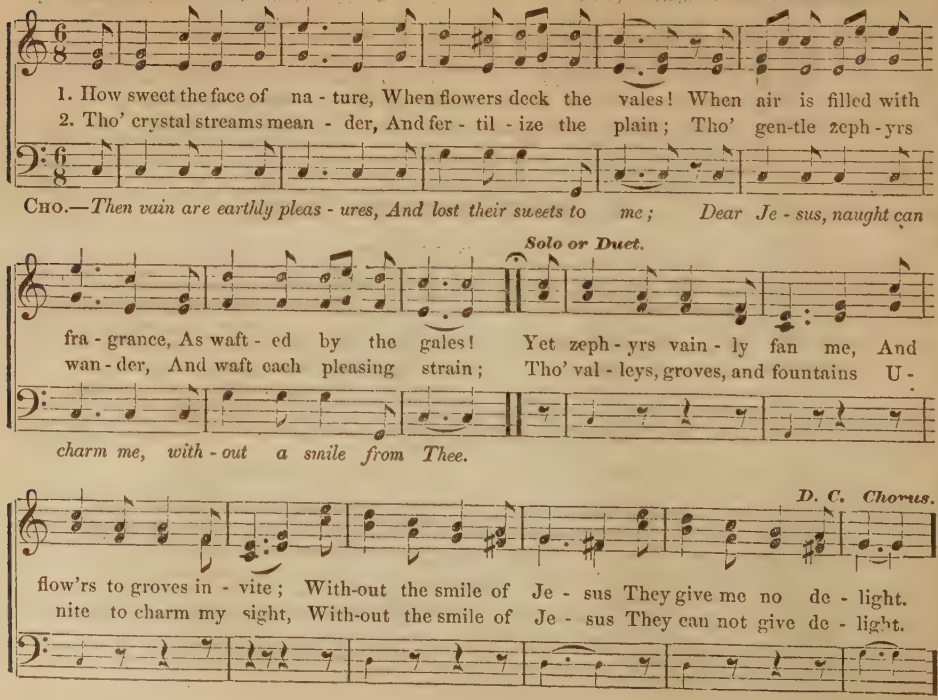
4 Queen of heaven, guard and guide me;
Save my soul from dark despair;
In thy tender bosom hide me;
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

5 Mother of my Infant Saviour,
Spouse of God, my plaint, oh, hear!
Purest Virgin, gracious Matron,
Oh, relieve me by thy prayer!

6 From thy happy seat in Sion,
Light me through this dark abode;
Smile, oh, gently smile upon me;
Tell my sorrows to my God.

THE SMILE OF JESUS.

Lively. R. P. Lambillotte.


1. How sweet the face of na - ture, When flowers deck the vales! When air is filled with
2. Tho' crystal streams mean - der, And fer - til - ize the plain; Tho' gen-tle zeph - yrs
Cho.—Then vain are earthly pleas - ures, And lost their sweets to me; Dear Je - sus, naught can
Solo or Duet.
fra - grance, As waft - ed by the gales! Yet zeph - yrs vain - ly fan me, And
wan - der, And waft each pleasing strain; Tho' val - leys, groves, and fountains U -
charm me, with - out a smile from Thee.
D. C. Chorus.
flow'rs to groves in - vite; With-out the smile of Je - sus They give me no de - light.
nite to charm my sight, With-out the smile of Je - sus They can not give de - light.

3 Thy smile of mercy, Jesus,
Can make my spirit whole,
And drive the shades of sadness
From my afflicted soul.
Oh! pardon my transgressions,
And purify my heart;
Speak all my sins forgiven,
And bid my fears depart.—*Cho.*

4 For thee my soul doth languish,
While all my joys are fled;
Oh, smile away this anguish,
And raise my drooping head!
Then saints shall hear my story,
And share my happiness,
While thine shall be the glory,
And mine the endless bliss.—*Cho.*

O MARY, MOTHER MARY.

Music on opposite page.

1 O Mary, Mother Mary,
We place our trust in thee!
Our faith shall never vary,
Though weak our flesh may be.
To oft, with steps unwary,
From duty's path we've bent;
O Mary, Mother Mary,
Thou teach us to repent!—*Cho.**

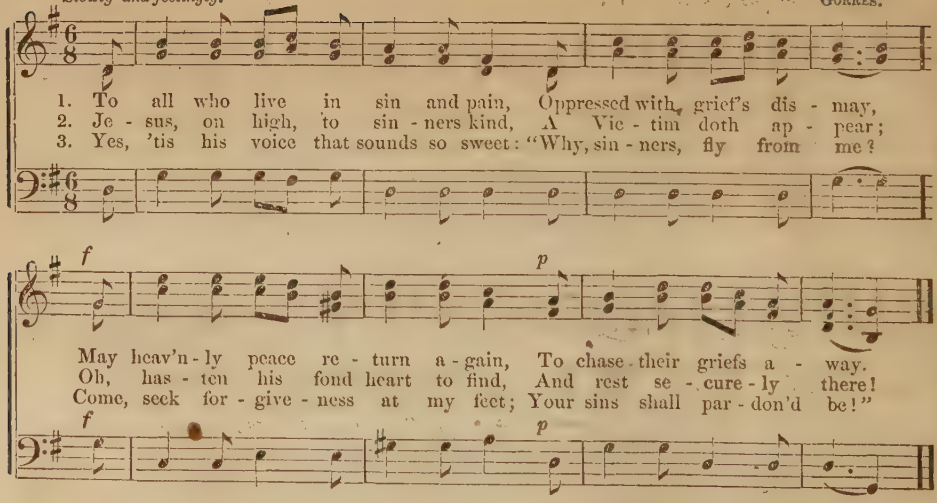
2 The grisly form of terror
Now rises on our way;
Now more seductive Error
Would lead our feet astray.
Though Satan's strong and wary,
Yet thou wilt crush his might,
O Mary, Mother Mary,
And help us in the fight.—*Cho.*

3 From dangerous occasions,
That blind imprudent eyes,—
From treacherous persuasions,
That point not to the skies,—
From mirth too light and airy,
From thought too sad and deep,
O Mary, Mother Mary,
Thy feeble children keep.—*Cho.*

4 Let us remember ever
The presence of the Lord;
To serve Him let's endeavor,
In thought, in deed, in word.
As monster or as fairy,
Though Satan take the field,
Yet, Mary, Mother Mary,
Thy name will be our shield.—*Cho.*

* Repeat first four lines of this hymn as Chorus to each verse.

Slowly and feelingly. GORRES.


1. To all who live in sin and pain, Oppressed with grief's dis - may,
2. Je - sus, on high, to sin - ners kind, A Vic - tim doth ap - pear;
3. Yes, 'tis his voice that sounds so sweet: "Why, sin - ners, fly from me?
f
p
May heav'n - ly peace re - turn a - gain, To chase their griefs a - way.
Oh, has - ten his fond heart to find, And rest se - cure - ly there!
Come, seek for - give - ness at my feet; Your sins shall par - don'd be!"
f
p

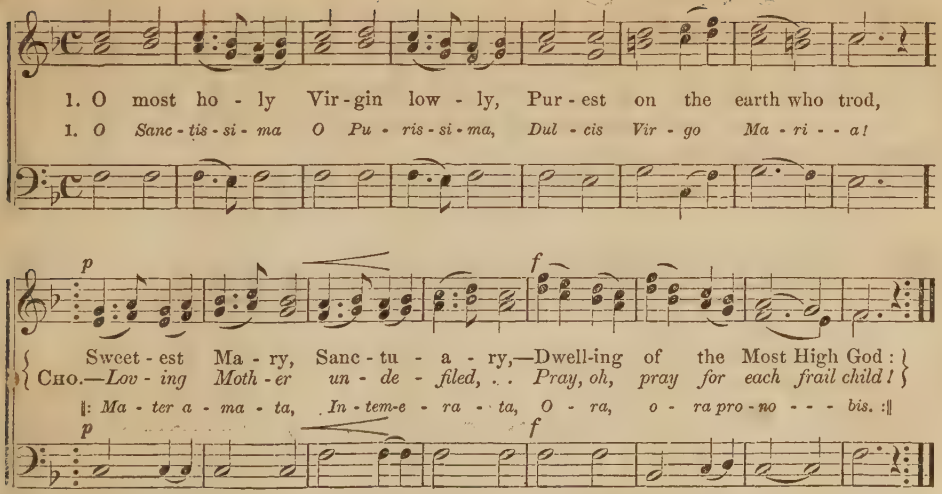
4 What heart did ever friendship prove
Like his? — so good, so great!
Behold how his expiring love
His Father doth entreat!

5 For all he prays; yes, e'en for those
Who bids his veins to bleed:
"Father, forgive my cruel foes!"
Oh, this was love indeed!

6 Jesus, that heart, which with delight
Fills the angelic train,
Doth sweetly, thus, our souls invite,
Thy mercy to obtain.

7 Oh, dry our tears! our bruises heal!
To us thy blood apply!
A new-formed heart in us reveal,
Who for thy bounty cry.

English words by J. F. L. SICILIAN AIR.


1. O most ho - ly Vir - gin low - ly, Pur - est on the earth who trod,
1. O Sanc - tis - si - ma O Pu - ris - si - ma, Dul - cis Vir - go Ma - ri - - a!
p
f
Sweet - est Ma - ry, Sanc - tu - a - ry,—Dwell-ing of the Most High God :
CHO.—Lov - ing Moth - er un - de - filed, . . Pray, oh, pray for each frail child!
‖: Ma - ter a - ma - ta, In - tem-e - ra - ta, O - ra, o - ra pro - no - - - bis. :‖
p
f

2 Than snow whiter, than sun brighter,
Was thy glorious morn's first ray;
Fair and spotless, of ill thoughtless,
Wert thou till thy latest day.—*Cho.*

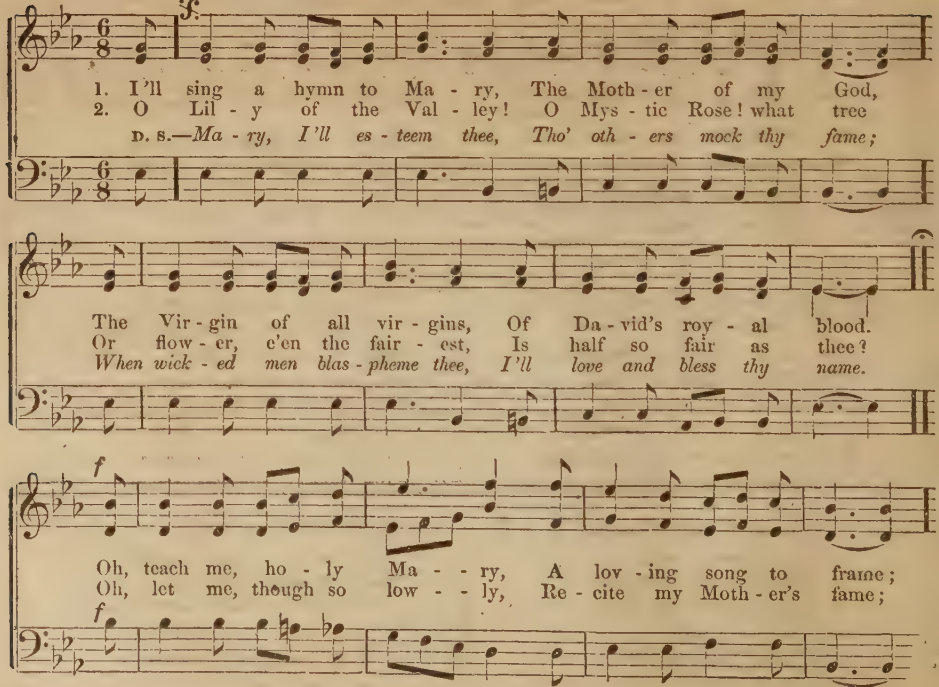
2 Tota pulchra es, O Maria!
Et macula non est in te.
Mater amata, etc.

3 As the lily, blooming stilly
'Mid the dimmer thorns of earth,
Art thou, maiden, come to gladden
Daughters of a blighted birth.—*Cho.*

3 Sicut lilium inter spinas,
Sic Maria inter filias.
Mater amata, etc.

I'LL LOVE AND BLESS THY NAME.

Words from "Crown of Jesus." FRENCH.


1. I'll sing a hymn to Ma - ry, The Moth - er of my God,
2. O Lil - y of the Val - ley! O Mys - tic Rose! what tree
D. S.—Ma - ry, I'll es - teem thee, Tho' oth - ers mock thy fame;
The Vir - gin of all vir - gins, Of Da - vid's roy - al blood.
Or flow - er, e'en the fair - est, Is half so fair as thee?
When wick - ed men blas - pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name.
Oh, teach me, ho - ly Ma - - ry, A lov - ing song to frame;
Oh, let me, though so low - - ly, Re - cite my Moth - er's fame;

Chorus.
D. S.
When wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, To love and bless thy name. O
When wick-ed men blas-pheme thee, I'll love and bless thy name. O

3 O noble Tower of David,
Of gold and ivory,
The Ark of God's own promise,
The Gate of Heav'n to me:
To live, and not to love thee,
Would fill my soul with shame;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.—*Cho.*

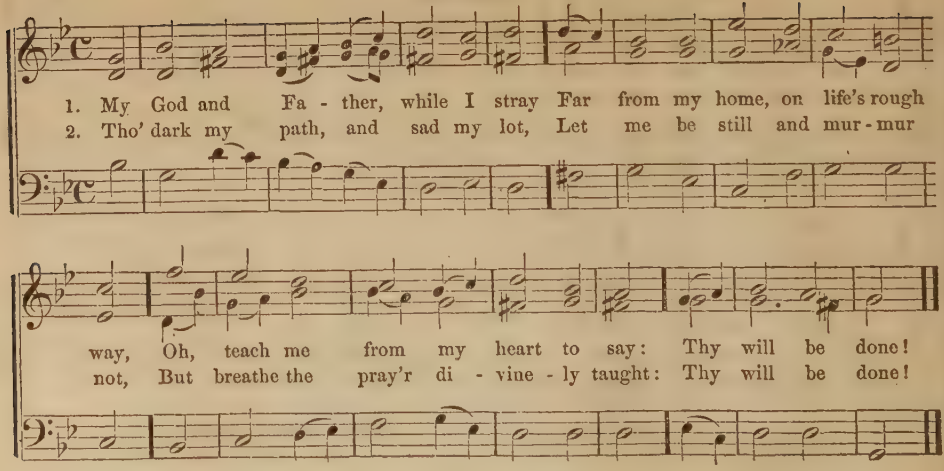
4 When troubles dark afflict me,
In sorrow and in care,
Thy light doth ever guide me,
O beauteous Morning Star.
So I'll be ever ready
Thy goodly help to claim;
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.—*Cho.*

5 The saints are high in glory,
With golden crowns so bright;
But brighter far is Mary,
Upon her throne of light.
Oh, that which God did give thee,
Let mortal ne'er disclaim:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.—*Cho.*

6 But in the crown of Mary
There lies a wondrous gem,
As Queen of all the Angels,
Which Mary shares with them.
"No sin hath e'er defiled thee!"
So doth our faith proclaim:
When wicked men blaspheme thee,
I'll love and bless thy name.—*Cho.*

THY WILL BE DONE.

CHORALE.


1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough
2. Tho' dark my path, and sad my lot, Let me be still and mur - mur
way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say: Thy will be done!
not, But breathe the pray'r di - vine - ly taught: Thy will be done!

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends belov'd, no longer nigh?
Submissive still would I reply:
Thy will be done!

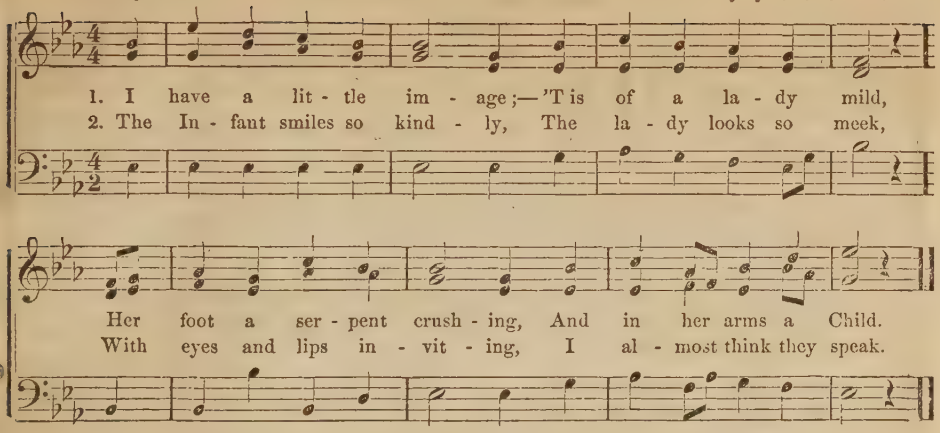
4 Though thou hast call'd me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine:
Thy will be done!

5 Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I'll strive to say:
Thy will be done!

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its Guest;
My God! to thee I leave the rest!
Thy will be done!

THE LITTLE IMAGE.

Words by J. F. L. Melody by F. A. L. Jacob.


1. I have a lit - tle im - age;—'T is of a la - dy mild,
2. The In - fant smiles so kind - ly, The la - dy looks so meek,
Her foot a ser - pent crush - ing, And in her arms a Child.
With eyes and lips in - vit - ing, I al - most think they speak.

3 And every night and morning
I hie me to the spot,
To ask that God may bless me,
And peaceful make my lot.

4 For Mary is the lady,
And Jesus is the Child;
Oh, may they ever keep me
From deed or thought defil'd!

Concluded from opposite page.

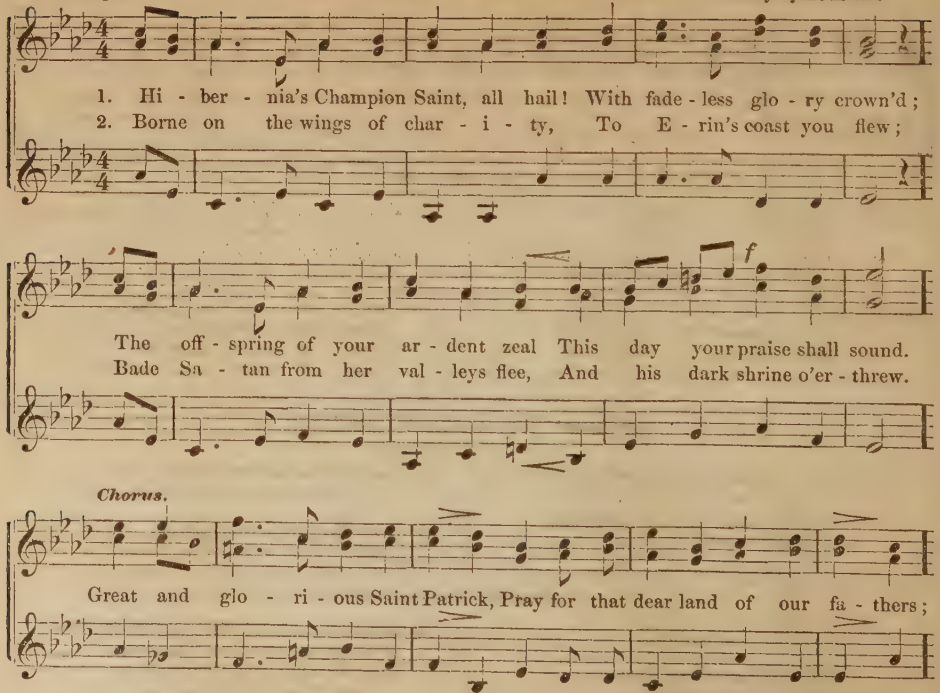
7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine and take away
All that now makes it hard to say:
Thy will be done!

8 Then, when on earth I breath no more,
The pray'r, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
Thy will be done!

HYMN TO SAINT PATRICK.

With spirit.

Melody by B. Klein.


1. Hi - ber - nia's Champion Saint, all hail! With fade - less glo - ry crown'd;
2. Borne on the wings of char - i - ty, To E - rin's coast you flew;
The off - spring of your ar - dent zeal This day your praise shall sound.
Bade Sa - tan from her val - leys flee, And his dark shrine o'er - threw.
f
Chorus.
Great and glo - ri - ous Saint Patrick, Pray for that dear land of our fa - thers;

3 Deep sunk in error's gloomy night,
Our sires had lost their way;
You cheer'd their hearts with heav'nly light,
With Truth's consoling ray.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, what a harvest crown'd thy toil!
The earth, long curs'd was bless'd;
Each lovely virtue grac'd its soil;
The sinner's heart found rest.—*Cho.*

5 From Faith's bright camp the demon fled;
The path to heav'n was clear'd;
Religion rais'd her beauteous head;
An Isle of Saints appear'd.—*Cho.*

6 To God, who sent thee to that Isle,
Eternal praise be given;
Oh! may he ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to heaven.—*Cho.*

HYMN TO SAINT PETER.

Music on opposite page.

1 Firm Rock whereon the Church is based!
Thou Pillar naught can bend!
With strength endow us, and the Faith
From heresy defend.

Cho.—Thou who keep'st the keys of heaven,
Pray for us children, we implore thee,
And unlock to us the sacred bars
Of heav'n's eternal door.

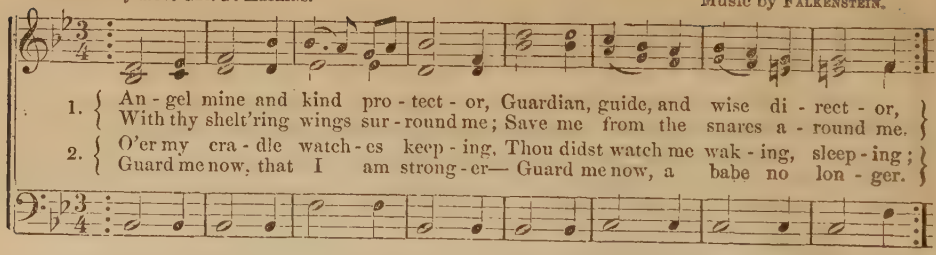
2 By penitential tears thou didst
The path of life regain;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins,
And wash away their stain.—*Cho.*

3 Apostle of all Christendom,
Her realms in peace maintain;
Let no contagion sap her strength,
No discord rend in twain.—*Cho.*

4 Guard us through life; and in that hour
When our last fight draws nigh,
O'er Death, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's pow'r,
Gain us the victory.—*Cho.*

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Words by Rev. Geo. F. Haskins. Music by Falkenstein.


1. An - gel mine and kind pro - tect - or, Guardian, guide, and wise di - rect - or,
With thy shelt'ring wings sur - round me; Save me from the snares a - round me.
2. O'er my cra - dle watch - es keep - ing, Thou didst watch me wak - ing, sleep - ing;
Guard me now, that I am strong - er— Guard me now, a babe no lon - ger.
Chorus.
Angel-Guardian, sleeping never, Help, oh, help, Help, oh, help, help my weak en - deav - or.

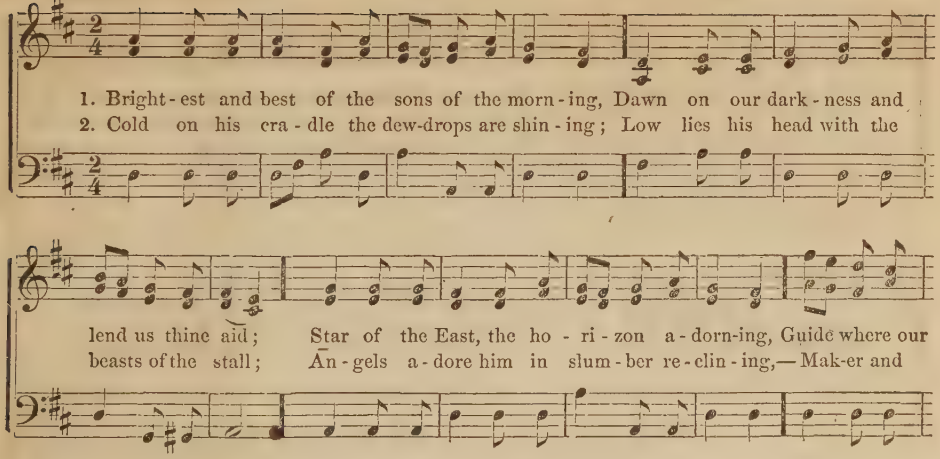
3 Dangers thicken fast around me,
Foes in every form confound me;
Blessed Angel, go before me,
Quickly to my God restore me.—*Cho.*

4 Satan, jealous, stung with madness,
Strives to turn my joys to sadness;
Bids me banish thought of Heaven,
Banish hope of sins forgiven.—*Cho.*

5 Angel, pledge of mercy mildest,
Angel, pledge of pardon kindest,
Having watch'd by Jesus' manger,
Keep, oh, keep me safe from danger.—*Cho.*

6 Come, sweet Angel, come and aid me,
Never more let sin degrade me;
Then shall I, o'er death victorious,
Reign with Jesus, Great and Glorious.—*Cho.*

Music by Mozart.


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and
2. Cold on his cra-dle the dew-drops are shin-ing; Low lies his head with the
lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our
beasts of the stall; An-gels a-dore him in slum-ber re-clin-ing,— Mak-er and
In-fant Re-deem-er is laid.
Monarch, and Sa-viour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

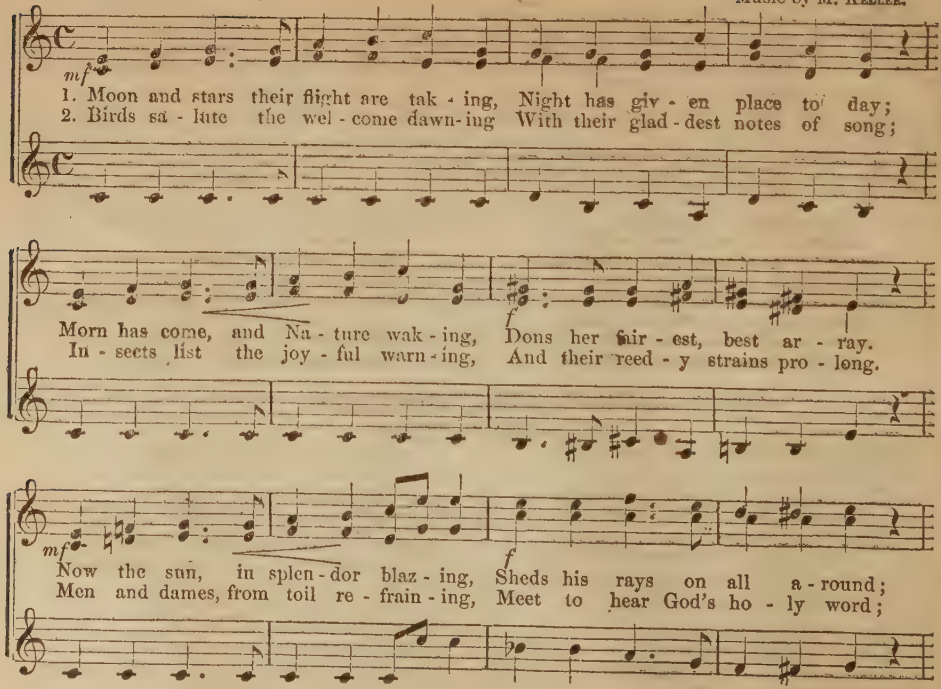
4.

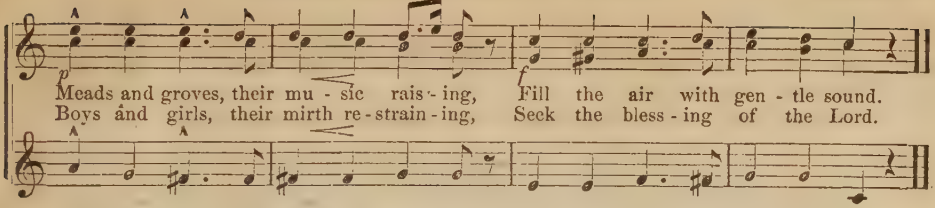
Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the pray'rs of the poor!

SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.

Words by J. F. L.

Music by M. Keller.


mf
1. Moon and stars their flight are tak - ing, Night has giv - en place to day;
2. Birds sa - lute the wel - come dawn-ing With their glad - dest notes of song;
f
Morn has come, and Na - ture wak - ing, Dons her fair - est, best ar - ray.
In - sects list the joy - ful warn - ing, And their reed - y strains pro - long.
mf
f
Now the sun, in splen - dor blaz - ing, Sheds his rays on all a - round;
Men and dames, from toil re - frain - ing, Meet to hear God's ho - ly word;


Meads and groves, their mu - sic rais - ing, Fill the air with gen - tle sound.
Boys and girls, their mirth re - strain - ing, Seek the bless - ing of the Lord.

3 Gather we from ev'ry quarter,
Mustered by the Sabbath bells—
Master, mistress, maid, and porter—
Forth from palaces and cells.
Here we have, oh, priceless treasure!
Food divine—the Bread of Love—
Sent to us, in fullest measure,
From the banquet-halls above.

4 Grant, O Lord! with deep devotion
We may at thy table kneel;
Fill our hearts with high emotion;
Make our souls thy presence feel!
Thus through life, with nature vying,
Let us celebrate thy fame;
Thus at death, on thee relying,
Confidently breath thy name.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

To music on opposite page.

1 Sweet the moments, rich the blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and peace and health possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Make my final peace with God.

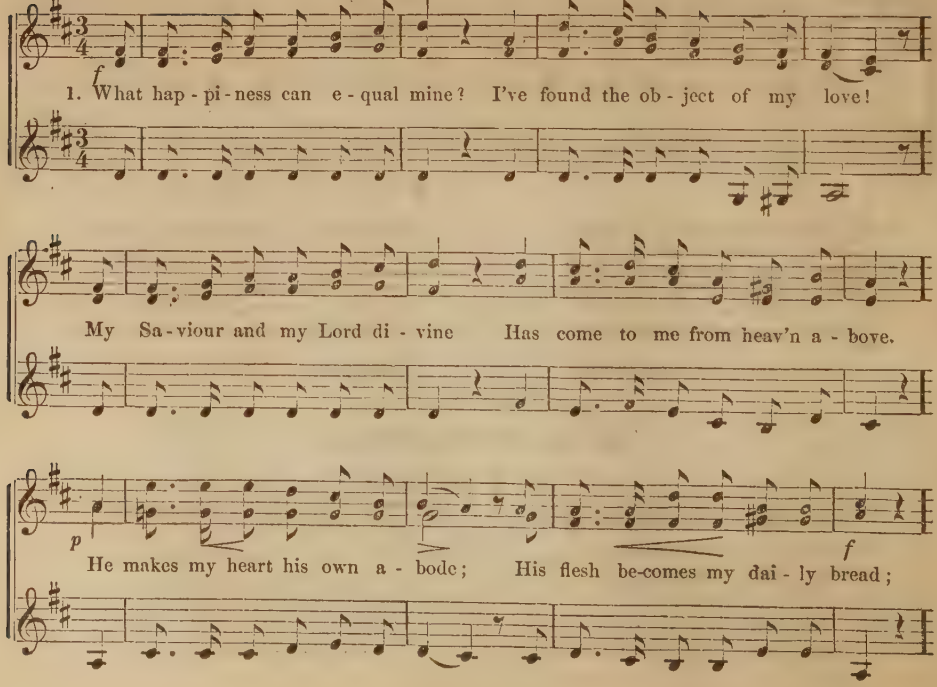
2 Truly blessed is the station
Low before the cross to lie,
Resting in the sweet compassion
Of his mortal agony!
Here I find on earth a heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze,
Feeling much has been forgiven
To his own eternal praise.

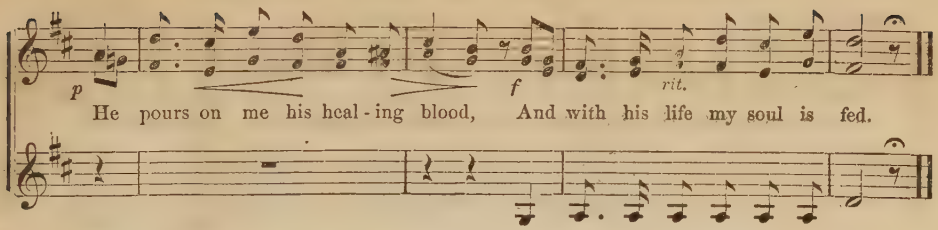
3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Here I'll spend my latest breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In my need to Jesus go,—
Prove each day his wounds more healing,
And himself more truly know.

WHAT HAPPINESS CAN EQUAL MINE?

Moderato

Music by M. Keller.


f
1. What hap - pi - ness can e - qual mine? I've found the ob - ject of my love!
My Sa - viour and my Lord di - vine Has come to me from heav'n a - bove.
p
f
He makes my heart his own a - bode; His flesh be-comes my dai - ly bread;



2 My Love is mine, and I am his;
In me he dwells, in him I live;
Where could I taste a purer bliss?
What greater boon could Jesus give?
O royal banquet! heav'nly feast!
O flowing fount of life and grace!
Where God, the Giver man the guest,
Meet and unite in sweet embrace.

3 Dear Jesus! now my heart is thine,
Oh, may it never fly from thee;
My God, be thou forever mine,
And I thine own eternally.
No more, O Satan, thee I fear!
O world, thy charms I now despise!
For Christ himself is with me here,
My Joy, my Life, my Paradise!

KING OF MARTYRS.

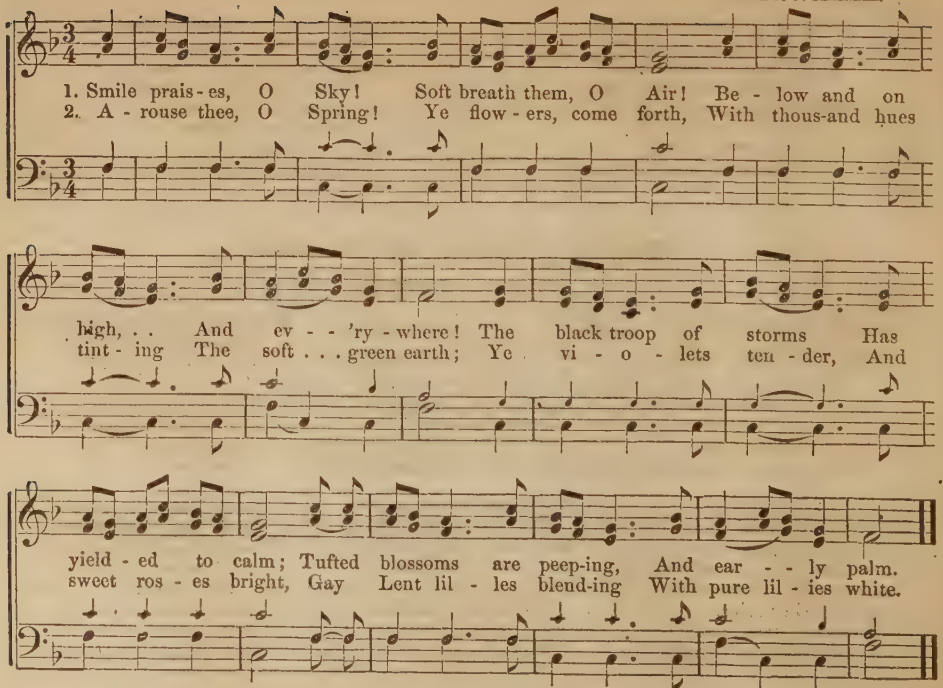
To music on opposite page.

1 O Thou, the Martyrs' glorious King!
Of Confessors the Crown and Prize,
Who dost to joys celestial bring
Those who the joys of earth despise;
By all the praise thy Saints have won,
By all their pains in days gone by,
By all the deeds which they have done,
Hear thou thy suppliant people's cry.

2 Thou dost amid the Martyrs fight;
Thy Confessors thou dost forgive;
May we find mercy in thy sight,
And in thy sacred presence live.
To God the Father glory be,
And to his sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost, to thee,
While everlasting ages run.

SMILE PRAISES, O SKY.

From Dr. J. Mainzer.


1. Smile prais-es, O Sky! Soft breath them, O Air! Be-low and on
2. A-rouse thee, O Spring! Ye flow-ers, come forth, With thous-and hues
high, . . And ev--'ry-where! The black troop of storms Has
tint-ing The soft . . . green earth; Ye vi-o-lets ten-der, And
yield-ed to calm; Tufted blossoms are peep-ing, And ear--ly palm.
sweet ros-es bright, Gay Lent lil-les blend-ing With pure lil-ies white.

3 Sweep, tides of rich music,
The full veins along;
And pour in full measure,
Sweet voices, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth,
He lives as he said;
The Lord has arisen,
Unharmed, from the dead.

4 Clap, clap your hands, mountains;
Ye valleys, resound:
Leap, leap for joy, fountains;
Ye hills, catch the sound.
All triumph! He liveth!
He lives as he said;
The Lord has arisen,
Unharmed from the dead.

HAIL! VIRGIN OF VIRGINS.

To music on opposite page.

1 Hail! Virgin of Virgins!
Thy praises we sing;
Thy throne is in heaven,
Thy Son is its King.
The saints and the angels
Thy glory proclaim;
All nations devoutly
Bow down at thy name.

2 Let all sing of Mary,
The Mystical Rod,
The Mirror of Justice,
The Handmaid of God.
Let valley and mountain
Unite in her praise,
The sea with its waters,
The sun with its rays.

3 Let souls that are holy
Still holier be,
To sing with the angels,
Sweet Mary, of thee.
Let all who are sinners
To virtue return,
That hearts without number
With thy love may burn.

4 Thy name is our power,
Thy love is our light;
We praise thee at morning,
At noon and at night.
We thank thee, we bless thee,
When happy and free;
When tempted by Satan,
We call upon thee.

5 The world does not love thee,
O beautiful one!
Because it despises
The cross of thy Son.
But thou art the mother
Of all Adam's race;
The birth-stain of Eva
'T is thine to efface.

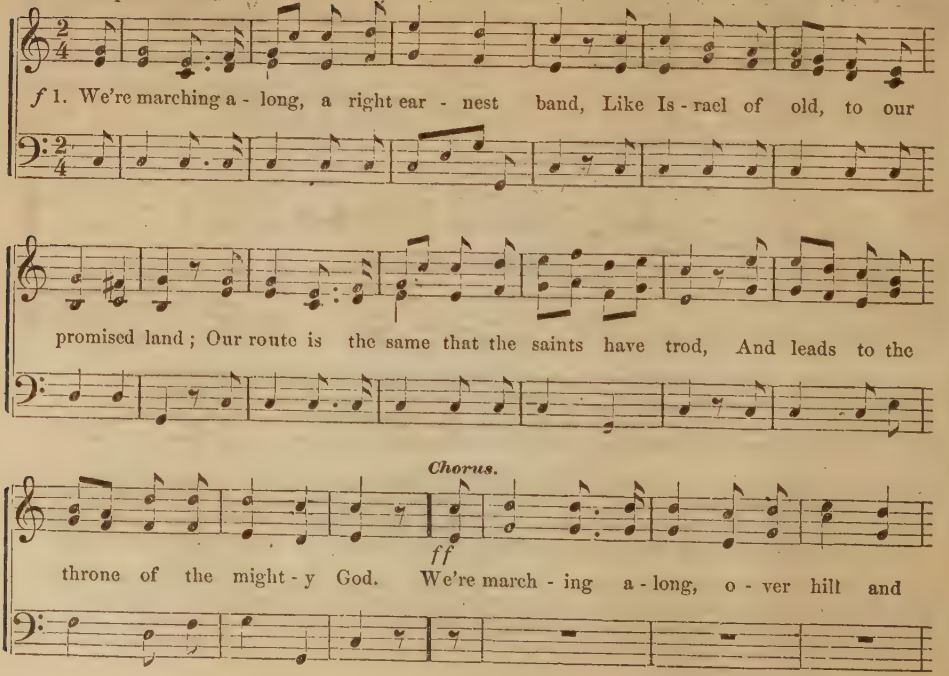
6 Oh! be then our mother,
And pray to the Lord,
That all may acknowledge
And worship his Word;
That good men with courage
May walk in his ways,
And bad men, converted,
May join in his praise.

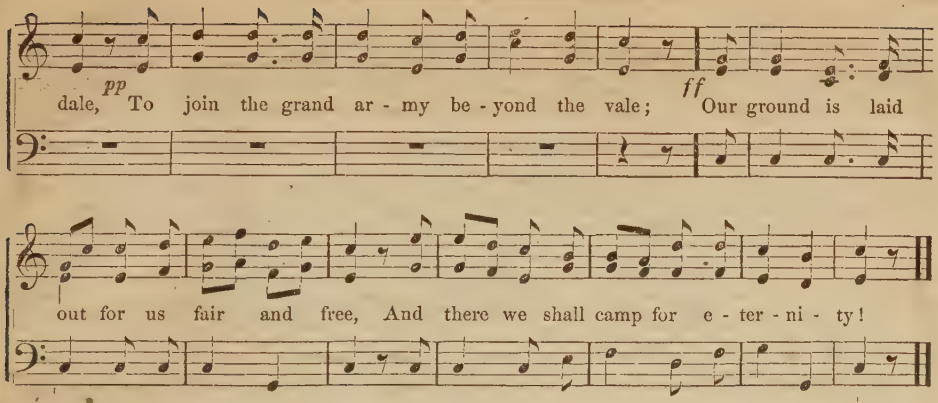
MARCHING ALONG.

Words by J. F. L.

Music by M. KELLER.

Tempo di marcia.


f 1. We're marching a - long, a right ear - nest band, Like Is - rael of old, to our
promised land; Our route is the same that the saints have trod, And leads to the
Chorus.
ff
throne of the might - y God. We're march - ing a - long, o - ver hill and


dale, pp To join the grand ar - my be - yond the vale; ff Our ground is laid
out for us fair and free, And there we shall camp for e - ter - ni - ty!

2 Our Captain is Jesus, so brave and kind,—
The same who subdued the tempestuous wind;
The plan of our march is the Faith he told,—
Our treasure, more precious than finest gold.—*Cho.*

3 His orders he gives thro' his Church, so grand,
To all who obedient within it stand;
And we have his promise, distinct and sure,
That he will sustain it while worlds endure.—*Cho.*

4 Our food is divinely substantial meat,—
The Body of Christ, who said, "Take and eat:"
We drink of his blood, shed on Calv'ry's Mount,
And whiten our souls in its cleansing fount.—*Cho.*

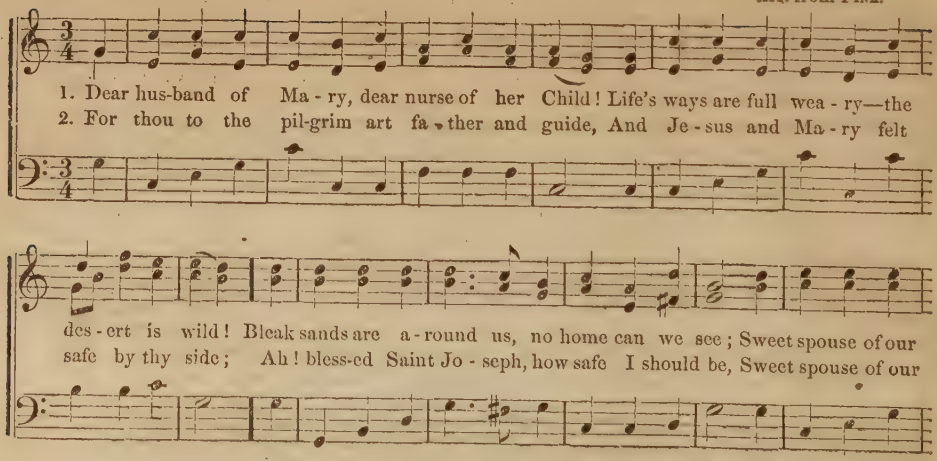
5 Aloft on our banners our Sign we bear,
And each martial eye is directed there;
That emblem, so sacred, is Jesu's Cross,
By which we are saved from eternal loss.—*Cho.*

6 To those whom neglect or mistaken pride
Has caused to fall out by the highway-side,
We 'll ever extend a kind, helping hand,
To lead them along to our glorious land.—*Cho.*

7 Thus onward thro' life, by our Saviour's grace,
Undaunted we 'll march, at increasing pace;
And, fully victorious o'er all our foes,
Enjoy, in his presence, supreme repose.—*Cho.*

HYMN TO SAINT JOSEPH.

Words by FABER. Arr. from FINK.


1. Dear hus-band of Ma - ry, dear nurse of her Child! Life's ways are full wea - ry—the
2. For thou to the pil-grim art fa - ther and guide, And Je - sus and Ma - ry felt
des - ert is wild! Bleak sands are a - round us, no home can we see; Sweet spouse of our
safe by thy side; Ah! bless-ed Saint Jo - seph, how safe I should be, Sweet spouse of our
La - dy, we lean up - on thee!
La - dy, if thou wert with me!

3.

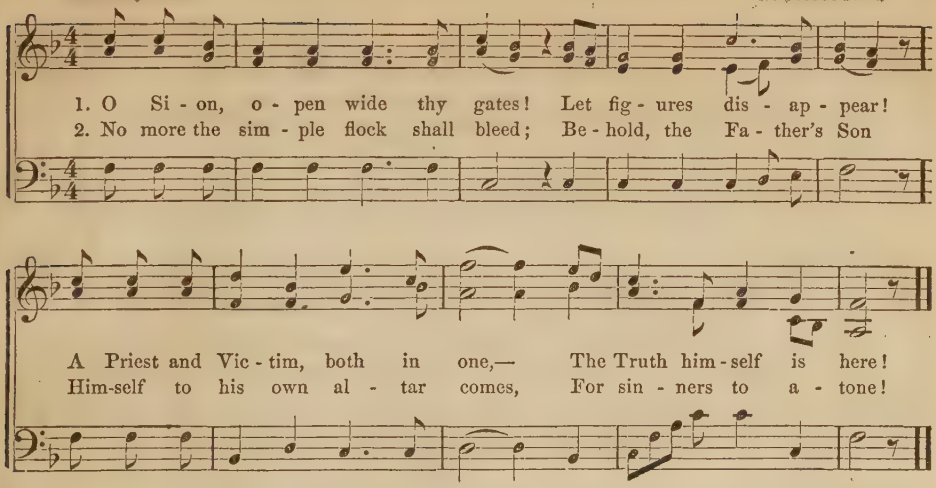
O blessed Saint Joseph! how great was thy worth,
The one chosen shadow of God upon earth;
The father of Jesus — ah! then wilt thou be,
Sweet spouse of our Lady, a father to me?

4.

Thou hast not forgotten the long, dreary road,
When Mary took turns with thee, bearing thy God;
Yet light was that burden—none lighter could be;
Sweet spouse of our Lady, oh, canst thou bear me?

PURIFICATION HYMN.

Words by CASWALL. Arr. from FINK.


1. O Si - on, o - pen wide thy gates! Let fig - ures dis - ap - pear!
2. No more the sim - ple flock shall bleed; Be - hold, the Fa - ther's Son
A Priest and Vic - tim, both in one,— The Truth him - self is here!
Him-self to his own al - tar comes, For sin - ners to a - tone!

3 Conscious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.

4 The hoary Simeon sees, at last,
His Lord so long desired,
And hails, with Anna, Israel's hopes,
With sudden rapture fired.

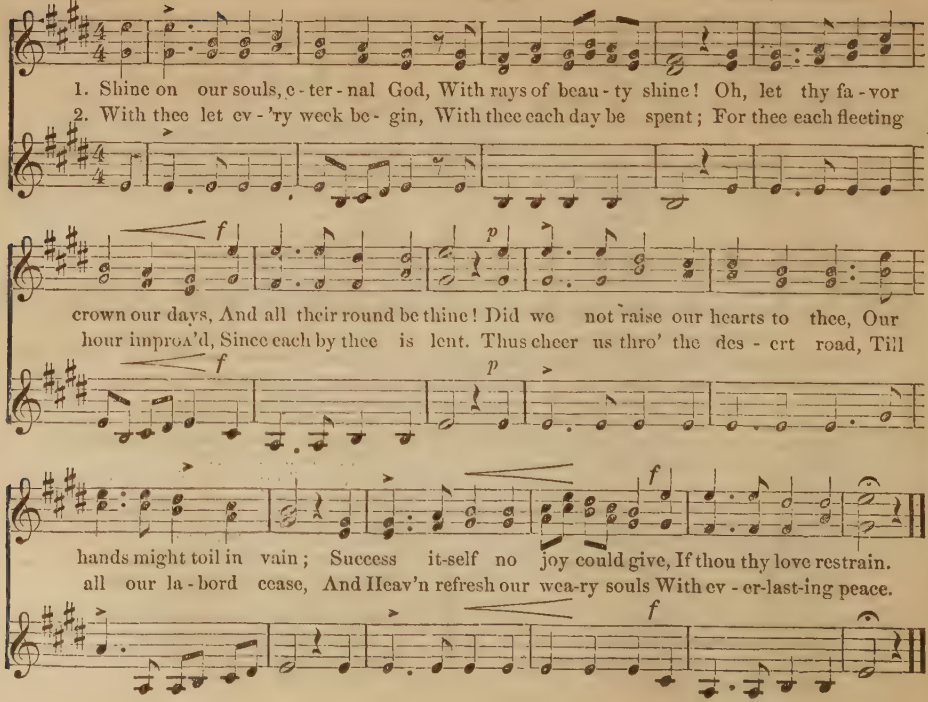
5 But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent Word;
And pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.

6 Praise to the Father and the Son;
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.

SHINE ON OUR SOULS, ETERNAL GOD.

Andante.

Music by M. Keller.


1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God, With rays of beau - ty shine! Oh, let thy fa - vor
2. With thee let ev - 'ry week be - gin, With thee each day be spent; For thee each fleeting
f
p
crown our days, And all their round be thine! Did we not raise our hearts to thee, Our
hour improv'd, Since each by thee is lent. Thus cheer us thro' the des - ert road, Till
f
p
hands might toil in vain; Success it-self no joy could give, If thou thy love restrain.
all our la - bord cease, And Heav'n refresh our wea-ry souls With ev - er-last-ing peace.
f
f

To music on opposite page.

1 This day the blessed Trinity
The universe began;
This day the world's Creator rose,
O'ercoming death for man.
So may he stretch his hand to save,
And hear us in his love,
And, cleansed from guilt, our souls restore,
To their blest home above.

2 So, while on this, his holy day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our hymns amid the stillness rise,
May he his blessings show'r.
Thou Lord divine! keep us this day
From sinful passions free;
Grant us, in ev'ry word, and deed,
And thought, to honor thee.

3 Sweet Saviour! of thy clemency,
Wash thou our sins away;
Grant us thy peace—grant us with thee,
The joys of endless day.
O heav'nly Father, hear our cry!
Hear us, co-equal Son,
Who reignest, with the Holy Ghost,
While ceaseless ages run.

SORROWS OF MARY.

To music on opposite page.

1 Come, darkness, spread o'er heav'n thy pall
And hide, O sun thy face;
While we that bitter death recall,
With all its dire disgrace.
And thou, with tearful cheek, wast there;
But with a heart of steel
Thou, Mary, didst his moanings hear,
And all his torments feel.

2 He hung before thee, crucified,
His flesh with scourgings rent,
His bloody gashes gaping wide,
His strength and spirit spent;
Yet, still erect in majesty,
Thou didst the sight sustain:
Oh, more than Martyr! not to die
Amid such cruel pain!

CROWNED WITH GLORY.

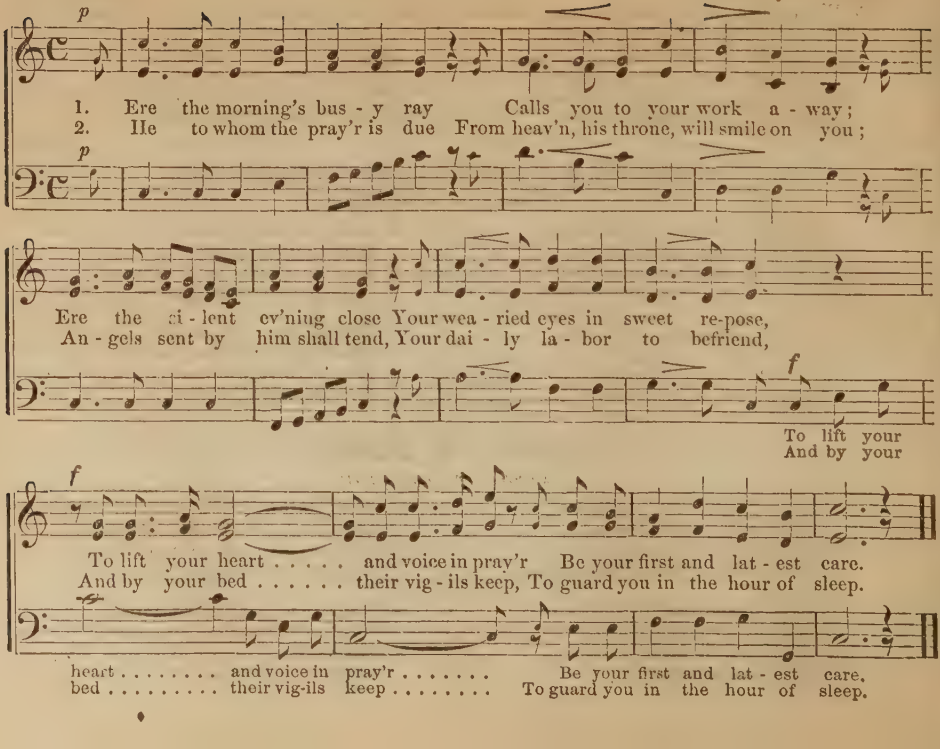
To music on opposite page.

1 The head that once was crown'd with thorns
Is crown'd with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
The highest place that heav'n affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heav'n's eternal Light.

2 Who bear the Cross, with all its shame,
To them its grace is giv'n;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heav'n:
They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

PRAYER.

Moderato. Music by M. KELLER.


p
1. Ere the morning's bus - y ray Calls you to your work a - way;
2. He to whom the pray'r is due From heav'n, his throne, will smile on you;
p
Ere the si - lent ev'ning close Your wea - ried eyes in sweet re-pose,
An - gels sent by him shall tend, Your dai - ly la - bor to befriend,
f
To lift your
And by your
f
To lift your heart . . . . . and voice in pray'r Be your first and lat - est care.
And by your bed . . . . . their vig - ils keep, To guard you in the hour of sleep.
heart . . . . . and voice in pray'r . . . . . Be your first and lat - est care.
bed . . . . . their vig-ils keep . . . . . To guard you in the hour of sleep.

3 When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of god;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And God is in the midst of her.

4 He can, he will, from out the dust,
Upraise the spirits of the just;
Heal ev'ry wound, hush ev'ry fear,
From ev'ry eye wipe ev'ry tear;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasures dwell for evermore.

HEAV'NLY FATHER, TO WHOSE EYE.

To music on opposite page.

1 Heav'nly Father, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie,
‖: Through the desert where I stray
Let thy counsels guide my way. :‖

2 Lord, uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
‖: Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares. :‖

3 All I ask for is, enough;
Only, when the way is rough,
‖: Let thy rod and staff impart
Strength and courage to my heart. :‖

4 Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
‖: Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father! glorify thy name! :‖

SONGS OF PRAISE.

To music on opposite page.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
‖: When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done. :‖

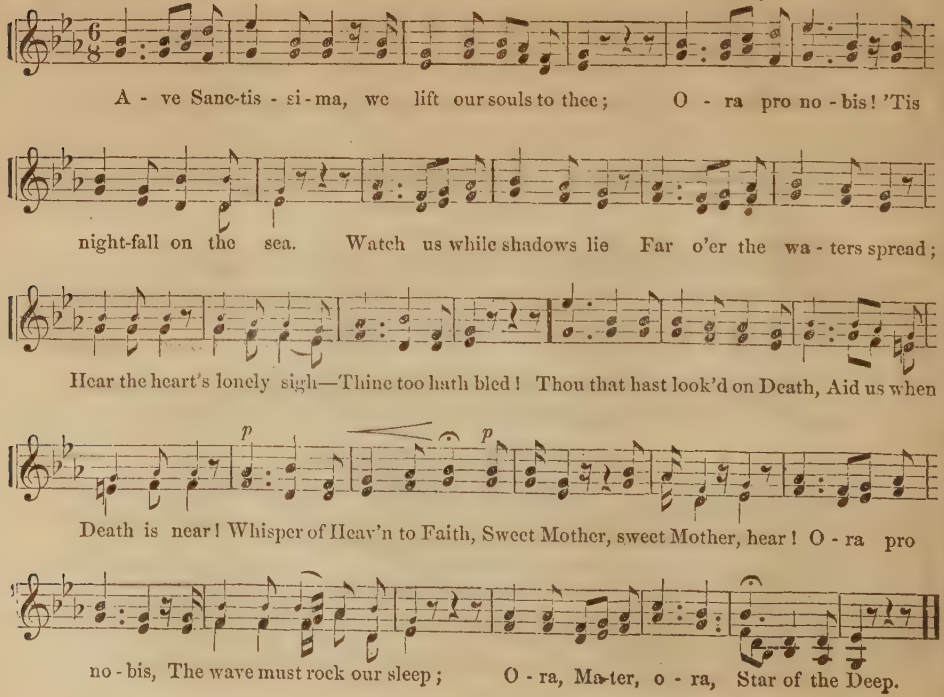
2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
‖: Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity. :‖

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
‖: Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above. :‖

4 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
‖: Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their pow'rs employ. :‖

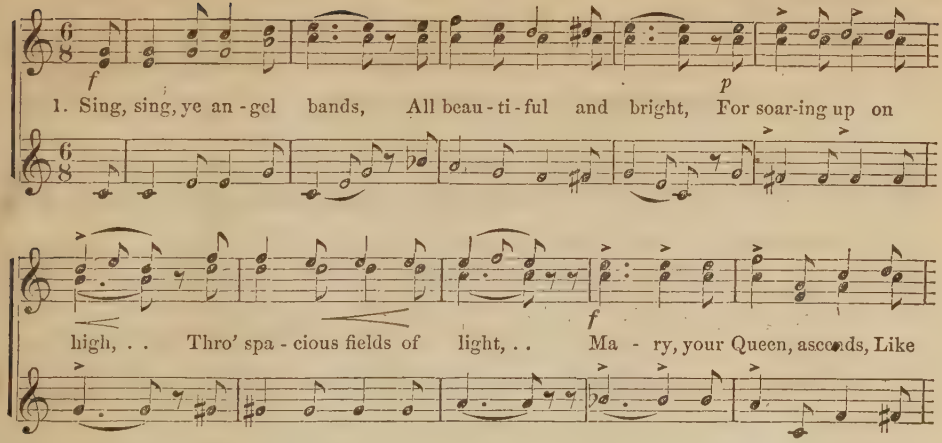
EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

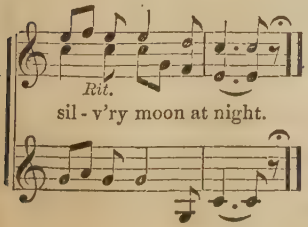
Words by Mrs. HEMANS. *DUET.* Music by Miss BROWNE.


A - ve Sanc-tis - si-ma, we lift our souls to thee; O - ra pro no - bis! 'Tis
night-fall on the sea. Watch us while shadows lie Far o'er the wa - ters spread;
Hear the heart's lonely sigh—Thine too hath bled! Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when
p
p
Death is near! Whisper of Heav'n to Faith, Sweet Mother, sweet Mother, hear! O - ra pro
no - bis, The wave must rock our sleep; O - ra, Ma-ter, o - ra, Star of the Deep.

Allegretto.

Music by M. Keller.


f
p
1. Sing, sing, ye an - gel bands, All beau - ti - ful and bright, For soar-ing up on
high, . . Thro' spa - cious fields of light, . . Ma - ry, your Queen, ascends, Like
f



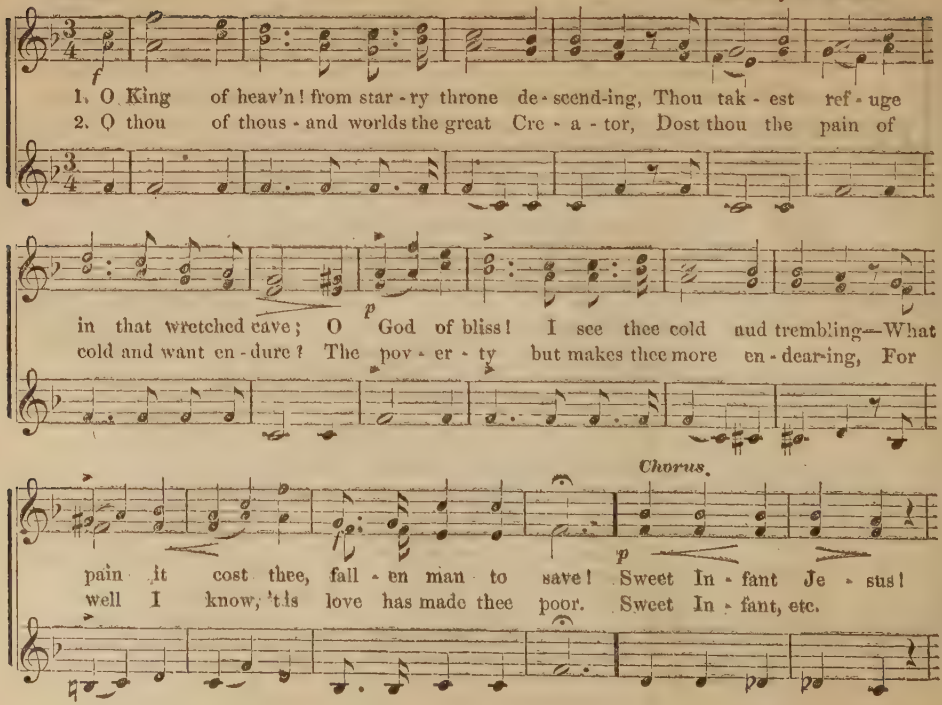
2 A fairer flow'r than she
On earth hath never been;
And, save the throne of God,
Your heav'ns have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen.

3 O happy angels, look!
How beautiful she is!
See! Jesus bears her up;
Her hand is lock'd in his;
Oh, who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

4 And shall I lose thee, then,—
Lose my sweet right to thee?
Ah, no! the Angels' Queen
Man's Mother still will be;
And thou, upon thy throne,
Wilt keep thy love for me.

HYMN TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Andante. Music by M. Keller.


1. O King of heav'n! from star - ry throne de - scend-ing, Thou tak - est ref - uge
2. O thou of thous - and worlds the great Cre - a - tor, Dost thou the pain of
in that wretched cave; O God of bliss! I see thee cold and trembling—What
cold and want en - dure? The pov - er - ty but makes thee more en - dear-ing, For
Chorus.
pain it cost thee, fall - en man to save! Sweet In - fant Je - sus!
well I know, 'tis love has made thee poor. Sweet In - fant, etc.

3 I see thee leave thy heav'nly Father's bosom,—
But whither has thy love transported thee?
Upon a little straw I see thee lying:
Why suffer thus?—'T is all for love of me.—*Cho.*

4 But if it is your will for me to suffer,
And thus my sinful, callous heart to move,
Then why, my Jesus, do I see thee weeping?—
'T is not for pain thou weepest, but for love.—*Cho.*

5 Thou weepest thus to see me so ungrateful;
My sins have pierc'd thee to the very core:
I once despised thy love,—but now I love thee;
I love but thee: then, Jesus, weep no more.—*Cho.*

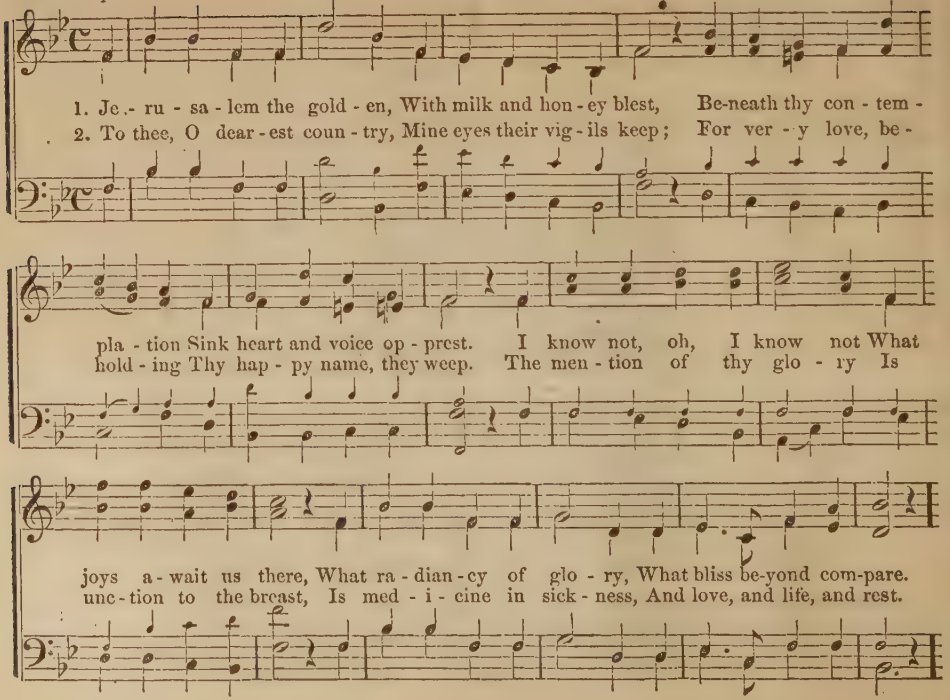
6 Thou sleepest, Lord, but in thy heart thou watchest,—
No slumber can a heart so loving take;
But tell me, darling Babe, of what thou thinkest:
"I think," he says, "of dying for thy sake."—*Cho.*

7 Is it for me that thou dost think of dying?
What, then, O Jesus! can I love but thee?
Mary, my hope! if I love him too little,
Be not indignant,—love him thou for me.—*Cho.*

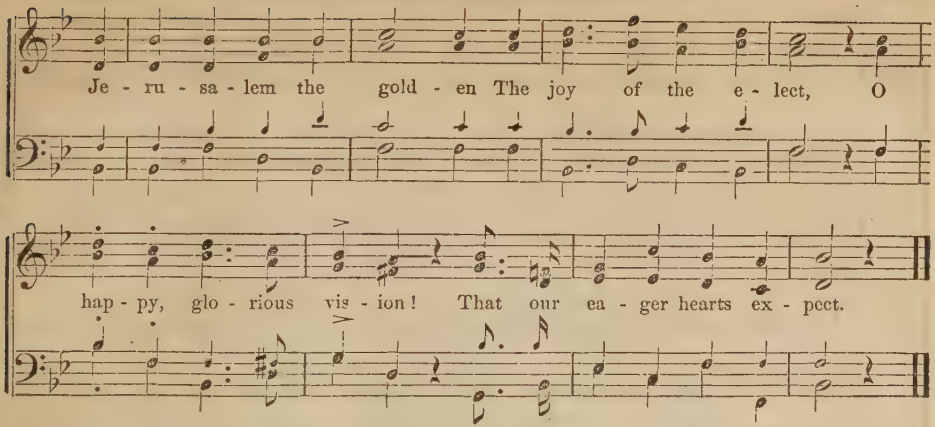
JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

With spirit.

Melody by J. A. Schulz.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be-neath thy con - tem -
2. To thee, O dear - est coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For ver - y love, be -
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What
hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is
joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com-pare.
unc - tion to the breast, Is med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

Chorus.



3 O one, O only mansion,
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy!
Thy ageless walls are radiant
With precious stones unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric:
The corner-stone is Christ.

4 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, toil, and care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there,
Where He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own!

5 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
O loving Jesus, bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, HEAR OUR CRY!

LITANY HYMN.

Music by M. Keller.

Andante. *p*

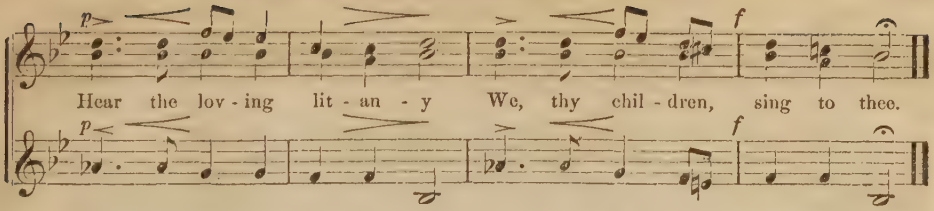
1. By the blood that flow'd from thee In thy bit - ter ag - o - ny,
2. By the thorns that crown'd thy head, By thy scep - tre of a reed,

p

By the scourge so meek - ly borne, By thy pur - ple robe of scorn,—
By thy foot - step, faint and slow, Weigh'd be - neath thy cross of woe,—

Chorus.

Je - sus, Sa - viour, hear our cry! Thou wert help - less once as we;



3 By the nails and pointed spear,
By thy people's cruel jeer,
By thy dying pray'r, which rose,
Begging mercy for thy foes,—*Cho.*

4 By the darkness, thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield thy parting breath,—*Cho.*

5 By thy weeping mother's woe,
By the sword that pierced her through,
When, in anguish standing by,
On the cross she saw thee die,—*Cho.*

BABE OF BETHLEHEM, HEAR OUR CRY!

Music on opposite page.

1 By the word to Mary giv'n,
By thy first descent from heav'n,
By thine infant form so fair,
Trembling in the midnight air,—

Cho.—Babe of Bethlehem hear our cry!
Thou wert helpless once as we;
Hear the loving litany
We, thy children, sing to thee:

2 By thy poor and lowly lot,
By the manger and the grot,
By thy little feet and hands,
Folded fast in swaddling bands,—*Cho.*

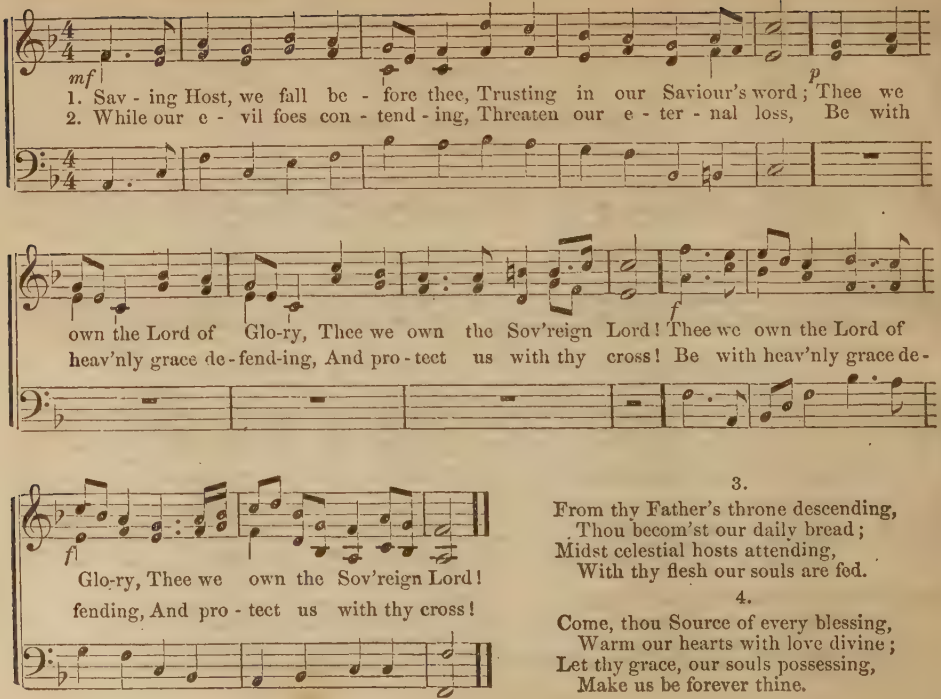
3 By the worship shepherds paid,
By the gifts that sages made,
Gold, and myrrh, and incense sweet,
Laid in homage at thy feet,—*Cho.*

4 By Saint Joseph's thoughts amazed,
When he first upon thee gazed,
And his Lord and Maker saw,
Laid upon a bed of straw,—*Cho.*

5 And oh, more than all the rest,
By the joy of Mary's breast,
When she, kneeling, first adored
Thee, her child, and yet her Lord,—*Cho.*

SAVING HOST.

HAYDN.


mf
1. Sav - ing Host, we fall be - fore thee, Trusting in our Saviour's word; Thee we
2. While our e - vil foes con - tend - ing, Threaten our e - ter - nal loss, Be with
p
own the Lord of Glo-ry, Thee we own the Sov'reign Lord! Thee we own the Lord of
heav'nly grace de - fend-ing, And pro - tect us with thy cross! Be with heav'nly grace de-
f
f
Glo-ry, Thee we own the Sov'reign Lord!
fending, And pro - tect us with thy cross!

3.

From thy Father's throne descending,
Thou becom'st our daily bread;
Midst celestial hosts attending,
With thy flesh our souls are fed.

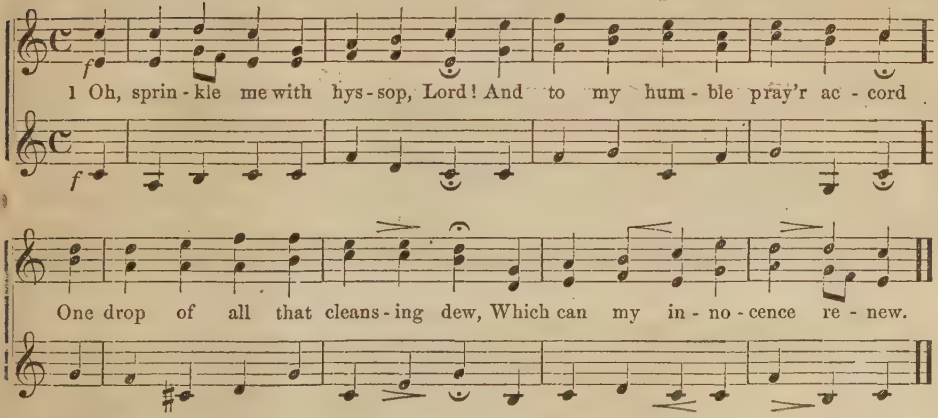
4.

Come, thou Source of every blessing,
Warm our hearts with love divine;
Let thy grace, our souls possessing,
Make us be forever thine.

[These hymns, though designed for Sunday Schools, may also be sung in Churches during low Masses, if desirable.]

ASPERGES ME, DOMINE!

CHORALE.

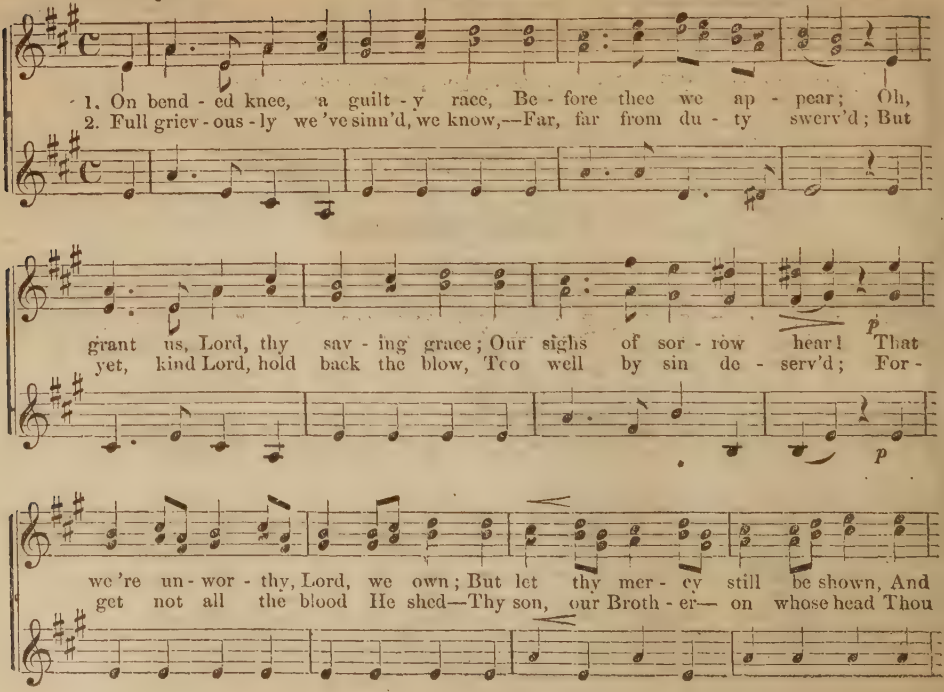

1 Oh, sprin - kle me with hys - sop, Lord! And to my hum - ble pray'r ac - cord
One drop of all that cleans - ing dew, Which can my in - no - cence re - new.

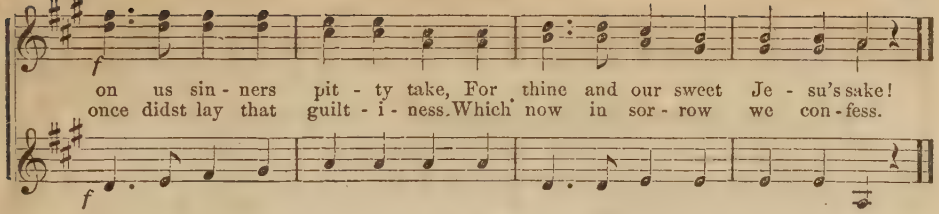
2 Oh, wash me, Lord, from ev'ry stain!
Let nothing on my soul remain
Of those foul blots that sin has made
Since from thy paths I 've heedless stray'd.

3 To me, thy guilty child, impart,
O God, a chaste and humble heart;
A righteous spirit, Lord, restore,
That I may serve thee evermore.

ON BENDED KNEE.

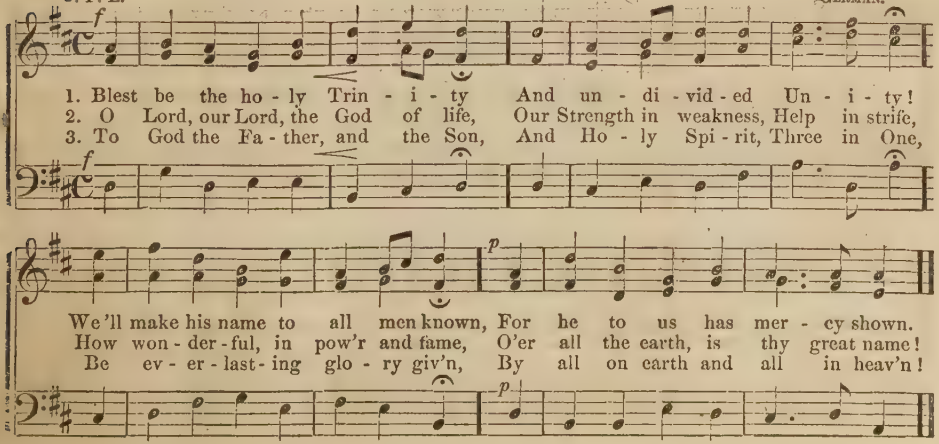
Andante religioso. *At the Confiteor.* Music by F. A. Hoffmeister.


1. On bend - ed knee, a guilt - y race, Be - fore thee we ap - pear; Oh,
2. Full griev - ous - ly we 've sinn'd, we know,—Far, far from du - ty swerv'd; But
grant us, Lord, thy sav - ing grace; Our sighs of sor - row hear! That
yet, kind Lord, hold back the blow, Too well by sin de - serv'd; For -
p
p
we 're un - wor - thy, Lord, we own; But let thy mer - cy still be shown, And
get not all the blood He shed—Thy son, our Broth - er— on whose head Thou

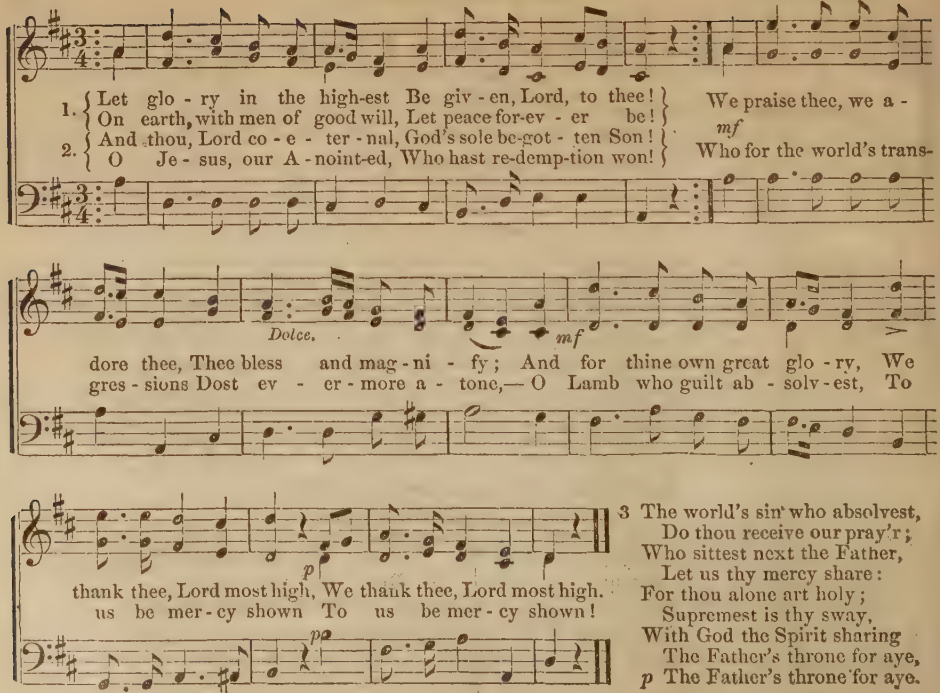

f
on us sin - ners pit - ty take, For thine and our sweet Je - su's sake!
once didst lay that guilt - i - ness Which now in sor - row we con - fess.
f

THE INTROIT.

J. F. L. GERMAN.


f
1. Blest be the ho - ly Trin - i - ty And un - di - vid - ed Un - i - ty!
2. O Lord, our Lord, the God of life, Our Strength in weakness, Help in strife,
3. To God the Fa - ther, and the Son, And Ho - ly Spi - rit, Three in One,
f
p
We'll make his name to all men known, For he to us has mer - cy shown.
How won - der - ful, in pow'r and fame, O'er all the earth, is thy great name!
Be ev - er - last - ing glo - ry giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n!
p

Arr. from FINK.


1. Let glo - ry in the high-est Be giv - en, Lord, to thee!
On earth, with men of good will, Let peace for-ev - er be!
2. And thou, Lord co - e - ter - nal, God's sole be-got - ten Son!
O Je - sus, our A - noint-ed, Who hast re-demp-tion won!
We praise thee, we a -
mf
Who for the world's trans-
Dolce.
mf
dore thee, Thee bless and mag - ni - fy; And for thine own great glo - ry, We
gres - sions Dost ev - er - more a - tone,— O Lamb who guilt ab - solv - est, To
p
thank thee, Lord most high, We thank thee, Lord most high.
us be mer - cy shown To us be mer - cy shown!
pp

3 The world's sin who absolvest,
Do thou receive our pray'r;
Who sittest next the Father,
Let us thy mercy share:
For thou alone art holy;
Supremest is thy sway,
With God the Spirit sharing
The Father's throne for aye,
p The Father's throne for aye.

1. That we've been born in Christian land, O Lord our thanks re - ceive;
2. Yet still, that we may un - der - stand, Nor from thy teach - ing stray,
The ho - ly Gos - pels at thy hand We take and we be - lieve.
To Ho - ly Church, by thy com - mand, We lis - ten and o - bey.

ACCEPT, ALMIGHTY FATHER.

To the above music, but AFTER *the Creed.*

1 Accept, Almighty Father,
These gifts of bread and wine,
Which now the Priest is off'ring
For us before thy shrine.

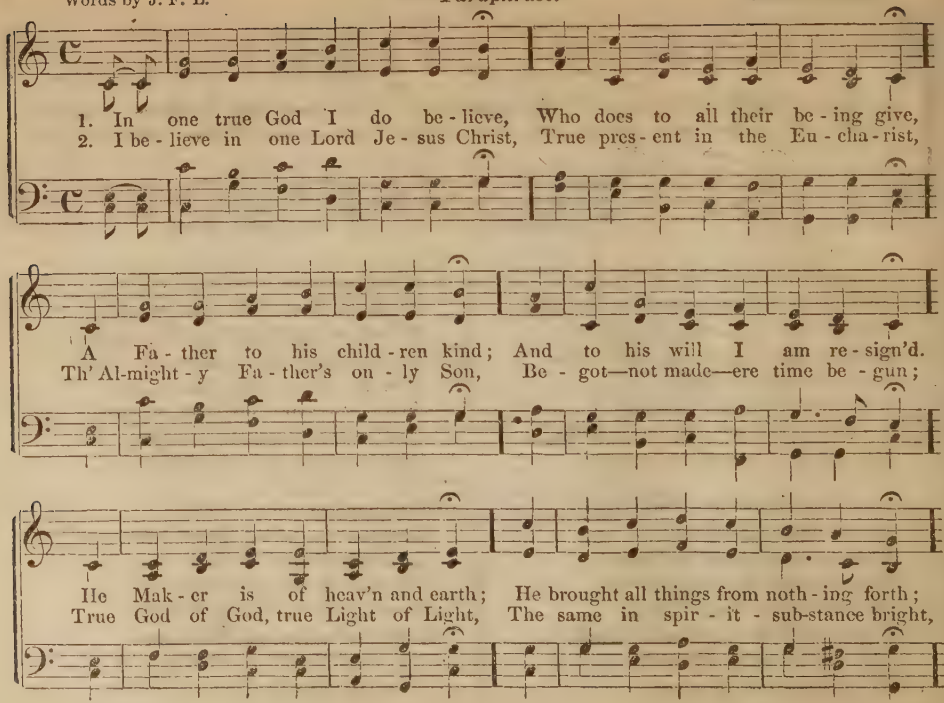
2 But soon the Word will make them
His Body and his Blood,—
The Sacrifice renewing,
Once offered on the Rood.

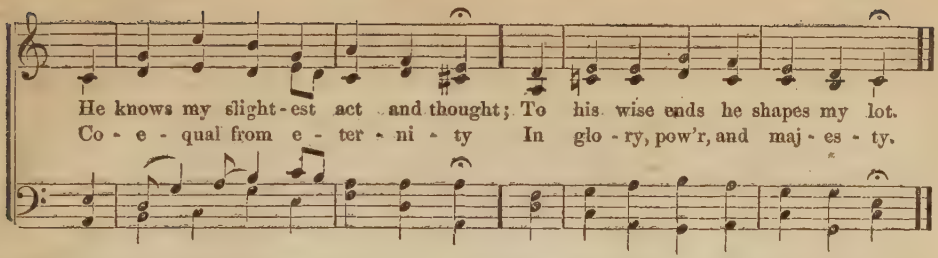
3 With these, although unworthy,
Some off'ring we would make;
But all we have thou gavest,—
Then what thou gavest take.

4 Our heart, our soul, our senses,
We give through Mary's hands,
Who, by the cross once standing,
Now by the altar stands.

THE NICENE CREED.

Words by J. F. L. *Paraphrase.* German Chorale.


1. In one true God I do be - lieve, Who does to all their be - ing give,
2. I be - lieve in one Lord Je - sus Christ, True pres - ent in the Eu - cha - rist,
A Fa - ther to his child - ren kind; And to his will I am re - sign'd.
Th' Al-might - y Fa - ther's on - ly Son, Be - got—not made—ere time be - gun;
He Mak - er is of heav'n and earth; He brought all things from noth - ing forth;
True God of God, true Light of Light, The same in spir - it - sub-stance bright,



3 I believe that he, for us weak men,
Came down from heav'n to save from sin,
Conceiv'd by God Almighty's plan,
In Virgin pure, AND WAS MADE MAN!
For us was also crucified,
And under Pontius Pilate died,
In midst of sorr'wing Nature's gloom,
And was deep buried in the tomb.

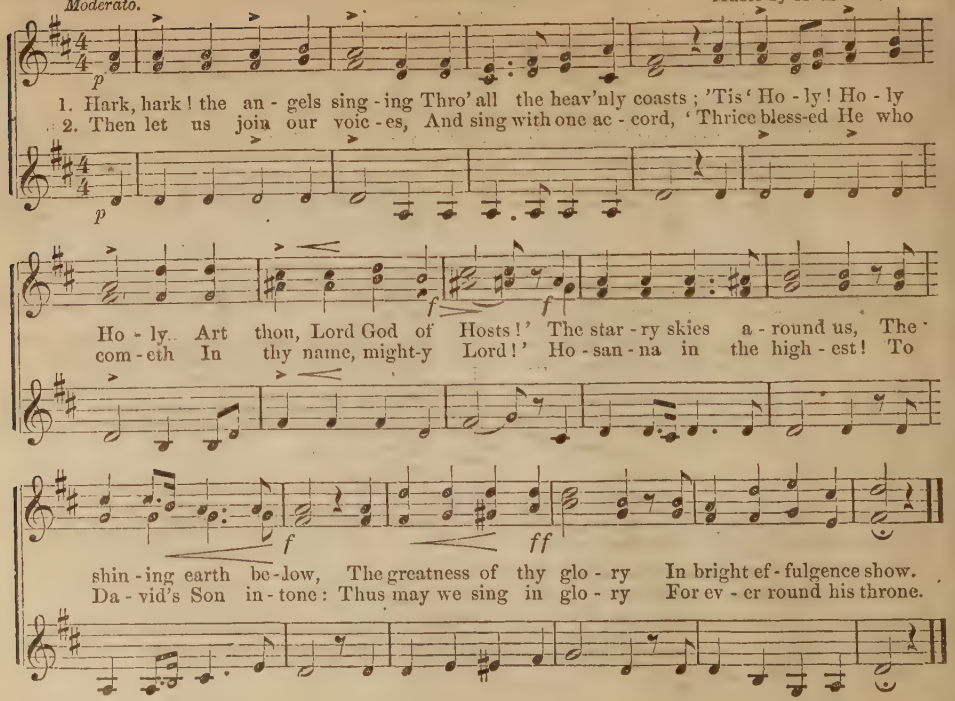
4 But on the third succeeding day,
He rose again, the Scriptures say;
Spent forty days with the Elev'n,
And then ascended into heav'n:
He sitteth at the Father's right,
Whence he, with glory and with might,
Will come to judge the quick and dead,
Who shall eternal ages tread.

5 I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord
Of life, by heav'n and earth adored,
Who from the Father and the Son
Proceeds, and who with them is One;
Who by the prophets spoke of old,
And now inspires the Faith we hold:
One Catholic Apostolic Church,
Which all may find who duly search.

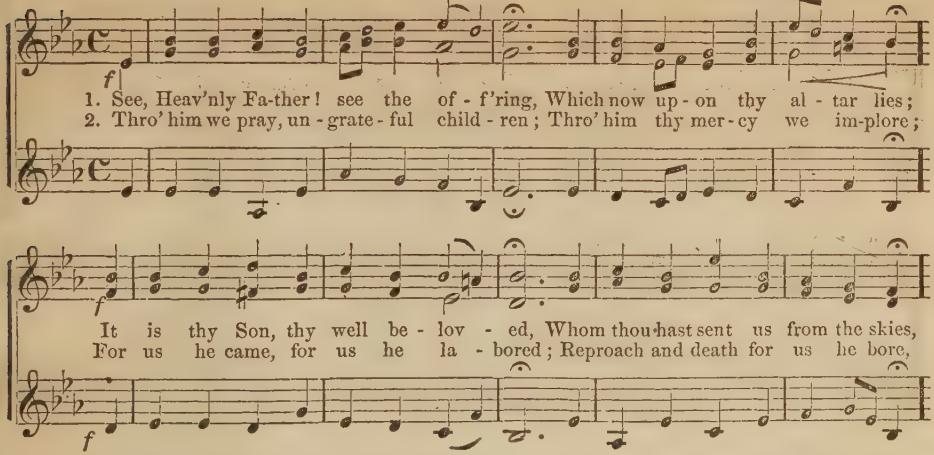
6 One Baptism, also, I confess,
To free from sin and give us grace;
And confidently I expect
The dead again to rise erect:
That all must then fulfill their doom
In th'everlasting world to come.
I hope the heav'nly glory, then,
To share, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

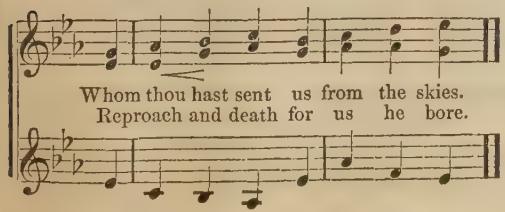
SANCTUS! SANCTUS! SANCTUS!

Music by M. Keller.


Moderato.
p
1. Hark, hark! the an - gels sing - ing Thro' all the heav'nly coasts; 'Tis 'Ho - ly! Ho - ly
2. Then let us join our voic - es, And sing with one ac - cord, 'Thrice bless-ed He who
Ho - ly Art thou, Lord God of Hosts!' The star - ry skies a - round us, The
com - eth In thy name, might-y Lord!' Ho - san - na in the high - est! To
f
ff
shin - ing earth be - low, The greatness of thy glo - ry In bright ef - fulgence show.
Da - vid's Son in - tone: Thus may we sing in glo - ry For ev - er round his throne.

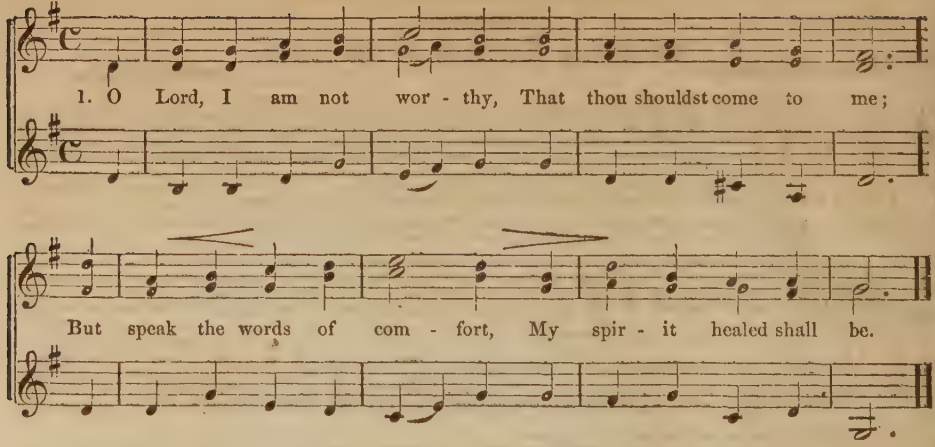
After the Elevation. *CHORALE.* Melody by J. F. Wolf.


f
1. See, Heav'nly Fa-ther! see the of - f'ring, Which now up - on thy al - tar lies;
2. Thro' him we pray, un - grate - ful child - ren; Thro' him thy mer - cy we im-plore;
f
It is thy Son, thy well be - lov - ed, Whom thou hast sent us from the skies,
For us he came, for us he la - bored; Reproach and death for us he bore,
f



3 He gives himself a free oblation,
In humble forms of bread and wine;
For mine and all mankind's salvation,
‖: Is offered up the Lamb divine. :‖

4 He shows, in earnest of our ransom,
The bloody nail-prints on his hands;
Thou canst not, Lord, refuse to hear him!
‖: Behold! for us he pleading stands. :‖



2 And humbly I 'll receive thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve thee,
Or fly thy sweet control.

3 As through this world of sorrow
My homeward steps I wend,
Support from thee I 'll borrow,
My Jesus, Saviour, Friend!

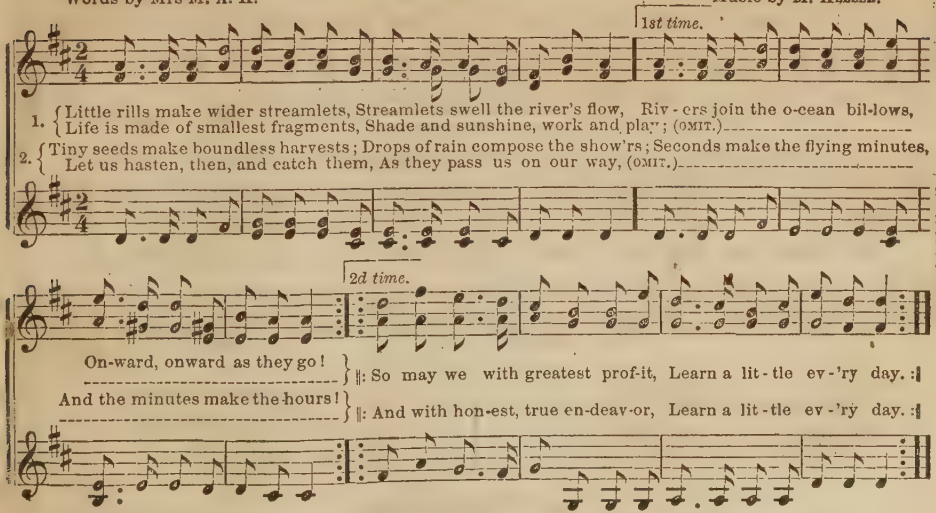
AT THE CLOSE.

1 The sacrifice is ended;
Atonement has been made;
The Lamb, from heav'n descended,
Our ransom full has paid.

2 Then let our pæans, swelling,
Re-echo to the sky,
In praise of Jesus' dwelling
At God's right hand on high.

LEARN A LITTLE EV'RY DAY.

Words by Mrs M. A. K. Music by M. KELLER.


1st time.
1. Little rills make wider streamlets, Streamlets swell the river's flow, Riv - ers join the o-cean bil-lows,
Life is made of smallest fragments, Shade and sunshine, work and play; (OMIT.)
2. Tiny seeds make boundless harvests; Drops of rain compose the show'rs; Seconds make the flying minutes,
Let us hasten, then, and catch them, As they pass us on our way, (OMIT.)
2d time.
On-ward, onward as they go!
And the minutes make the hours!
‖: So may we with greatest prof-it, Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day. :‖
‖: And with hon-est, true en-deav-or, Learn a lit - tle ev - 'ry day. :‖

3 Let us read some striking passage;
Cull a verse from ev'ry page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age!

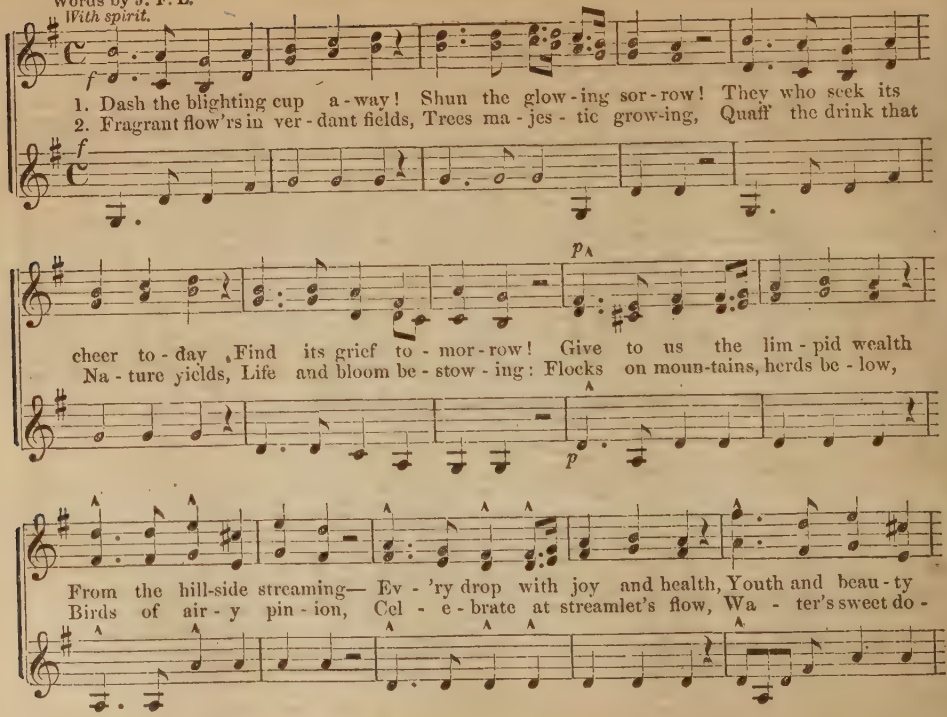
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine's making hay,
‖: Thus we may, by help of Heaven,
Learn a little ev'ry day! :‖

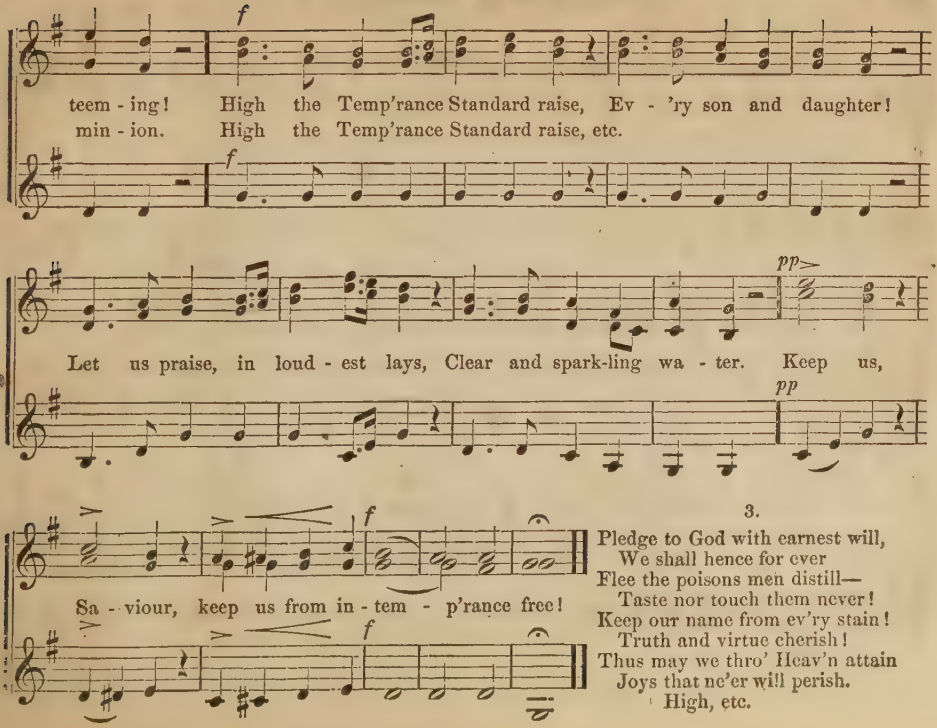
TEMPERANCE SONG.

Words by J. F. L.

Music by M. Keller.

With spirit.


1. Dash the blighting cup a-way! Shun the glow-ing sor-row! They who seek its
2. Fragrant flow'rs in ver-dant fields, Trees ma-jes-tic grow-ing, Quaff the drink that
cheer to-day, Find its grief to-mor-row! Give to us the lim-pid wealth
Na-ture yields, Life and bloom be-stow-ing: Flocks on moun-tains, herds be-low,
From the hill-side streaming— Ev-'ry drop with joy and health, Youth and beau-ty
Birds of air-y pin-ion, Cel-e-brate at streamlet's flow, Wa-ter's sweet do-


f
teem - ing! High the Temp'rance Standard raise, Ev - 'ry son and daughter!
min - ion. High the Temp'rance Standard raise, etc.
f
pp
Let us praise, in loud - est lays, Clear and spark-ling wa - ter. Keep us,
pp
f
Sa - viour, keep us from in - tem - p'rance free!
f

3.

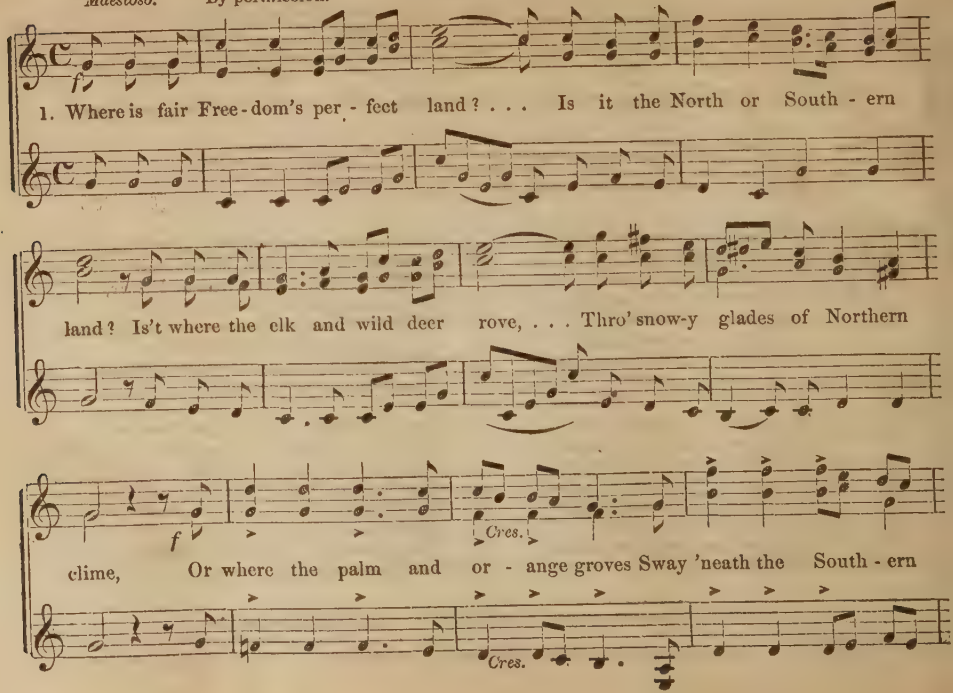
Pledge to God with earnest will,
We shall hence for ever
Flee the poisons men distill—
Taste nor touch them never!
Keep our name from ev'ry stain!
Truth and virtue cherish!
Thus may we thro' Heav'n attain
Joys that ne'er will perish.
High, etc.

FREEDOM'S PERFECT LAND.*

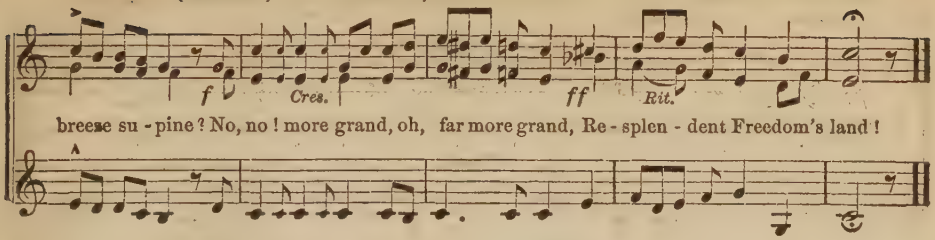
A NATIONAL SONG.

Words by H. H. Bryant. Music by M. Keller.

Maestoso. By permission.


f
1. Where is fair Free-dom's per-fect land? . . . Is it the North or South-ern
land? Is't where the elk and wild deer rove, . . . Thro' snow-y glades of Northern
f
Cres.
clime, Or where the palm and or-ange groves Sway 'neath the South-ern
Cres.

(*4th stanza.*) *There* is her fair, etc.



2 Where is fair Freedom's perfect land?
Is it the West or Eastern land?
Is 't where the vast Pacific thrills
Fair Overland's gold-laden strand,
Or is it 'mong the rocky hills
By stern Atlantic's breezes fann'd?
No, no! more grand, oh, far more grand,
Resplendent Freedom's land!

3 Where is resplendent Freedom's land,
Where ev'ry one from strand to strand,
Look where he may, sees but his peer;
Not one eye dimm'd by thralldom's tear;
Where ev'ry one may rightful stand,
To grasp its laurels with his hand;
Where tyrants have no pow'er to thrall,
And caste no sway to pall?

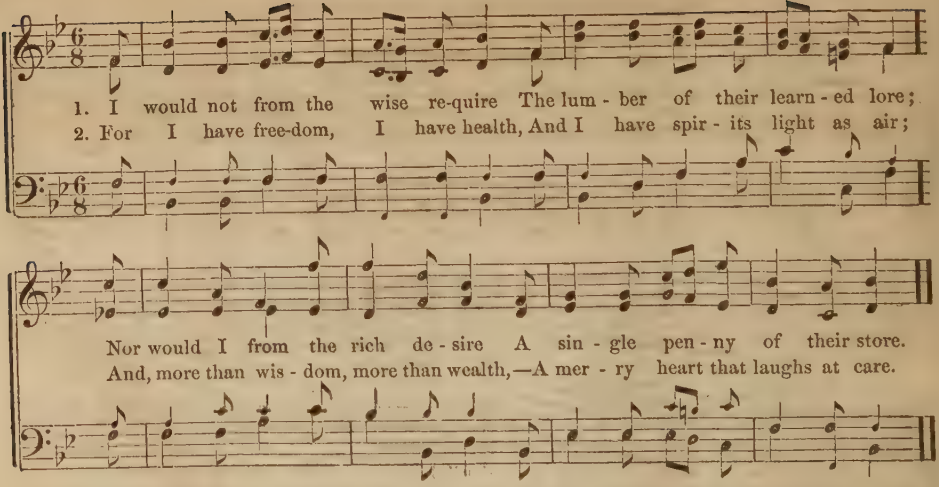
4 Where is resplendent Freedom's land?
Tell me, where is that noble land,
Where all her jewels, true and clear,
So radiant gleam from ev'ry ear?—
Where's held the common birthright won
By the immortal Washington;—
There is her fair and well-lov'd land,
Her best and perfect land!

5 God granting us true patriot hearts,
We ne'er will sev'r it into parts;
And ever this her land shall be,—
That mighty main from sea to sea;
From northern ice to tropic shore,
Pacific's to Atlantic's roar;
Thus grand for ever shall remain
Her great and fair domain.

Note.— If necessary, the *first* two or three stanzas may be omitted.

* This song with piano accompaniment, also separate voice-parts, may be had at the music stores.

GERMAN.


1. I would not from the wise re-quire The lum - ber of their learn - ed lore;
2. For I have free-dom, I have health, And I have spir - its light as air;
Nor would I from the rich de - sire A sin - gle pen - ny of their store.
And, more than wis - dom, more than wealth,—A mer - ry heart that laughs at care.

3 From idle wishes ever clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with ev'ry wind.

4 For ev'ry change of fortune I
Can thus with ready will prepare;
Nor dare the shades of gloom defy
The merry heart that laughs at care.

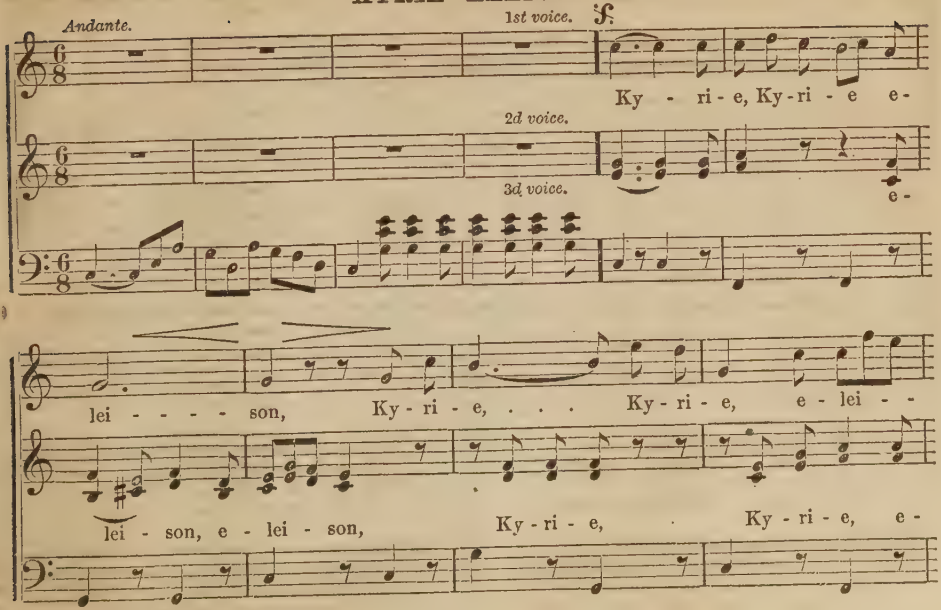
5 To angry word or thoughts unjust
I never lend a willing ear;
With love for all—in God my trust,
I neither yield to grief nor fear.

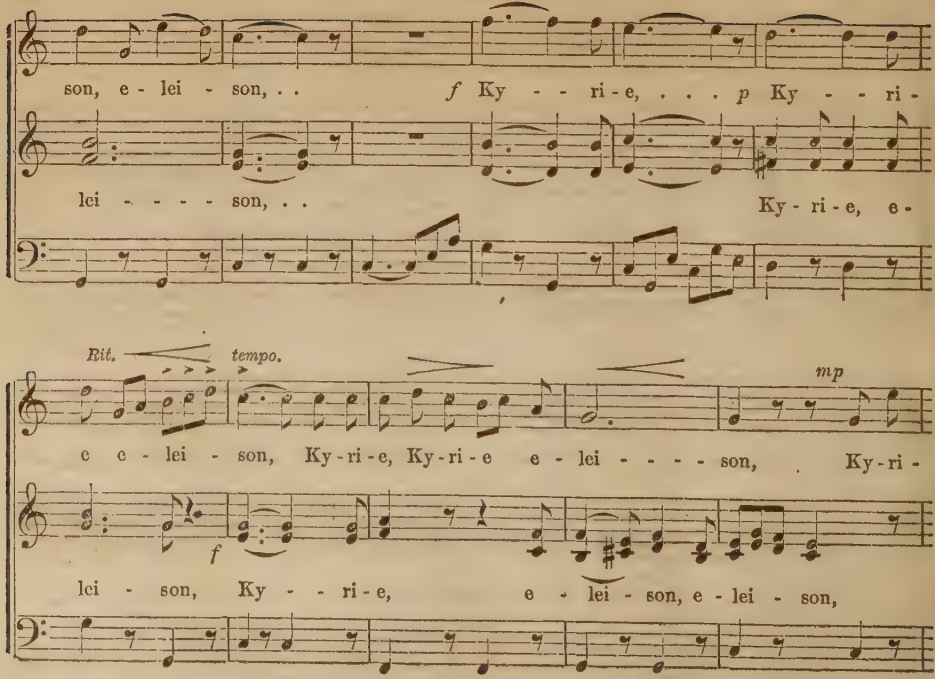
6 Then let me hail and welcome give
To ev'ry joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live,
With merry heart that laughs at care.

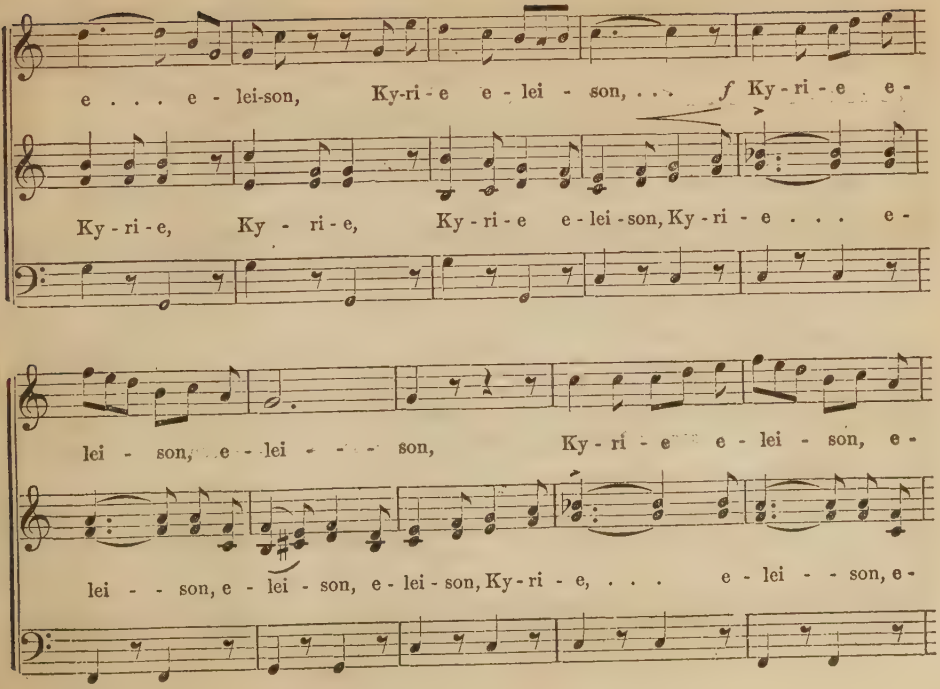
CHILDREN'S MASS IN C.

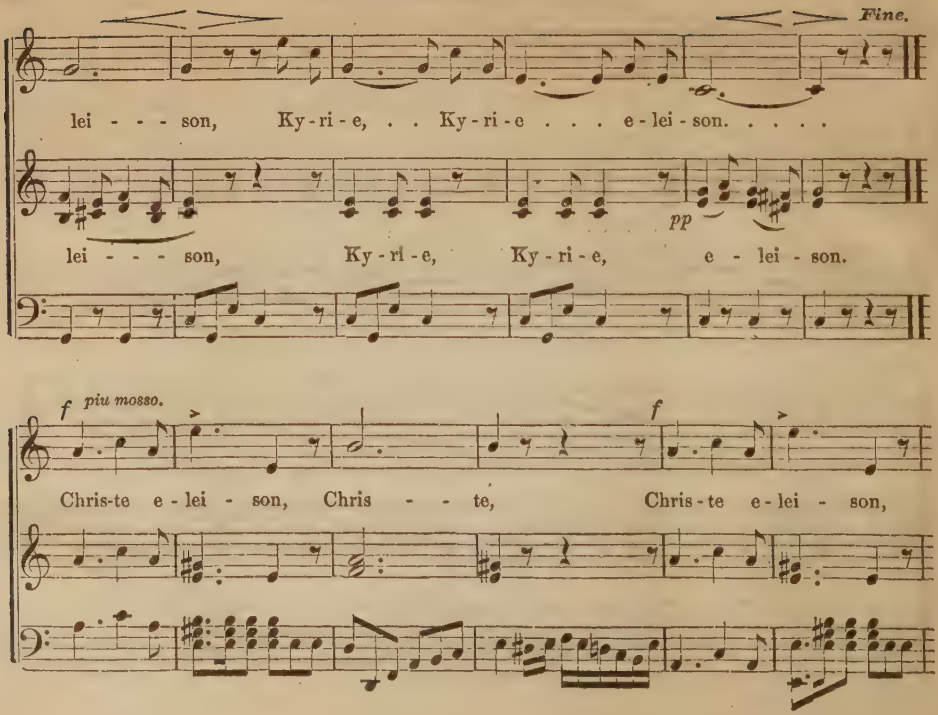
Composed for this work, by L. H. SOUTHARD, Mus. Doc.

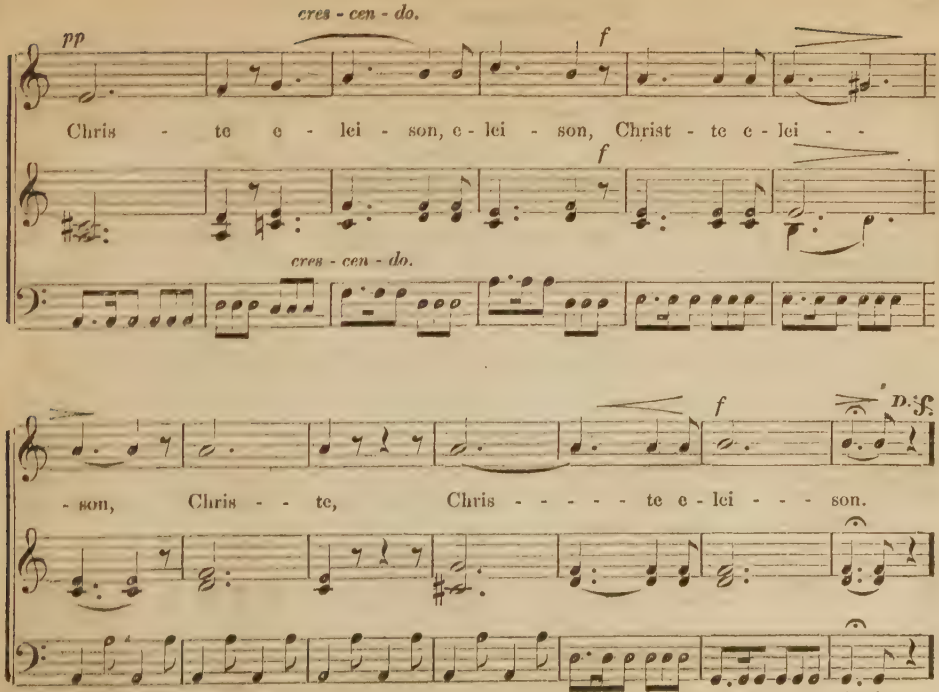
KYRIE ELEISON.

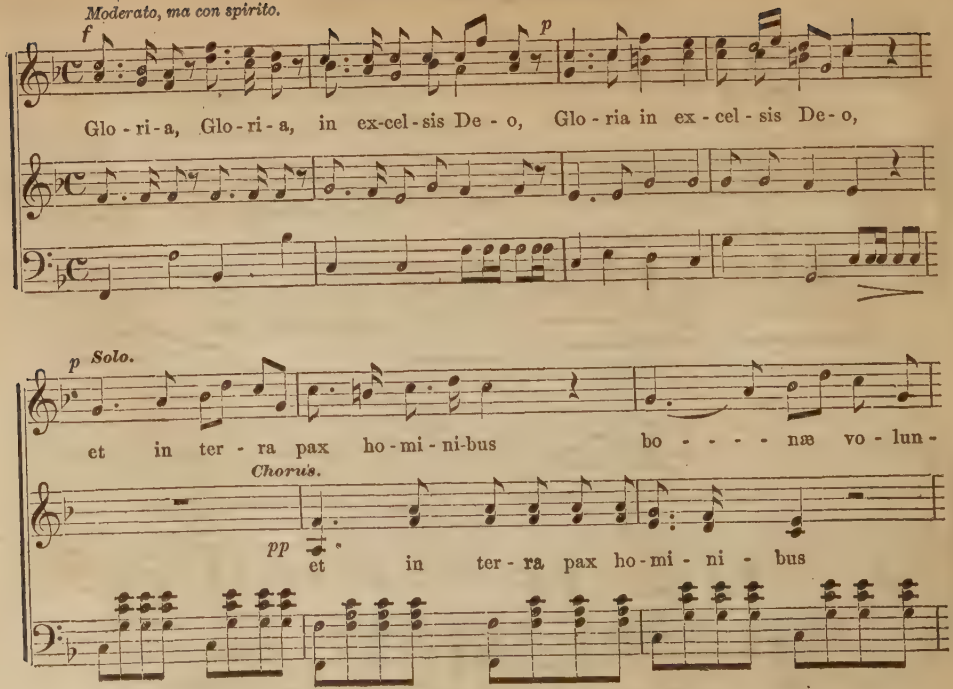


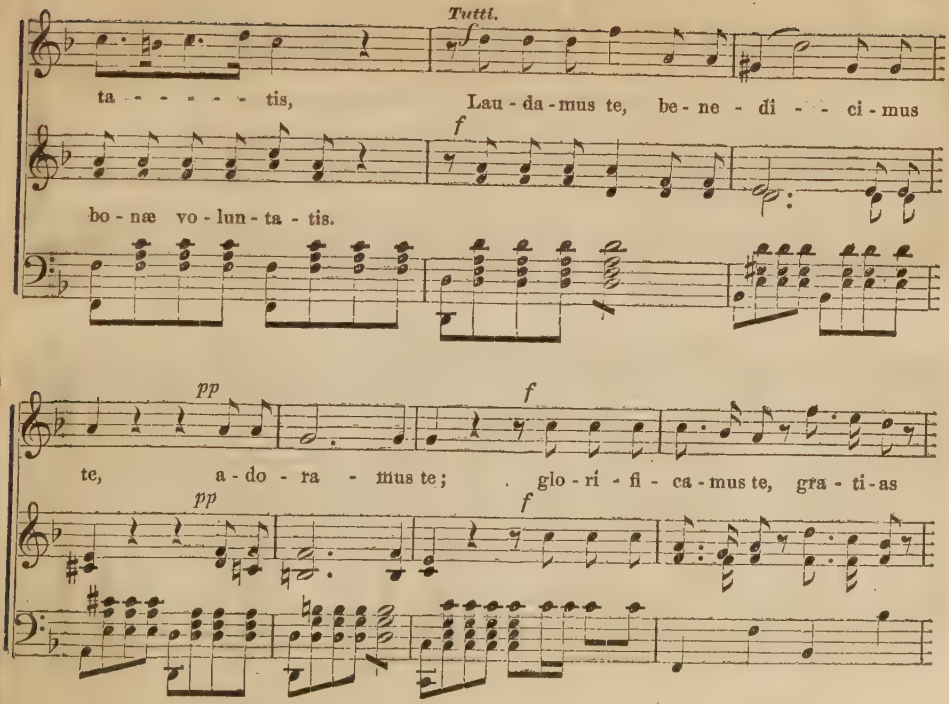

son, e - lei - son, . . f Ky - - ri - e, . . . p Ky - - ri -
lei - - - - son, . . Ky - ri - e, e -
Rit. tempo.
mp
e e - lei - son, Ky - ri - e, Ky - ri - e e - lei - - - - son, Ky - ri -
f
lei - son, Ky - - ri - e, e - lei - son, e - lei - son,

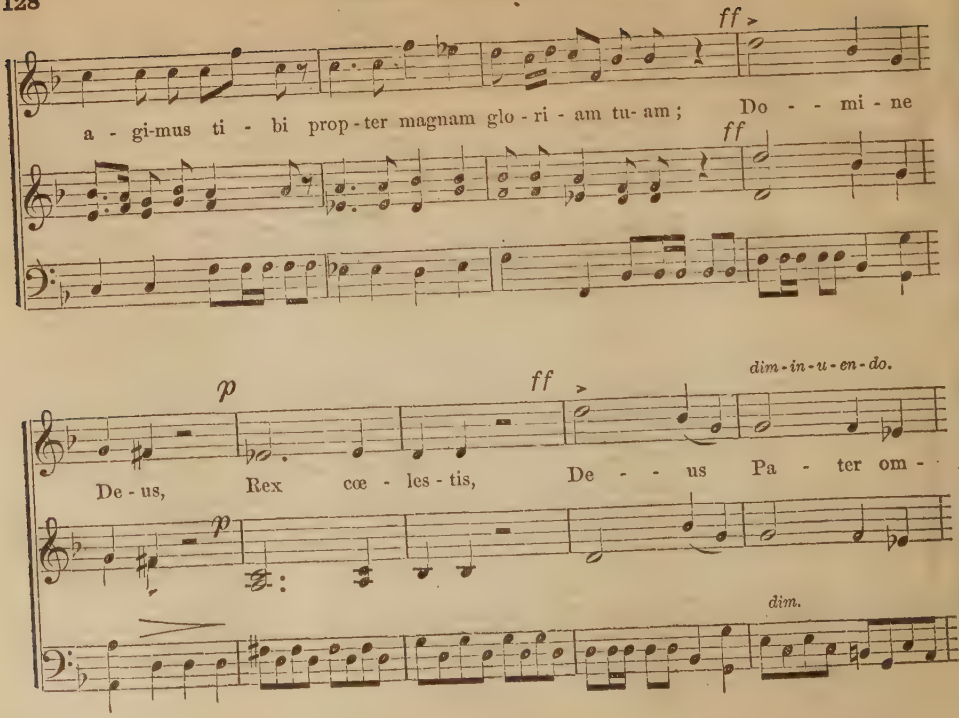

e . . . e - lei-son, Ky-ri - e e - lei - son, . . . f Ky - ri - e e -
Ky - ri - e, Ky - ri - e, Ky - ri - e e - lei - son, Ky - ri - e . . . e -
lei - son, e - lei - - - son, Ky - ri - e e - lei - son, e -
lei - - son, e - lei - son, e - lei - son, Ky - ri - e, . . . e - lei - - son, e -

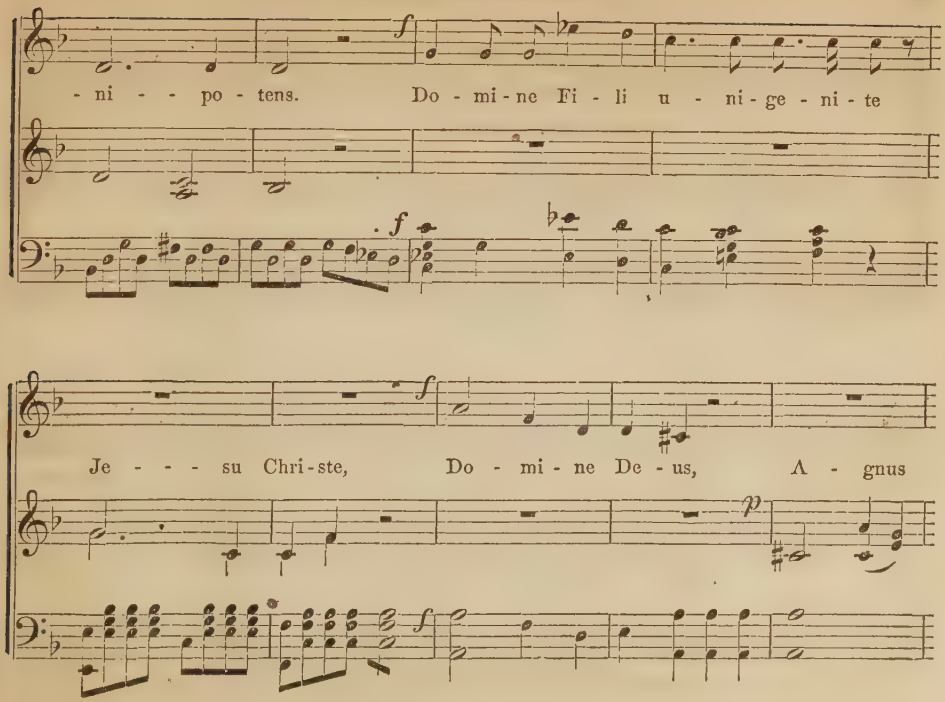

Fine.
lei - - - son, Ky-ri-e, . . Ky-ri-e . . . e-lei-son. . . . .
pp
lei - - - son, Ky-ri-e, Ky-ri-e, e - lei - son.
f piu mosso.
f
Chris-te e-lei - son, Chris - - te, Chris-te e-lei - son,

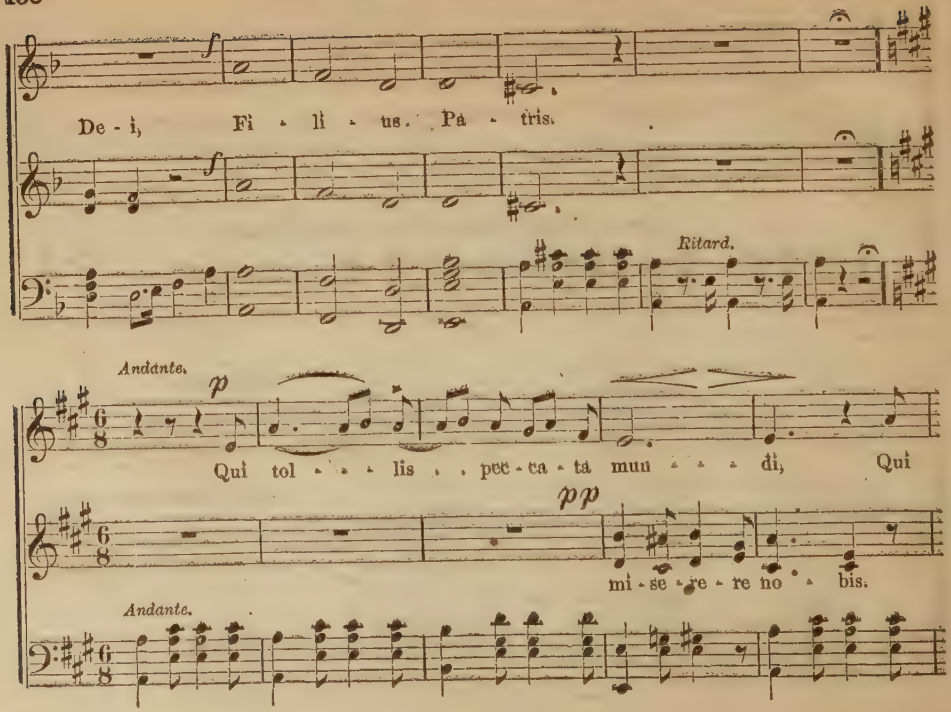

cres - cen - do.
pp
f
Chris - te e - lei - son, e - lei - son, Christ - te e - lei - -
f
cres - cen - do.
f
D.S.
- son, Chris - - te, Chris - - - - - te e - lei - - - son.

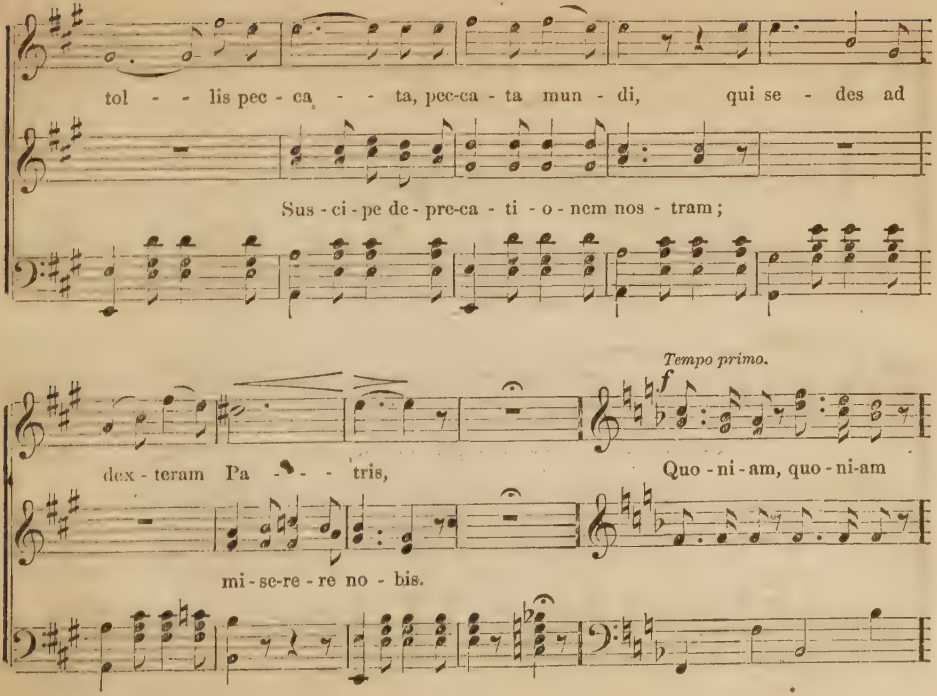

Moderato, ma con spirito.
f
p
Glo - ri - a, Glo - ri - a, in ex-cel - sis De - o, Glo - ria in ex - cel - sis De - o,
p Solo.
et in ter - ra pax ho - mi - ni-bus bo - - - - næ vo - lun -
Chorus.
pp
et in ter - ra pax ho - mi - ni - bus

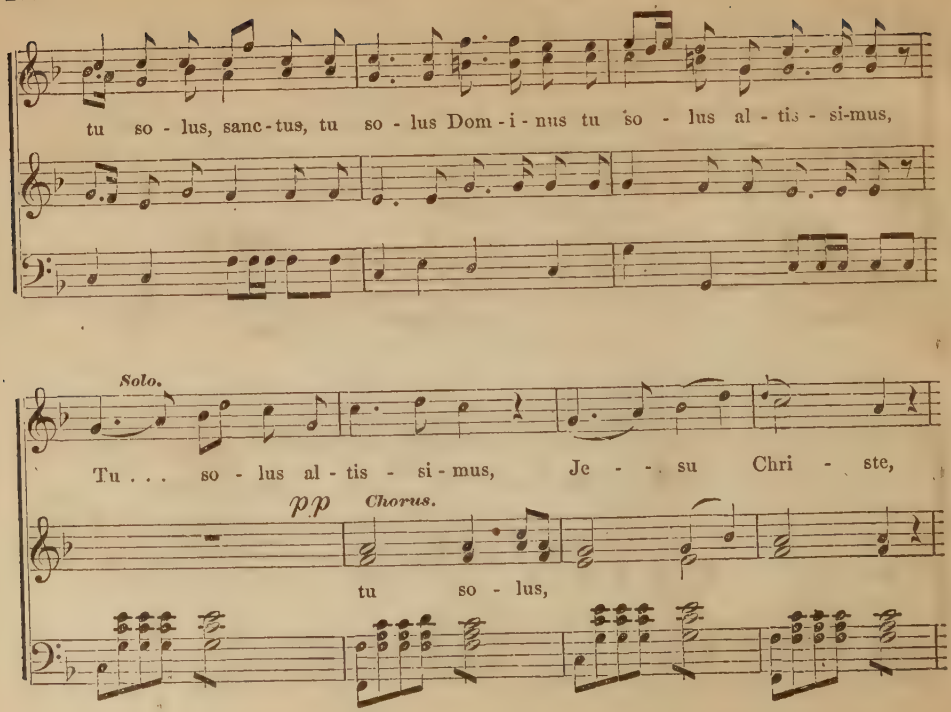

Tutti.
f
ta - - - - - tis,
Lau - da - mus te, be - ne - di - - ci - mus
f
bo - næ vo - lun - ta - tis.
pp
f
te, a - do - ra - mus te;
glo - ri - fi - ca - mus te, gra - ti - as
pp
f

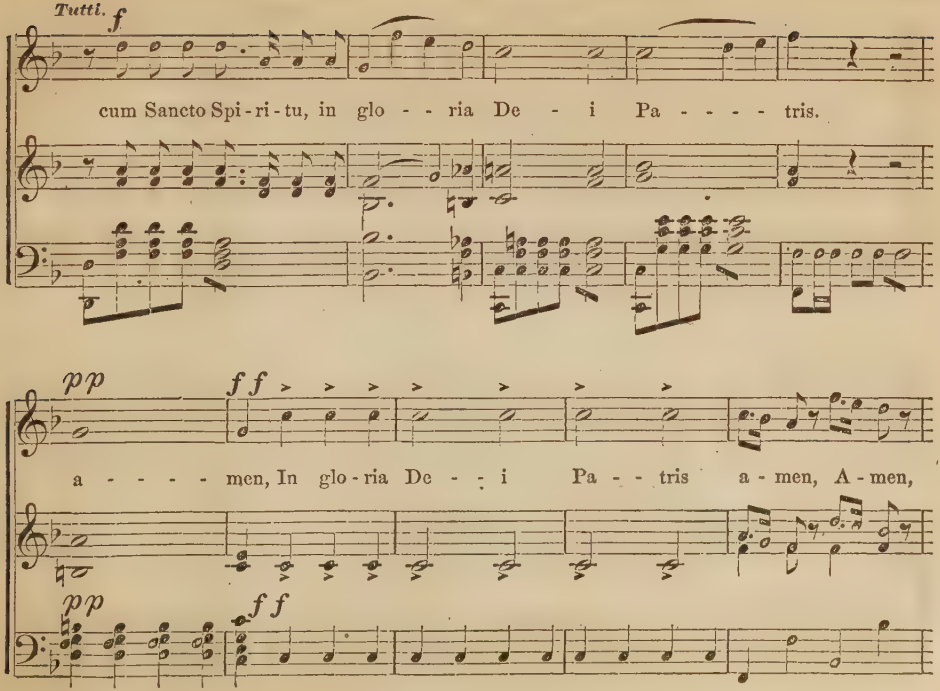

ff
a - gi-mus ti - bi prop - ter magnam glo - ri - am tu- am ; Do - - mi - ne
ff
p
ff
dim-in-u-en-do.
De - us, Rex cœ - les - tis, De - - us Pa - ter om -
p
dim.

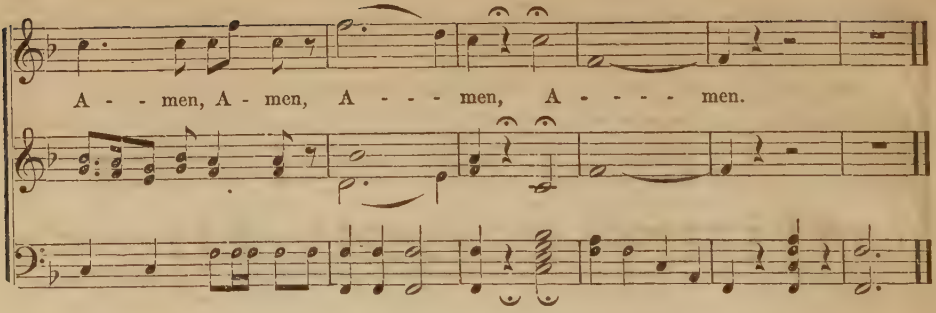

- ni - - po - tens.
Do - mi - ne Fi - li u - ni - ge - ni - te
Je - - - su Chri - ste,
Do - mi - ne De - us,
A - gnus


De - i, Fi - li - us. Pa - tris.
Ritard.
Andante.
Qui tol - - - lis - pec - ca - ta mun - - - di, Qui
mi - se - re - re no - bis.
Andante.

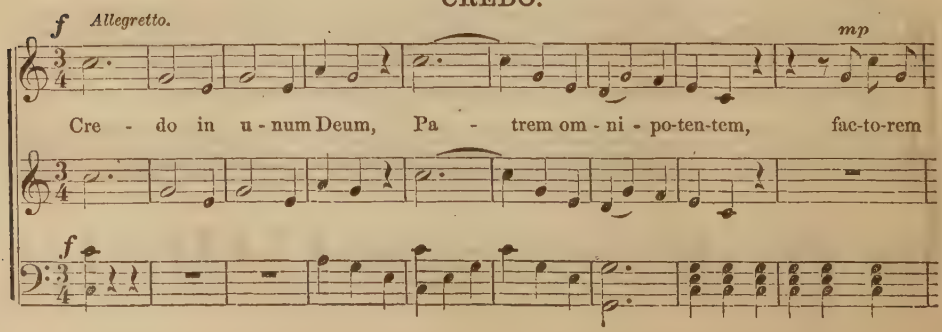

tol - - lis pec - ca - - ta, pec-ca - ta mun - di, qui se - des ad
Sus - ci - pe de - pre-ca - ti - o - nem nos - tram;
Tempo primo.
f
dex - teram Pa - - - tris,
Quo - ni - am, quo - ni-am
mi - se-re - re no - bis.

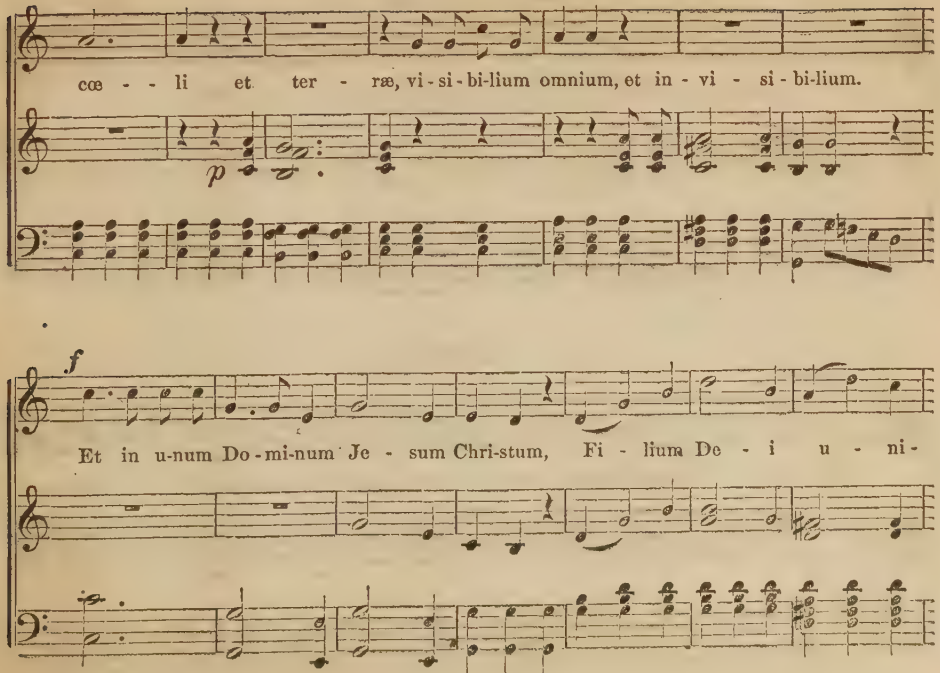

tu so - lus, sanc - tus, tu so - lus Dom - i - nus tu so - lus al - tis - si-mus,
Solo.
Tu . . . so - lus al - tis - si - mus, Je - - su Chri - ste,
pp
Chorus.
tu so - lus,

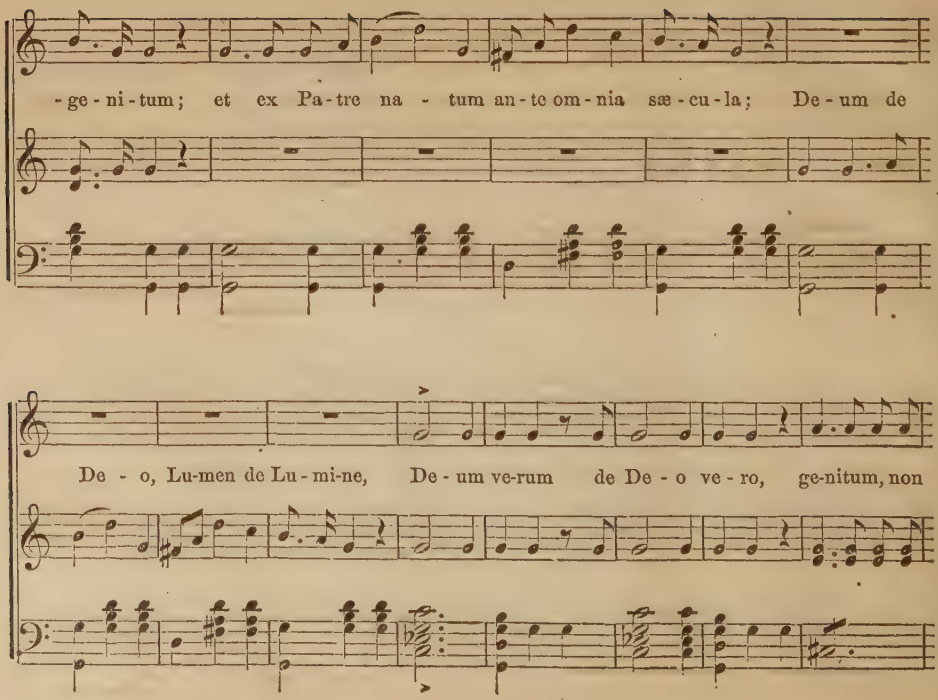

Tutti.
f
cum Sancto Spi-ri-tu, in glo - - ria De - i Pa - - - - tris.
pp
f f
a - - - - men, In glo-ria De - - i Pa - - tris a - men, A - men,
pp
f f

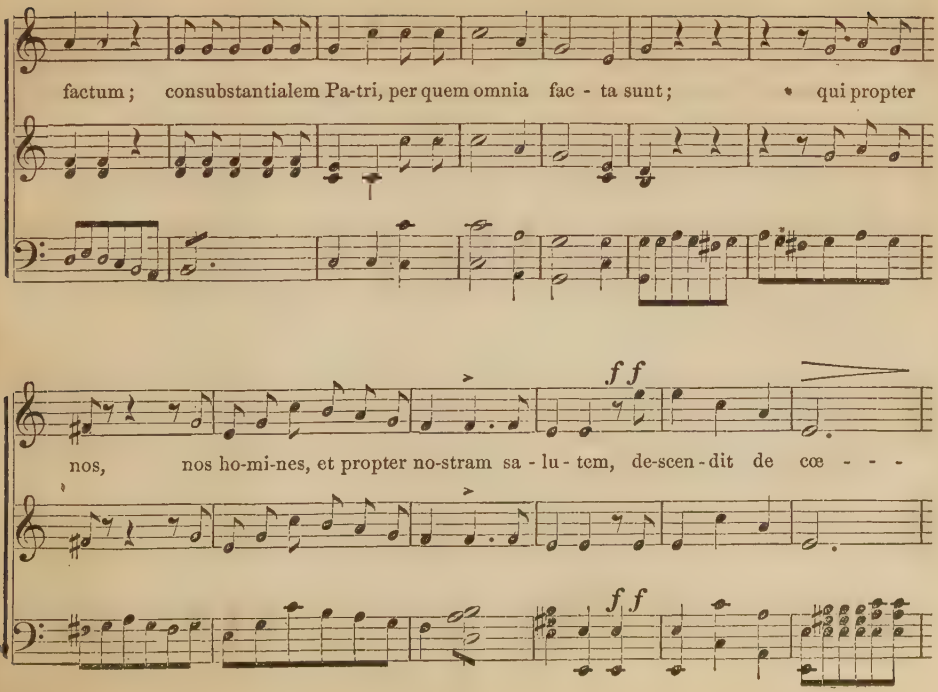

A - - men, A - men, A - - - men, A - - - - men.

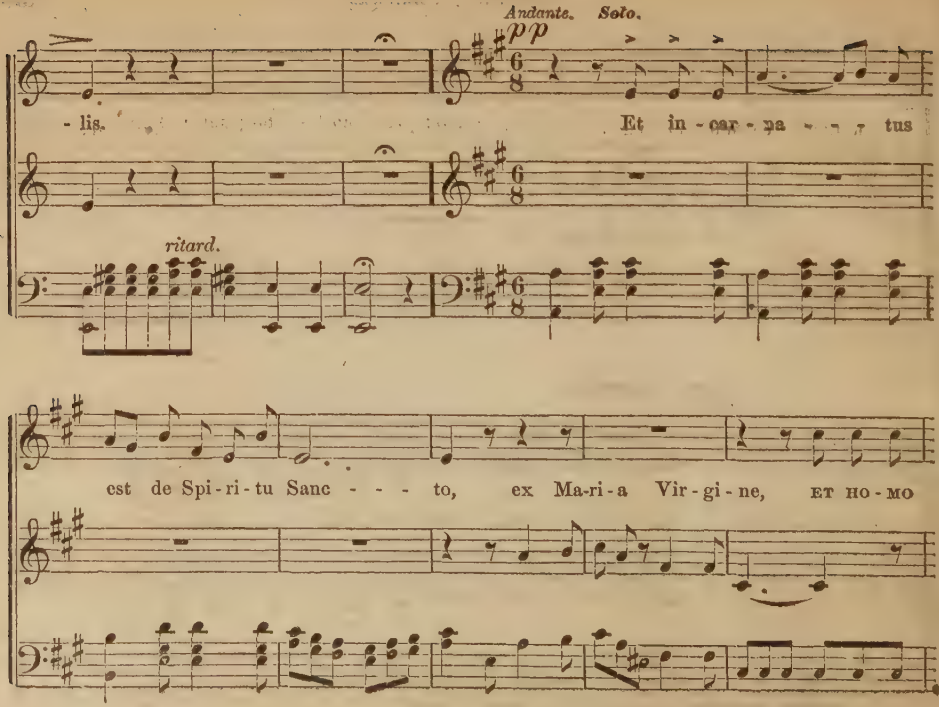
CREDO.

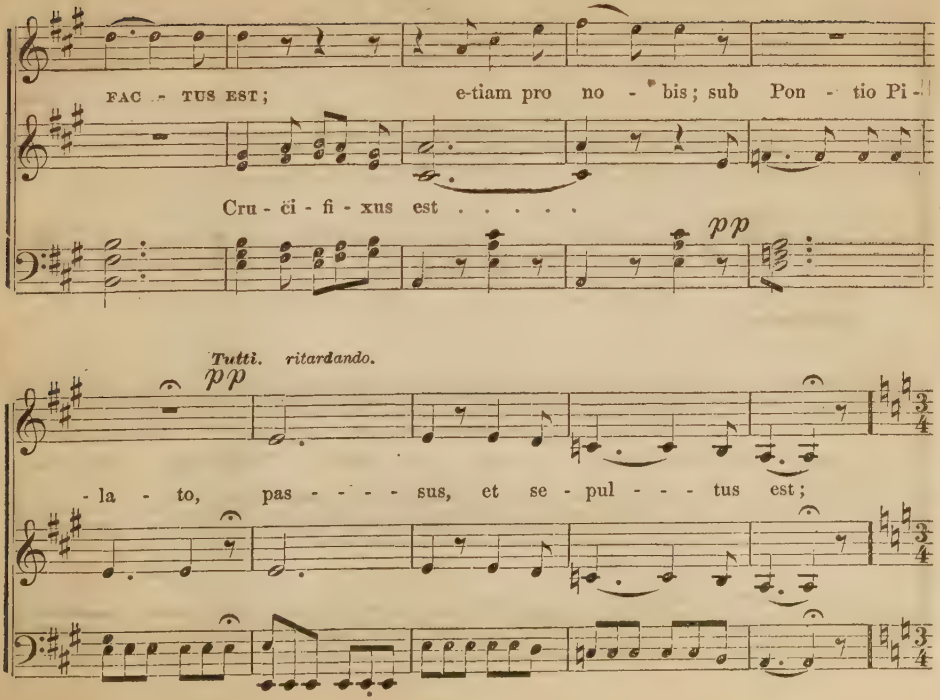

f
Allegretto.
mp
Cre - do in u - num Deum, Pa - trem om - ni - po-ten-tem, fac-to-rem
f

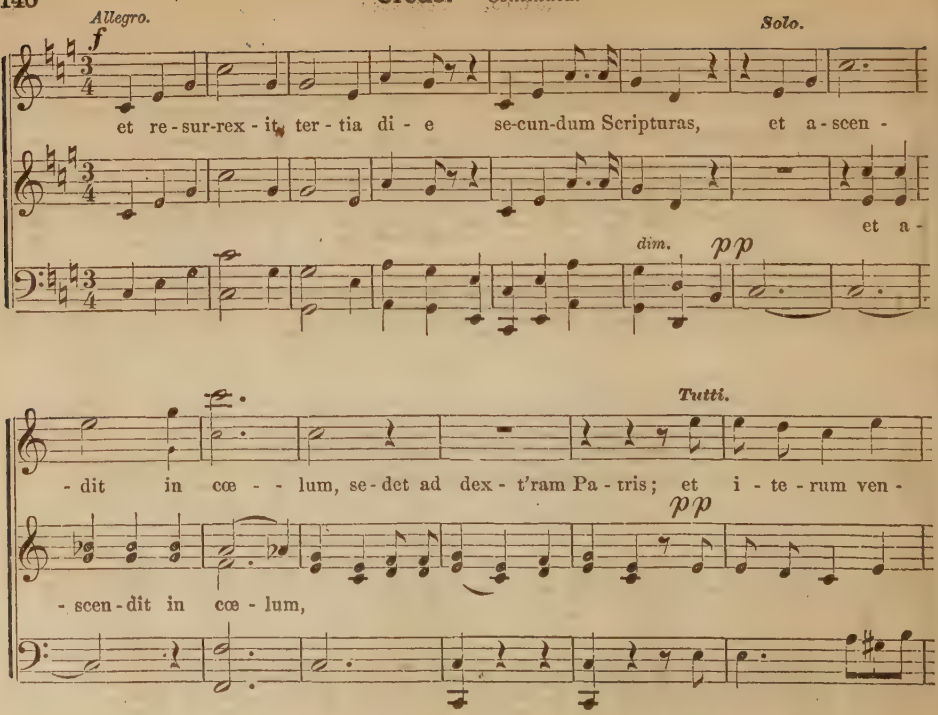

cœ - - li et ter - ræ, vi - si - bi-lium omnium, et in - vi - si - bi-lium.
p
f
Et in u-num Do - mi-num Je - sum Chri-stum, Fi - lium De - i u - ni -

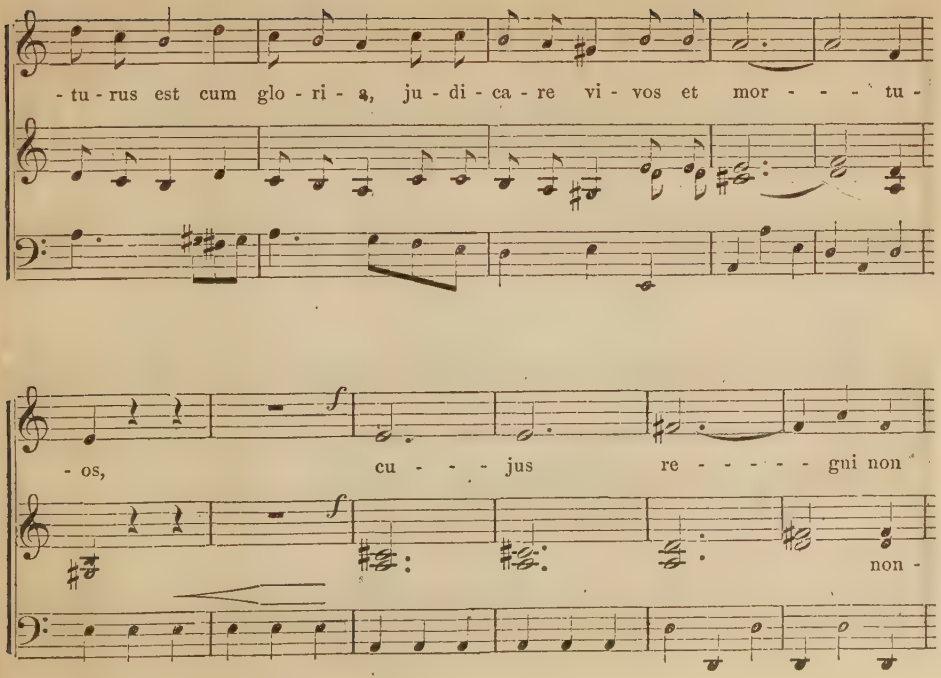

-ge-ni-tum; et ex Pa-tre na - tum an-te om-nia sæ-cu-la; De-um de
De - o, Lu-men de Lu-mi-ne, De-um ve-rum de De - o ve-ro, ge-nitum, non

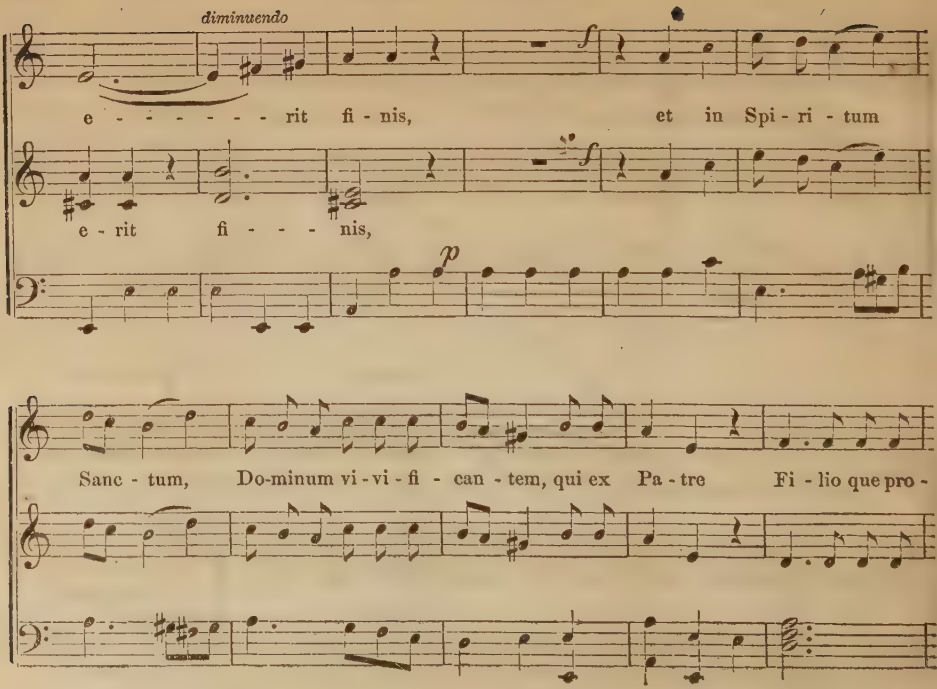

factum; consubstantialem Pa-tri, per quem omnia fac - ta sunt; qui propter
f f
nos, nos ho-mi-nes, et propter no-stram sa - lu - tem, de-scen - dit de cœ - - -
f f

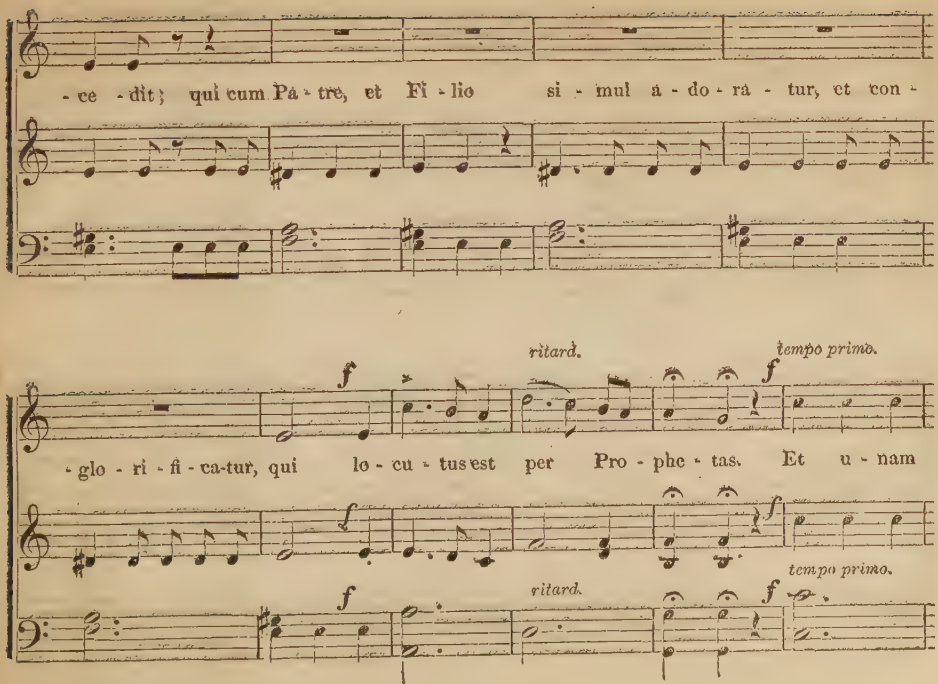

Andante. Solo.
pp
- lis.
Et in - car - na - tus
ritard.
est de Spi - ri - tu Sanc - - - to, ex Ma - ri - a Vir - gi - ne, ET HO - MO

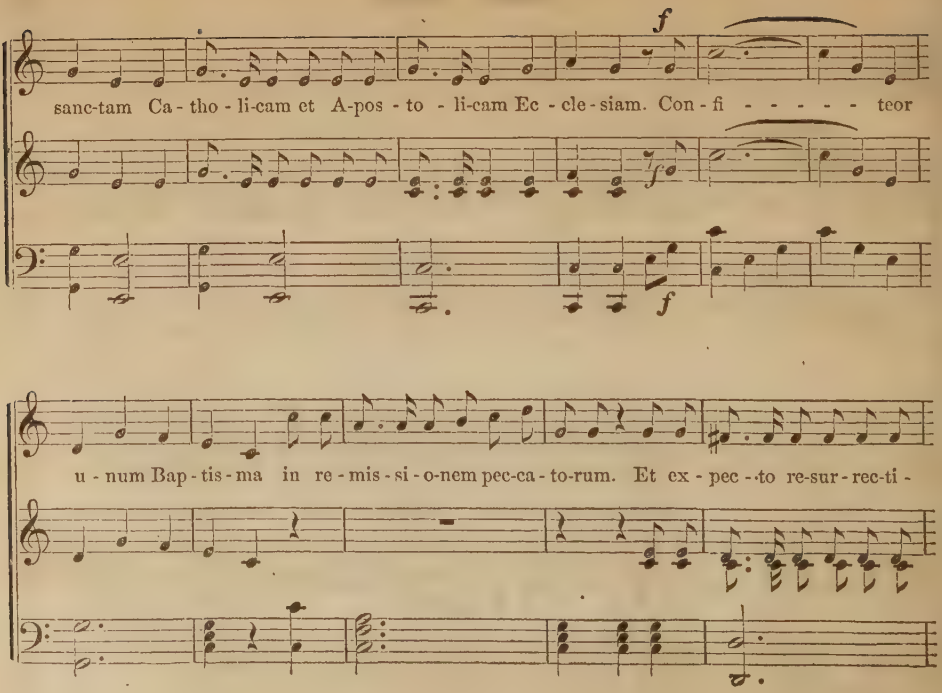

FAC - TUS EST;
e-tiam pro no - bis; sub Pon - tio Pi -
Cru - ci - fi - xus est . . . . .
pp
Tutti.
ritardando.
pp
- la - to, pas - - - - sus, et se - pul - - - tus est;

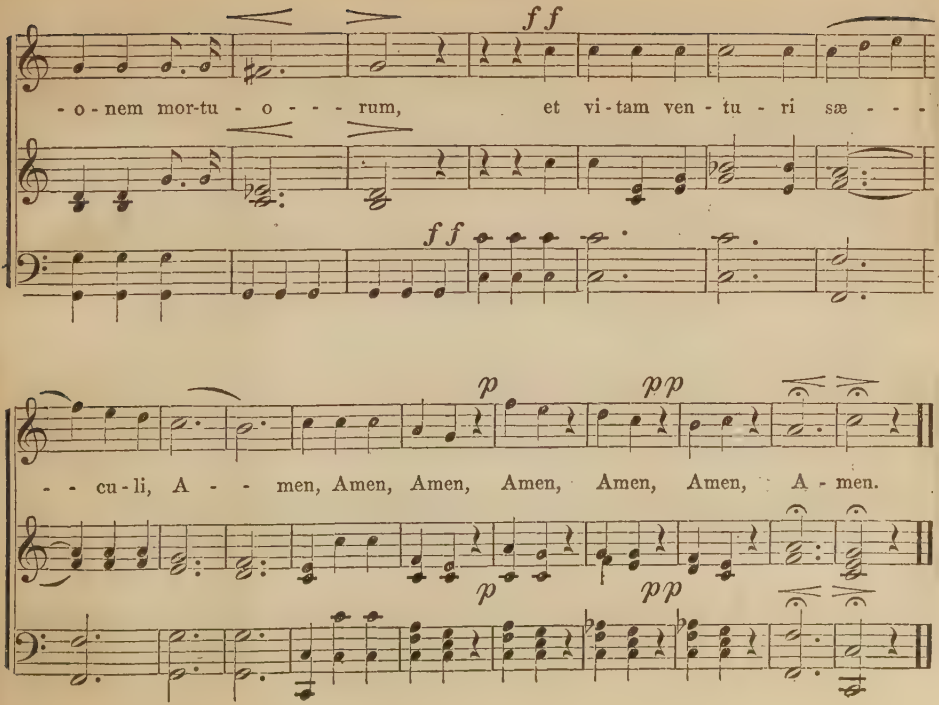

Allegro.
f
Solo.
et re-sur-rex-it, ter-tia di-e se-cun-dum Scripturas, et a-scen-
et a-
dim.
pp
Tutti.
-dit in cœ--lum, se-det ad dex-t'ram Pa-tris; et i-te-rum ven-
pp
-scen-dit in cœ-lum,

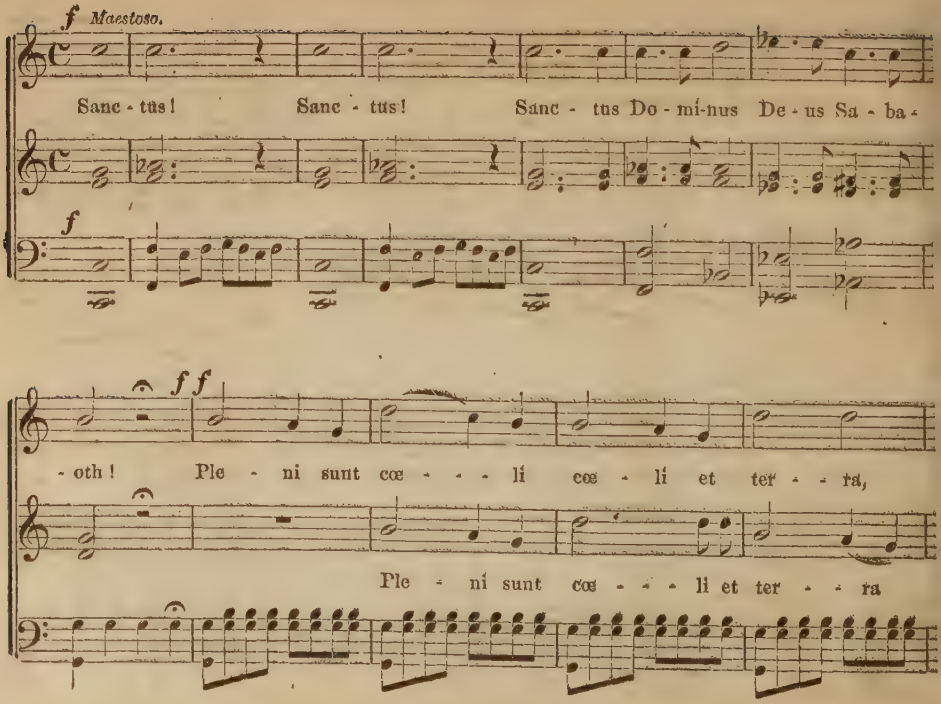

-tu-rus est cum glo-ri-a, ju-di-ca-re vi-vos et mor- - - tu-
-os, cu- - - jus re- - - - - gni non
non-

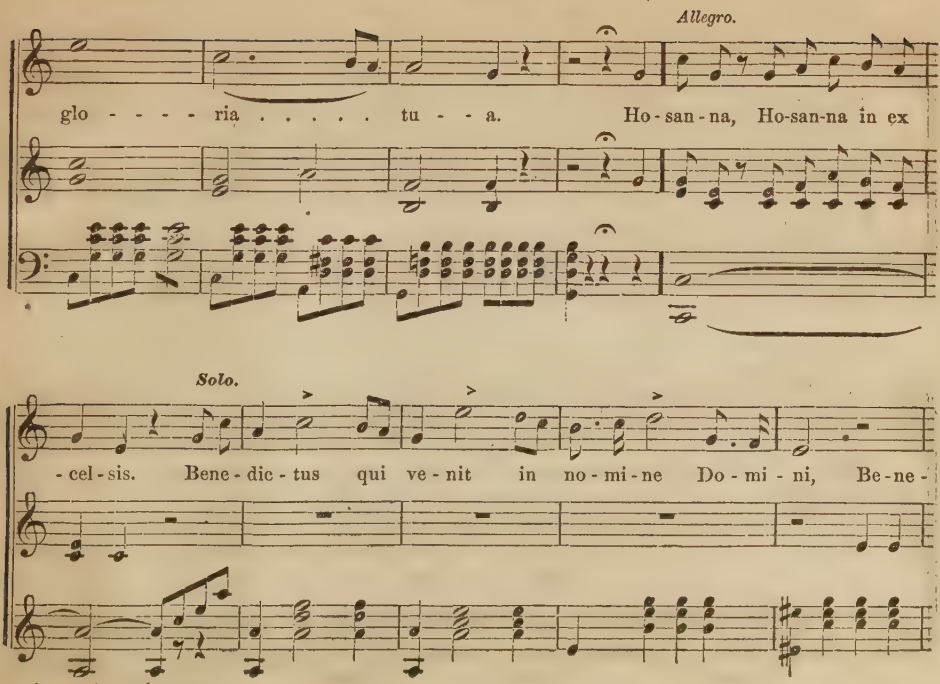

diminuendo
e - - - - - - rit fi - nis, et in Spi - ri - tum
e - rit fi - - - nis,
Sanc - tum, Do-minum vi - vi - fi - can - tem, qui ex Pa - tre Fi - lio que pro -

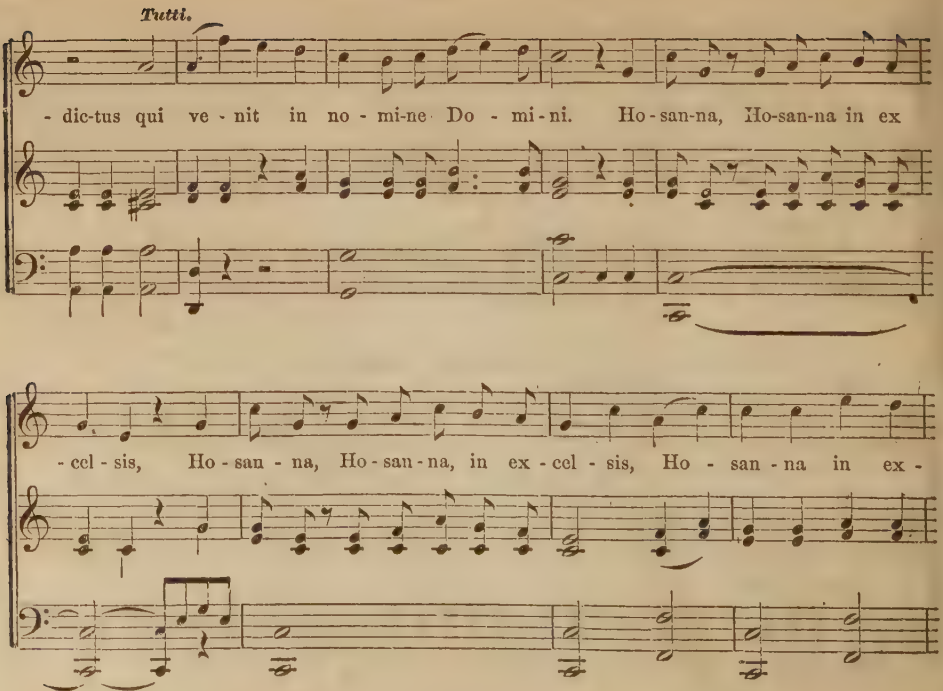

-ce -dit; qui cum Pa-tre, et Fi-lio si-mul a-do-ra-tur, et con-
ritard.
tempo primo.
f
-glo-ri-fi-ca-tur, qui lo-cu-tus est per Pro-phe-tas. Et u-nam
ritard.
tempo primo.


f
sanc-tam Ca-tho-li-cam et A-pos-to-li-cam Ec-cle-siam. Con-fi - - - - - teor
f
u-num Bap-tis-ma in re-mis-si-o-nem pec-ca-to-rum. Et ex-pec-to re-sur-rec-ti-

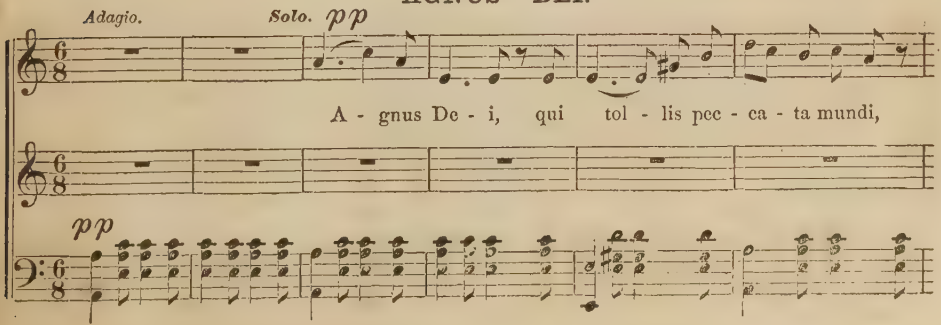

f f
- o - nem mor-tu - o - - - rum, et vi - tam ven - tu - ri sæ - - -
f f
p pp
- - cu - li, A - - - men, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, A - men.
p pp

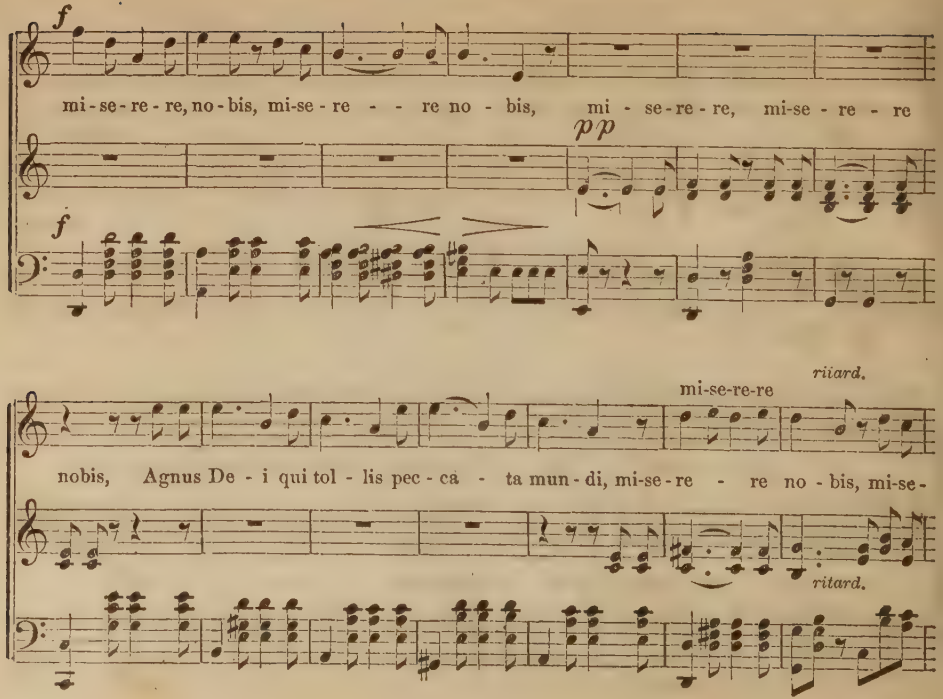

f Maestoso.
Sanc - tus! Sanc - tus! Sanc - tus Do - mí-nus De - us Sa - ba -
f
ff
- oth! Ple - ni sunt cœ - - - li cœ - li et ter - - ra,
Ple - ni sunt cœ - - - li et ter - - ra

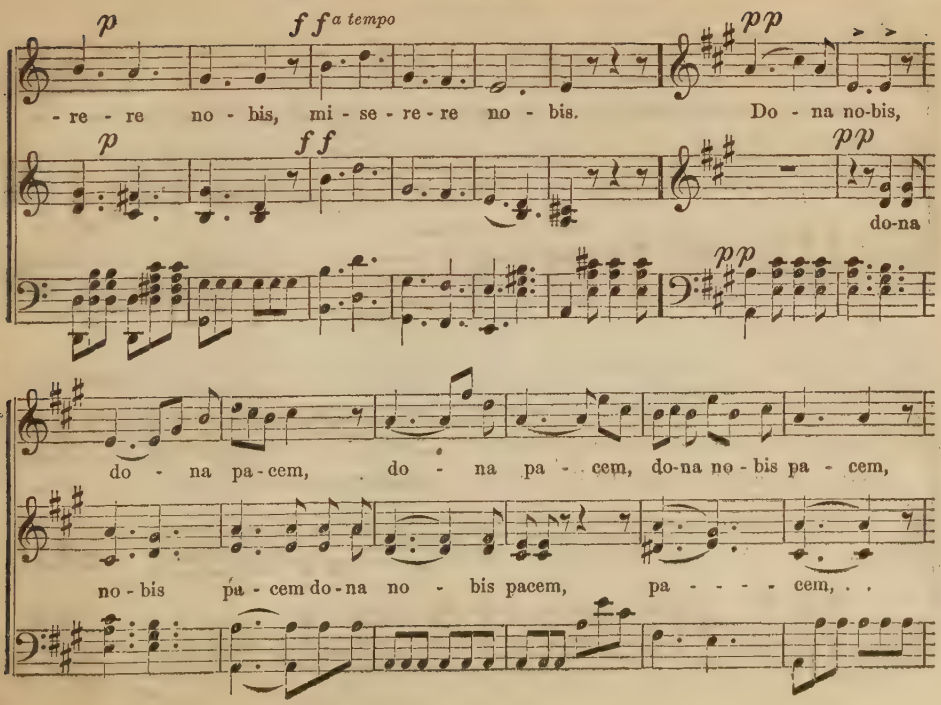

Allegro.
glo - - - - ria . . . . . tu - - a. Ho - san - na, Ho-san-na in ex
Solo.
- cel - sis. Bene - dic - tus qui ve - nit in no - mi - ne Do - mi - ni, Be - ne -

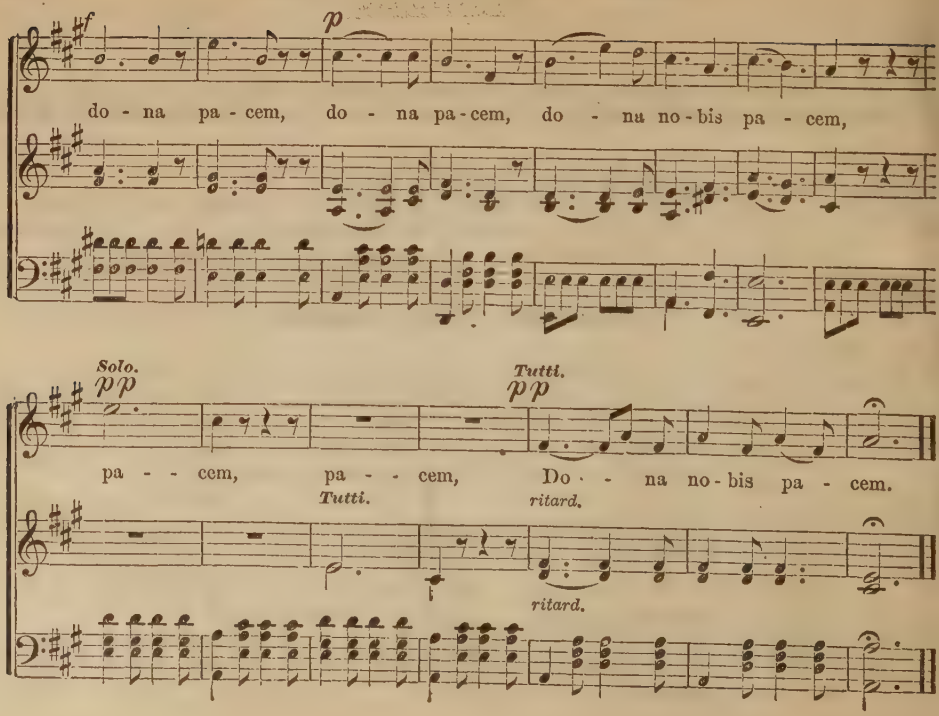

Tutti.
- dic-tus qui ve - nit in no - mi-ne Do - mi - ni. Ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in ex
- cel - sis, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, in ex - cel - sis, Ho - san - na in ex -

AGNUS DEI.




f
mi - se - re - re, no - bis, mi-se - re - - re no - bis, mi - se-re - re, mi-se - re - re
pp
f
mi-se-re-re
ritard.
nobis, Agnus De - i qui tol - lis pec - ca - ta mun - di, mi-se-re - re no - bis, mi-se-
ritard.


p
ff a tempo
pp
- re - re no - bis, mi - se - re - re no - bis.
Do - na no-bis,
p
ff
pp
do-na
pp
do - na pa - cem, do - na pa - cem, do-na no - bis pa - cem,
no - bis pa - cem do - na no - bis pacem, pa - - - - cem, . .


do - na pa - cem, do - na pa - cem, do - na no - bis pa - cem,
Solo.
pp
Tutti.
pp
pa - - cem, pa - - cem,
Do - - na no - bis pa - cem.
Tutti.
ritard.
ritard.

VESPERS.

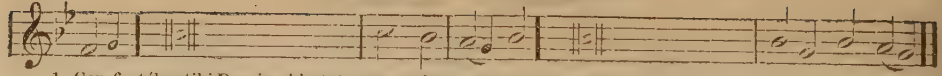
NOTE.—The Gregorian Chant should always be sung *strictly* in unison, the proper harmonies being supplied by the organ. The too prevalent custom of singing this music in parts is a reprehensible corruption. For the proper accompaniment, see "Lyra Catholica," page 150.

(*Priest.*) V. Deus, in adjutórium méum inténde.
(*Choir.*) R. Dómine, ad adjuvándum me festína.
V. Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spirítui Sancto.
R. Sícut érat in princípio, et nunc, et sémper, et in sæcula sæculórum. Amen. Alleluia (*or, in Lent,*) Laus tibi, Domine, Rex ætérnæ gloria.

Psalm 109. DIXIT DOMINUS.

1. Dix-it Dominus	Do-mino	me-o;	Sede a	dex-tris me-is.
2. Donec ponam | ini-	mi-cos	tu-os;	scabéllum.....	pe-dum tu- ó--rum.
3. Virgam virtutis tuæ | emíttet.....	Dominus ex	Si-on;	domináre in médio inimi-------	córum tu- ó--rum.
4. Tecum princípium in die virtútis tuæ | in splen-	dóribus sanc-	to-rum;	ex útero ante lu-	cí-ferum ge-nui te.
5. Juravit Dóminus, et non pœni-------	té-bit	e-um;	tu es sacérdos in æternum secundum órdi-	nem Mel- chí-se-dech.
6. Dóminus, | a....	dex-tris	tu-is,	confrégit in die iræ	su-æ re-ges.
7. Judicábit in natióni- bus | im-------	plé-bit ru-	í-nas;	conquassábit cápita in---------	térra mul- tó-rum.
8. De torrénte in....	vi-a	bi-bet:	proptérea exal--	tá-bit ca-put.
Gloria.....	Pa-tri et	Fili-o;	et Spi-------	rí-tui Sanc-to.
Sicut erat in princípio, et	nunc et	sem-per,	et in sæcula sæcu-	ló-rum. A-men.

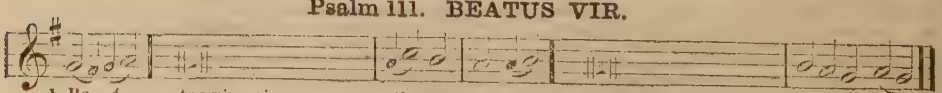
Psalm 110. CONFITEBOR.



1. Con-fi-tébor tibi Domine | in toto cor-de me-o: in concílio justórum, | et congre-ga-ti-o-ne.

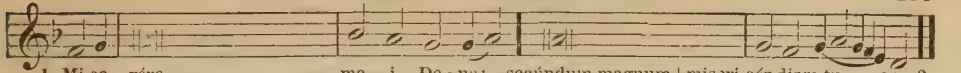
2. Magna | ó - - - - - - - - pe-ra Do-mini: exquísita | in omnes volun- ta-tes e-jus.
3. Conféssio et magnificéntia | o-pus e-jus: et justítia ejus manet | in sæ-culum sæcu-li.
4. Memóriam fecit mirabílium su-órum, | misércors et miser- - á-tor Dóminus: escam | - - - - - - - - - - - - - - dedit ti-méntibus se.
5. Memor erit in sæculum | testa- men-ti su-i: virtútem operum suórum | annuntiábit - - - - - - - - pópulo su-o.
6. Ut det illis | hæredi - - - tá-tem gen-tium: ópera mánuum ejus | vé-rítas - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - et ju-dí-cium.
7. Fidélia omnia mandáta ejus; | confirmáta in - - - - - - - - - sæcu-lum sæcu li: facta in veritáte | et - - - - - æ-qui-tá-te.
8. Redemptiónem misit - - - - - - pópu-lo su-o: mandávit in ætérnum | testa - - - - - - - - - men-tum su-um.
9. Sanctum et terríbile - - - - - - no-men e-jus: inítium sapiéntiæ | - - - - - ti-mor Domi-ni.
10. Intelléctus bonus | ómnibus faci- énti-bus e-um: laudátio ejus manet | in sæ-culum sæcu-li.
Gloria - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pa-tri, et Fi-lio: et Spi - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ri-tui San-cto.
Sicut erat in princípio, | et - - nunc, et sem-per: et in sæcula | sæcu - - - ló-rum. A-men.

Psalm 111. BEATUS VIR.



1. Be-á - - - tus vir qui ti-met Dominum; in mandátis ejus | vo-let ni-mis.

2. Potens in terra | erit - - - - - - se-men e-jus; generátio rectórum | be- - *ne*-di cé-tur.
3. Gloria et divítiæ | in - - - - - - do-mo e-jus: et justítia ejus manet | in- - *sæ*-culum sæcu-li.
4. Exórtum est in ténebris - - - - - lu-men re-ctis: misércors, | et mise- - - rá-tor et ju-stus.
5. Jucúndus homo qui miserétur et cómmodat, | dispónet sermónes su- os in ju-dí-cio: quia in ætérnum | non - - - - com-mo-vébitur.
6. In memória ætérna - - - - - - - e-rit ju-stus: ab auditione mala - - - - - non ti-mé-bit.
7. Parátum cor ejus speráre in Dómino, | confirmátum - - - - - est cor e-jus; non commovébitur, | donec despíciat ini - - - - - - mí-cos su-os.
8. Dispérsit, dedit paupéribus; | justítia ejus manet in - - - - - - - sæ-culum sæcu-li, cornu ejus | exaltábi - - - *tur* in glo-ria.
9. Peccátor vidébit, et irascétur; déntibus suis fremet, - - - - - - et ta- bés-cet; desidérium | pecca - - *tórum* per-í-bit.
Gloria | Pá - - - - - - - - - tri, et Fi-lio, et Spi - - - - - - - - - ri-*tui* San-cto.
Sicut erat in princípio, | et - - - nunc, et sem-per; et in sæcula | sæcu - - - ló-rum. A-men.



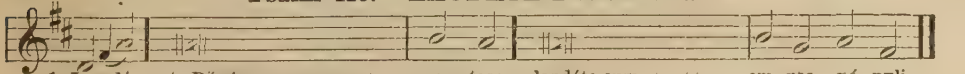
1. Mi-se - rére | me - i, De - us: | secúndum magnum | miseri-cór-diam tu - - am. 2

3. Amplius lava me | ab iniqui- | tá - te me - a: | et a peccáto | me - o mun-da me. 4.
5. Tibi soli peccávi, | et malum | coram te fe - ci: | ut justificéris in sermónibus tuis, | et vincas cum | ju - di-cá - - ris. 6.
7. Ecce enim | veritátem | di - le - xí - sti: | incérta et occúlta sapiéntiæ tuæ | manife - - | stá - sti mi - - hi. 8.
9. Audítui meo | dabis gáudium | et | læ - títi - am | et exultábunt | ossa hu- | mi - li - á - - ta. 10.
11. Cor mundum | crea | in me, De - us: | et spíritum rectum innova | in vi- | scé-ribus me - is. 12.
13. Redde mihi lætitiam | salu- | tá - ris tu - i: | et spíritu princípá - - | li con-fír-ma me. 14.
15. Libera me de sanguínibus, Deus, | Deus sa - - - - | lú - tis me - æ: | et exultábit lingua mea | ju | stí - tiam tu - am. 16.
17. Quóniam si voluísses sacrifícium, | de - - - - - | dís - sem úti-que: | holocáustis | non | de - lec - tá - beris. 18.
19. Benígne fac, Dómine, | in bona voluntáte | tu - a Si - on: | ut ædificéntur | mu - - | ri Je - ru - salem. 20.
Glória | | Pa - tri, et Fíli - o: | et Spi - - - - - | rí - tui San - cto.
Sicut erat in princípio, | et | nunc, et sem-per: | et in sæcula | sæcu - | ló - rum. A - men.

The following verses may be RECITED *by a single voice, on the key note, while the organ gives a short interlude.*

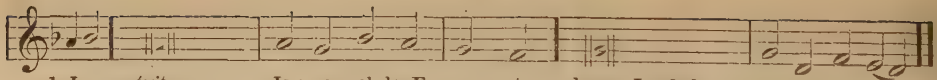
2. Et secúndum multitúdinem miseratiónum tuárum: dele iniquitátem meam. 3.
4. Quóniam iniquitátem meam ego cognósco: et peccátum meum contra me est semper. 5.
6. Ecce enim in iniquitátibus concéptus sum: et in peccátis concépit me mater mea. 7.
8. Aspérges me hyssópo, et mundábor: lavábis me, et super nivem dealbábor. 9.
10. Avérte fáciem tuam a peccátis meis: et omnes iniquitátes meas dele. 11.
12. Ne projícias me a fácie tua: et Spíritum Sanctum tuum ne áuferas a me. 13.
14. Docébo iníquos vias tuas: et ímpii ad te converténtur. 15.
16. Dómine, lábia mea apéries: et os meum annuntiábit laudem tuam. 17.
18. Sacrifícium Deo spíritus contribulátus: cor contrítum et humiliátum, Deus, non despícies. 19.
20. Tunc acceptábis sacrifícium justítiæ oblatiónes, et holocáusta: tunc impónent super altáre tuum vítulos.

Psalm 116. LAUDATE DOMINUM.



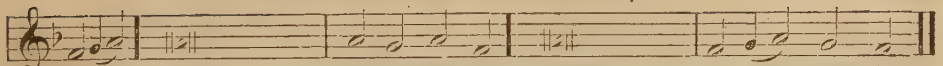
1. Lau-dá - te Dóminum, omnes | gen - tes; | laudáte eum | om - nes pó - puli.

2. Quóniam confirmáta est super nos | misericórdia | e - jus: | et véritas Dómini | manet | in æ - tér - num.
Glória | Patri, et | Fí - lio: | et Spi - - - - - | rí - tui San - cto.
Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc, et | sem per; | et in sæcula | sæcu - | ló - rum. A - men.



1. In	éxitu	Is - ra - el de Æ -	gy - pto,	domus Jacob de-	pó-pulo bárba-ro.
2.	Facta est Judæa	sanc - tifi - cá - tio	e - jus:	Israél | po - - -	té - stas e - jus.
3.		Ma - re vi - dit, et	fu - git:	Jordánis convérsus	est re - tror - sum.
4.	Montes | exulta -	vé - runt ut a -	rí - etes:	et colles, sicut	a - gni óvi - um.
5.	Quid est tibi,	ma - re, quod fu -	gí - sti:	et tu, Jordánis, quia convérsus	es re - trór - sum?
6.	Montes, exul - -	ta - stis si - cut a	rí - etes:	et colles, sicut	a - gni óvi - um?
7.	A fácie	Dó-mini mo-ta est	ter - ra:	a facie	De - i Ja - cob.
8.	Qui convértit	pe-tram in sta-gna -	quá - rum,	et rupem | in	fon-tes a - quá-rum.
9.	Non	no-bis, Dómine, non	no - bis:	sed nómini	tuo da glóri-am.
10.	Super misericórdia tua, | et	ve - ri - tá - te	tu - a:	nequándo dicant gentes: | Ubi est	Deus e - ó - rum?
11.	Deus	au - tem no - ster in	cœ - lo;	ómnia | quæcúmque	vó - luit fe - cit.
12.	Simulácra géntium	ar - gén - tum et	au - rum;	ópera	má-nuum hómi-num.
13.	Os habent,	et non lo -	quén - tur;	óculos habent, | et	non vi - dé - bunt.
14.	Aures	ha bent, et non	áu - dient;	nares habent, | et non	o - do - rá - bunt.
15.	Manus habent et non palpabunt, | pedes habent	et non am - bu -	lá - bunt;	non clamábunt | in	gút - ture su - o.
16.	Símiles illis fiant,	qui fá - ciunt	e - a;	et omnes | pui con -	fídunt in e - is.
17.	Domus Isra - -	el spe - rá - vit in	Dómi - no;	adjútor eórum | et pro-	téctor e - órum est.
18.	Domus Aa - - -	ron spe - rá - vit in	Dómi - no;	adjútor eórum | et pro-	téctor e - órum est.
19.	Qui timent Dóminum	spe - ra - vé - runt in	Dómi - no;	adjútor eórum | et pro-	téctor e - órum est.
20.	Dóminus	me - mor fu - it	no - stri;	et bene - - - -	dí - xit no - bis.
21.	Bene - - - - -	di - xit dó - mui	Isra - el;	benedixit	do - mui Aa-ron.
22.	Benedíxit ómnibus	qui ti - ment	Dómi-num;	pusí lis	cum ma - jóri-bus.
23.	Ad - - - - -	jí - ciat Dó-minus	su-per vos;	super vos | et super	fí - lios ve-stros.
24.	Bene - - - - -	dí - cti vos a	Dómi-no;	qui fecit	cœlum et ter - ram.
25.		Cœ - lum cœ- li	Dómi - no;	terram antem | dedit	fi - liis hómi - num.
26.	Non mórtui	lau - dábunt te,	Dómi - ne;	neque omnes | qui descéndunt	in in - fér - num.
27.	Sed nos qui vívimus	be - ne - dí - mus	Dómi - no;	ex hoc nunc, | et	usque in sæcu-lum
	Gló - - - - -	- - ria Pa - tri et	Fí - lio;	et Spi - - - - -	rí - tui San - cto.
	Sicut erat in prin - cípio	et nunc et	sem - per;	et in sæcula | sæcu -	ló - rum. A - men.

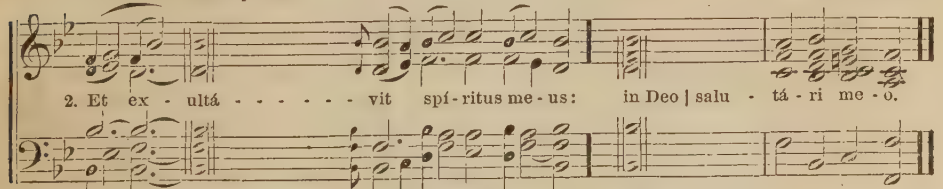
In chanting the above psalm, verses 11 to 20, inclusive, are usually omitted.



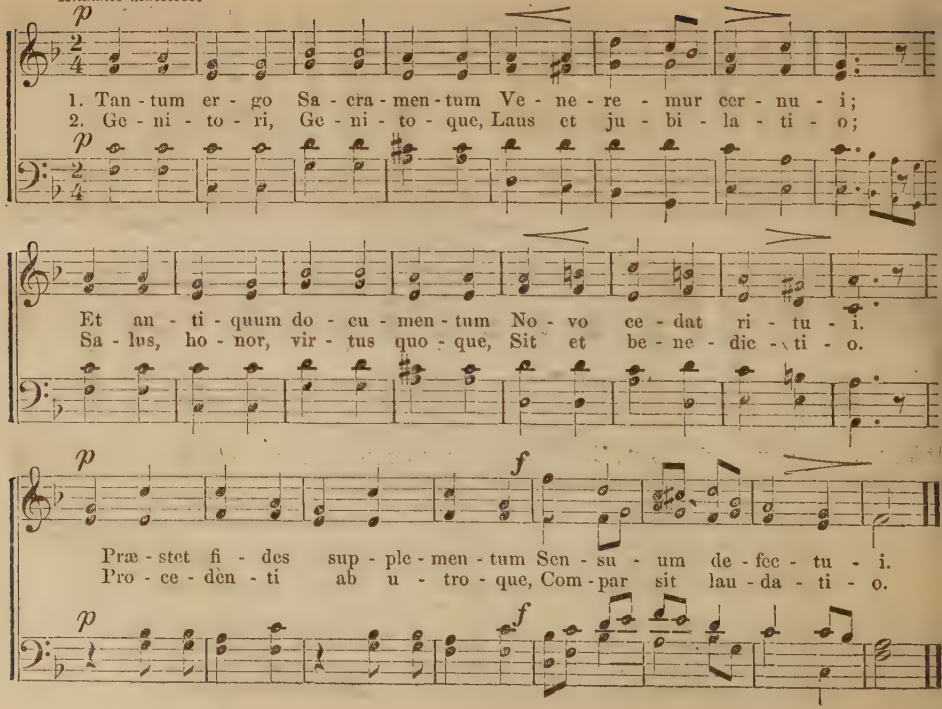
1. Lau-dá - te ---------- pú - eri, Dómi-num; laudáte no - men Dómini.
2. Sit nomen Dómini------ be - ne - dí - ctum: ex hoc nunc, | et --- us - que in sæculum.
3. A solis ortu | usque---- ad oc - cá - sum: laudábile---------- no - men Dóminí.
4. Excélsus | super omnes gen - tes Dóminus: et super cœlos | ---- gló - ria e - jus.
5. Quis sicut Dóminus Deus noster, | qui in -------- al - tis hábi - tat: et humília réspicit | in cœlo---------- et in ter - ra?
6. Súscitans | a ---------- ter - ra ínо - pem: et de stércore----- é - rigens páupe-rem:
7. Ut cóllocet eum------- cum prin-cípi-bus: cum princípibus--- pó - puli su - i.
8. Qui habitáre facit----- sté-rilem in do-mo: matrem | fili - - ó - rum læ - tán - tem.
Glória ---------- Pa-tri, et Fili - o: et Spi - - - - - rí - tui San - cto.
Sicut erat in princípio, | et nunc, et sem - per: et in sæcula | sæcu - ló - rum. A - men.

MAGNIFICAT.

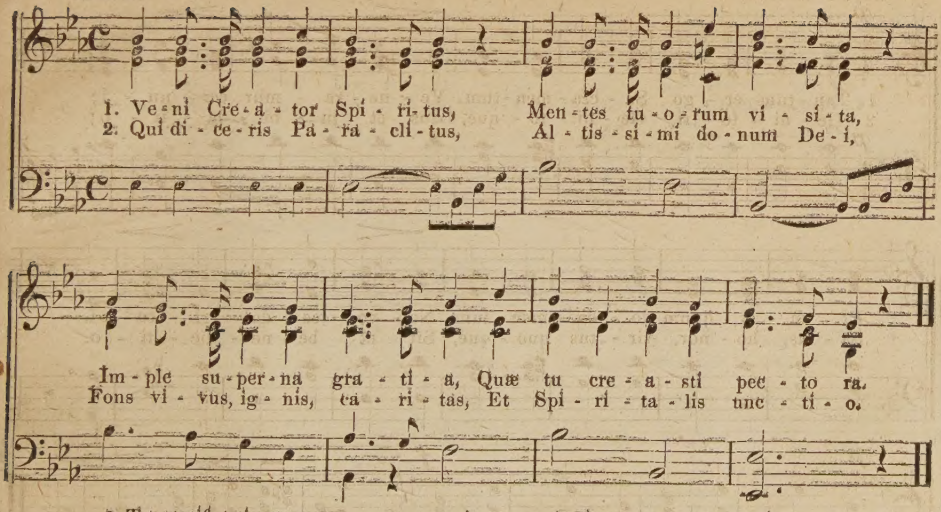
1. Ma - gni - ficat: [OMIT.----------] ánima me - a Dó-minum.



2. Et ex - ultá - - - - - - vit spí - ritus me - us: in Deo | salu - tá - ri me - o.
3. Qui - a respéxit | humilitátem | an - cíl - læ su - æ: ecce enim | ex hoc beátam me dicent | ra - ti - ó - nes.
4. Qui - a fe-cit | mi - - - - - - hi ma-gna qui po-tens est: omnes gene - - et sanctum | ------- nomen e - jus.
5. Et mi - sericórdia ejus | a progé-ni-e in pro-gé - nies: timén - - - - *ti* - bus e - um.
6. Fe - cit poténtiam | ---------- in brá - chio su - o: dispérsit supérbos | mente---------- cor-dis su - i.
7. De - pó - suit | ---------- po - tén - tes de se - de: et exal - - - - tá - vit hú - miles.
8. E - su - riéntes | ---------- im - plé - vit bo - nis: et divites | dimí - *sit* in - á - nes.
9. Su - scé - pit | Is - - - - - ra - el recordátus | miseri cór- *di* - æ su - æ.
10. Sic - ut locútus est | ---------- ad pa - tres no-stros: Abraham, | et sémini e- *jus* in sæ - cula.
Gló - - - - - - - - - ri - a Pa - tri, et Fí - lio: et Spirí - - - *tu* - i San - cto.
Sic - ut e-rat | in princípio, | ------et nunc, et sem-per: et in sæcula | sæcu - ló - rum. A - men.


Andante maestoso.
p
1. Tan - tum er - go Sa - cra - men - tum Ve - ne - re - mur cer - nu - i;
2. Ge - ni - to - ri, Ge - ni - to - que, Laus et ju - bi - la - ti - o;
Et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum No - vo ce - dat ri - tu - i.
Sa - lus, ho - nor, vir - tus quo - que, Sit et be - ne - dic - ti - o.
f
Præ - stet fi - des sup - ple - men - tum Sen - su - um de - fec - tu - i.
Pro - ce - dèn - ti ab u - tro - que, Com - par sit lau - da - ti - o.

Moderato.

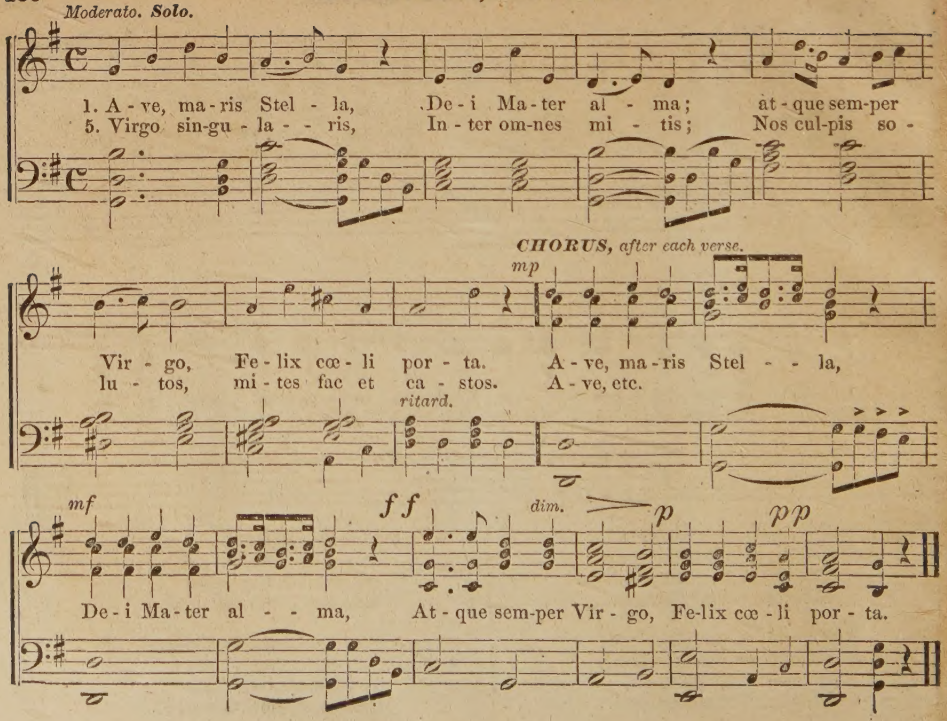

1. Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri - tus, Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si - ta,
2. Qui di - ce - ris Pa - ra - cli - tus, Al - tis - si - mi do - num De - i,
Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti - a, Quæ tu cre - a - sti pec - to - ra.
Fons vi - vus, ig - nis, ca - ri - tas, Et Spi - ri - ta - lis unc - ti - o.

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4 Accende lumen sensibus,
Infund' amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis,
Virtute, firmans perpeti.

5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6 Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium:
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.


Moderato. Solo.
1. A - ve, ma - ris Stel - la, De - i Ma - ter al - ma; at - que sem-per
5. Virgo sin-gu - la - - ris, In - ter om-nes mi - tis; Nos cul-pis so -
CHORUS, after each verse.
mp
Vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta. A - ve, ma - ris Stel - - la,
lu - tos, mi - tes fac et ca - stos. A - ve, etc.
ritard.
mf
f f
dim.
p
pp
De - i Ma - ter al - - ma, At - que sem-per Vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.

Trowbridge's New Mass

WITH

LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT,

AND

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR ORG.

By J. E. TROWBRIDGE.

Op. 4. Paper, 75 c.

MOVEMENTS:

1 *Prelude for the Organ.*
2 *Kyrie.* Quartette.
3 *Gloria in Excelsis.* Chorus.
4 *Qui Tollis.* Contralto Solo.
5 *Quoniam.* Chorus.
6 *Cum Sancto.* Chorus.
7 *Credo.* Quartette or Chorus.
8 *Et Incarnatus.* Bass Solo and
9 *Et Resurrexit.* Chorus.
10 *Sanctus.* Quartette and Chorus
11 *Benedictus.* Chorus.
12 *Agnus Dei.* Bass Solo and Ch
13 *Dona Nobis.* Chorus.

Stearns' New and Popular Mass

(LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT)

WITH

ACCOMPANIMENT FOR ORGAN OR PIANO-FORT

By C. C. STEARNS.

This work ha.. in a very short time, become very popular,—being sung in several of the l in Boston. Price, $1.00 in boards, 75 cents in paper. Sent, postpaid, on rece.. of the reta.. pri

Petersilea's Method for the Piano,

Price, $3.00.

Boston Conservatory

FOR THE PIANO, Price, $

These Methods are used at the two principal Conservatories in Boston, and are becomin throughout the country. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

Published by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, 293 & 300 Washington